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Catherine M Ray

THE
TOURIST IN FRANCE,

BY
THOMAS ROSCOE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY
J. D. HARDING.

Autour d'eux voltigeaient encore
L'amour, l'illusion, l'espoir,
Comme l'insecte, Amant de Flore,
Dont les ailes semblent éclore
Aux tardives lueurs du soir.

LAMARTINE. *Méditations Poétiques.*

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ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

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TO THE READER.

IN presenting a Fifth Volume of the Landscape Annual to the public, the Proprietors feel called upon to express their satisfaction at the patronage they have received for the former part of the work, and to state the grounds on which they look for its continuance. Italy offered a wide field for splendid illustration. Its scenery and its history were alike fruitful in objects delightful to the eye, to the imagination, and to the heart; and, in the treatment of the several divisions of the subject thus presented them, the parties concerned left no means unemployed, and no sources unexplored, through which the true spirit of Italy, and the genius of her landscape, of her antiquities, and her history, could be brought into visible existence.

Italy has now been traversed in its length and breadth, from its bosom of sunny beauty to its mountain borders. A new country, therefore, has been entered, — a country which, if less brilliant in its scenery, less mighty or romantic in its history, is far more abundant in objects of deep interest, than on

looking, with a casual glance, at its prevailing aspect, the modern tourist is accustomed to suppose. To shew what claims France possesses to those feelings which belong to the rich associations of older scenes,—to lead the traveller to the spots, in her wide campaign, most luxuriant in themselves, or made venerable by past events,—to gather from her varied chronicles incidents which may best display the character of her people in former ages,—these have been the object of the Editor ; and to effect this purpose he has applied to sources of information not before the general reader, and has endeavoured so to employ the result of his labour, as to render his work in some degree worthy of a place among the received productions on this noble and important portion of civilized Europe.

It must be sufficiently obvious that the Author's purpose, from the commencement, has been rather to make such a selection from the more interesting and amusing narratives of old travellers, as might afford a new species of gratification to the general reader, than to give sketches of a modern tour, with the incidents casually springing out of it. Thus the literary portion of the present, like that of the previous volumes, will be found to refer chiefly to past times and topics, consisting chiefly of historical and anecdotal details,—not of observations upon men and things as they are, or a description of every-day occurrences.

CLERMONT-FERRAND,

NEAR CLERMONT.

Unfold, father Time, thy long records unfold,
Of noblest achievements accomplished of old.

ROSCOE—*Song to France.*

FRANCE has undergone all the processes by which a nation is carried through war and revolution to the highest stage of refinement, — reaping her political experience by the unceasing martyrdom of the best and noblest of her children. The nurse of barbaric power, she fostered in her arms the first of those fierce tribes who willingly consecrated their banners to the Christian cause ;—from her sprang chivalry, with all its religion and its pomp—all its heroism and its gallantry. Her soldiers fought at Roncevalles with the spirit of old crusaders ; and the courts of her earliest monarchs were at the same time the favourite residence of churchmen, warriors, and poets. Romance and refinement walked hand in hand together through all her borders. Her minstrels were the masters of song to the rest of Europe ; and for ages the sweetest music of the south was but an echo of their early strains. The language

in which they wrote was singularly rich in the idioms of gay and gentle thought; and the manners of the people, at once softened by poetry and elevated by chivalry, were tinged also with seriousness by religion, and transmitted much of the ideal beauty of romance to the realities of life.

But with the growth of power in the great states into which the country was divided, new interests demanded new exertions of national energy; the rivalry of princes furnished fuel for long and obstinate wars; and when at length the whole nation became merged under the sway of a single monarch, this exertion of its energies was the tribute which it paid for the glory it acquired under its sovereign's standard. Loyalty was the national virtue of ancient France, and it sprang naturally from the affection which must exist between a warlike people and their leader. It was, indeed, the prevailing feature in the popular character, at this second stage of French history, and to its influence may be traced the brightest deeds of its generous and devoted sons.

This noble virtue, however, received its death-wound when the brave and amiable Francis left his throne to be occupied by the weak bigots who succeeded him. The fury of religious zeal, poisoned with all the leaven of human malice, then first began to possess the hearts of the people, and exhaust them of all the strength and the goodness they naturally possessed. Generation after generation expended its little stock of human happiness in the furious strife; and long after the fire itself was extinguished, the smouldering vapours it had

raised continued to cloud both the social and the moral hemisphere. Even the national character had suffered by these unnatural conflicts ;—the proper aim of popular liberty had been lost sight of, and the nation lay exposed at all points to the infusion of that subtle venom, which arbitrary power and increasing luxury were preparing for its subjugation.

With the establishment, at length, of the dynasty of the Bourbons, in all its unlimited authority, new tastes and a new literature had their development. In these, the simple, rich, and debonnair spirit of France, in the olden time, was no longer to be found. When, in their turn, the taste and literature of the age of Louis XIV. gave way to the growing passion for change and renovation, it was not the sparkling and romantic genius of ancient France which sprung from the operations of the innovators, but a form as foreign to the original spirit of the nation, as it was wild and desperate in its daring.

The history of these changes is one of the most eventful and important portions of the annals of our race ; but, for the lover of old associations, and the picturesque romance of early times, France has suffered unfairly at the hands of modern politicians. Her genuine character, the primitive tendencies of her literature, her customs, and her people, have all been lost sight of in the strongly-drawn pictures of late convulsions. Even the brightest of her scenes are forgotten in the engrossing attractions of her court ; and France, romantic and chivalrous France, is, according to the trite saying of her wits, “ lost in Paris.”

Haunted by modern associations, and the impressions which they leave, the tourist views with languid feelings the most interesting districts of this noble country; if he traverse the provinces of the south, it is usually only from some motives of necessity or convenience, and the observations which he makes are deprived of all that stirring feeling which the GENIUS LOCI might inspire, by the perpetual presence to his mind of mere temporary circumstances and passing events. It will be our humble endeavour to offer some antidote to this wearying tendency,—in so far, indeed, an evil, as it prevents the stranger from estimating aright the character of France as she was, and the true spirit of the chivalrous people who trod that soil before him. For this reason we admonish the reader, as we now commence our journey over the hills and sunny plains of Auvergne, that it is with the early spirit of French manners and French history we shall seek to possess his thoughts.

Fertile as a garden, the rich and well irrigated meadows spread before the tourist's eye in their primitive luxuriance. Orchards and vineyards give variety to every corner of the sunny landscape, and wherever he meets the people, the rusticity of their looks, combined with a certain martial air, their antique and picturesque costume, tend to carry his thoughts still more rapidly back from France, as it now is, to France in the days of her Pepins and her Charlemagnes. Few travelers in the central, or remoter provinces, can have failed to observe how little change appears to have taken place in French towns for the lapse of many centuries. But

the towns of Auvergne have a peculiarity of appearance more striking almost than that conferred by antiquity ; and by the mode of their structure, they give a singular effect to the young and blooming beauty with which the country surrounds them. Riom and Clermont are both built of lava, immense quarries of which are found near the village of Volvic, itself a scene of natural wonders. The former of these towns offers many objects worthy of the stranger's attention ; its noble boulevards, its refreshing fountains, and ancient, gothic palace, placing it considerably above the level of ordinary interest. It is also the native place of the Chancellor du Bourg ; of the fanatic G  nebrard ; the famed jesuit, Jacques Sirmond, and the singular and extravagant Abb   Fraydit. Thus it is not the eye only which Riom addresses ; it has numbered among its natives some of the most honourable names in French history and biography ; and could we only instance Gregory of Tours, Riom would have a sufficient claim to the respect of modern days.

At the distance of about three leagues from this town, stands the rival city of Clermont, environed, like the former, by landscapes of enchanting beauty, and possessing, in addition to its other attractions, a high degree of historical interest. Who, without emotion, can traverse the plains which saw assembled the thousands of Christendom, answering with simultaneous zeal the voice of enthusiastic devotion ? What scenes in modern Europe can give birth to more vivid associations than those amid which the flower of chivalry,—the grandest spirits that it nurtured,—the power of the

church and of the most flourishing nations,—stood banded together, awaiting with humility, as profound as their zeal was earnest, the simple dictate of a pilgrim, to attempt at once the boldest of all bold designs. It was here, in the very vicinity of Clermont, that Pope Urban II., following the suggestions of Peter the Hermit, met the numerous princes and potentates, whom he had summoned to consider how the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem might be delivered from the hands of the infidel. The city itself, on that occasion, was found too narrow to provide the simplest lodging for the noble strangers, who flocked to the scene of deliberation; and in the villages, and the fields surrounding them, were seen the tents of numerous knights and their followers, who were thus compelled, with this poor shelter, to endure all the severities of winter.

At length the day arrived for the solemn and public proclamation of the holy war, and the market-place of Clermont saw within its narrow space all the chosen vessels of European valour, learning, and piety. Seated on his throne, and surrounded by his cardinals, representing the pride and splendour of the church,—Urban, at that moment the greatest of sovereigns in essential power, looked down upon the vast assembly with an expression of mingled haughtiness and benignity. Close to his side stood the apostle of the crusade, the hermit Peter, in garb and look strangely contrasted with the richly apparelled company of prelates and knights who surrounded him, but commanding more homage from the multitude than that whole united band of princes and ecclesiastic potentates. To the imagination, the

very strength of which consists in its defying time and space, the market-place of Clermont, its surrounding hills and valleys, still ring with the exclamations which burst from the roused, enthusiastic spirits, of the tens of thousands, who there took upon them the vows of the cross; they still seem peopled with the devout and high-minded men, who, for a principle of duty and religious faith, could leave their homes, sacrifice their wealth, and expose themselves to innumerable evils; and however much a clearer and better knowledge of truth may have elevated the mind above the influence of superstition, it will not refuse to pay due honour to sincere though mistaken zeal.

The antique and picturesque-looking town of Clermont-Ferrand, as it is represented in its most peculiar and varied features in the preceding plate, is situated in one of the most delightful spots of the Limagne. It occupies part of a plain of great extent, exceedingly rich and fertile, celebrated at once for its beauty and the excellence of its agricultural productions; while in the rarer ornament of foliage it is, for these districts, comparatively abundant. In this respect Clermont-Ferrand presents a singular contrast to the barren appearance of the surrounding acclivities and cone-shaped hills; which, however deprived of verdure, present nevertheless numerous objects of interest and curiosity. To the bold pedestrian, indeed, or a genuine exploring party, the whole surrounding country will be found to supply ample matters for investigation, in its curious caverns, petrifying wells, warm springs, waters gushing from the rocks and sweeping over the heights

in a variety of falls. It would seem, as if here, at least, nature in some capricious moment had mingled together as many natural phenomena as she could well collect, in order to charm and astonish the eye; yet with all her freaks, sought to have preserved the economical and productive plan of an ingenious artizan, giving to ornament only the parts that would serve no other purpose, and, amid all her miracles of skill, avoiding to encroach upon the fertility and abundance of her children's soil. This union of the useful and decorative is a singular feature of the surrounding spots; and a stranger might devote not only hours, but entire days, to their contemplation—whether a mere lover of landscape, or in pursuit of history or science, without finding the moments hang heavily on his hands. For a particular account, however, of these natural curiosities, often presenting singular and even sublime contrasts in their character, we must be content to refer the reader to the old descriptions, or what are termed “histories” of places once so famed as Mont-Ferrand, Clermont, Polignac, and Le Puy.

The name of the little town of Clermont-Ferrand, formerly Mont-Ferrand, was derived from its junction with the suburbs of Clermont, the centre of which is situated at somewhat less than a league distant. Mont-Ferrand is the ancient capital of Auvergne, and to this day holds the rank of head of the department in the district of Puy-du-Dome. Its site was formerly commanded by the feudal castle belonging to the old counts of Auvergne, constituting one of their strong-holds of war, insomuch that it has become proverbial in the



in a variety of falls. It would seem, as if heaven, at least, nature to some capricious moment had mingled together as many natural phenomena as she could well collect, to crowd in upon and astonish the eye; yet with all her beauty, nature in these preserved the economical and profitable plan of the vegetable system, giving no ornament only that nature that would serve no other purpose, and, amid all her mimicry of skill, avoiding to encroach upon the fertility and abundance of her children's soil. This union of the useful and decorative is a singular feature of the surrounding spots; and a stranger might devote not only hours, but entire days, to their contemplation—*reveling* a more lover of landscape, or in pursuit of history as a student, without finding the moments hang heavily on his hands. For a particular account, however, of these natural curiosities, often presenting singular and most striking contrasts in their character, we must be content to refer the reader to the old descriptions, or what are termed “histories” of places once so famed as Mont-Ferrand, Clermont, Puyguyon, and Le Puy.

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neighbourhood to say, *Mont-Ferrand le Fort*. In the feudal days this immense district was shared by two great rival possessors, the count and the dauphine; and Mont-Ferrand subsequently fell to the power of the latter. Both these petty sovereigns scarcely deigned to own allegiance to the king, although they had obtained their dominion by marriage alliances with the ancient house of Beaujeu; and it was from Louis of Beaujeu that Philip le Bel, in 1292, acquired the town and seignory of Mont-Ferrand, which then bore the title of county, and it subsequently continued united to the crown, along with the duchy of Auvergne. Formerly within its precincts was held a court of aids, but this court was transferred by Louis XIV. to the town of Clermont. Among the most illustrious of its chieftains was Conrad, marquis of Mont-Ferrand, who greatly distinguished himself under the banners of the early crusaders. By his promptness and gallantry, he not only repelled the enemy, but through his individual skill and valour rescued the town of Tyre, and its dependencies, when given over for lost. The name of a marchioness of Mont-Ferrand is also connected with French history. As a curious instance of the distress to which Charles VIII. was reduced for the payment of his army, on the invasion of Italy, it is mentioned, that on arriving at Casal he borrowed the jewels of the marchioness, which, together with those he took in pawn from the duchess of Savoy, were placed as a deposit in the bank of Genoa. The sum Charles obtained upon each is stated to have amounted to 12,000 ducats.

Approaching the more important town of Clermont, seated at the foot of Mount Gergovia,—and from this circumstance laying claim to be considered the ancient Gergovia, with better show of reason than Moulins, which can boast, however, a more endearing fame in the gentle Maria of our sentimental tourist,—the first objects which present themselves are some curious springs and fountains of the nature already alluded to. At the suburbs of Saint Allire, within the precincts of the old abbey of that name, is one in particular, the waters of which have the property of petrifying any substance with which they come in contact, or rather encrust it with a calcareous sediment, which gives to it the appearance of stone. An instance occurred in placing a plank of wood, for a bridge, across the widest part of the fountain, when the waters, reaching the wood, quickly invested it with the same hard substance, and at length deposited portions of lava and other foreign materials; thus, in time, forming an immense wall rather than a bridge, extending to two hundred feet in length, twelve in width, and sixteen in height on the more elevated side of the declivity, while on the other it appeared to issue from the ground. Nor is this the only fountain of the kind; there are many others at Clermont, offering similar or yet stranger phenomena. The virtuosi are known to bring thither their birds, or snakes, or fruits of various kinds, and more especially grapes, all of which they fish out again, precisely in their former shapes, but apparently changed into solid stone. Yet it is stated, as a proof that the waters simply envelope without actually

petrifying objects, that, in case of large animals being submitted to the process, they become corrupted before they contract this singular incrustation. The calcareous matter, deposited after the evaporation of the water and the expulsion of the fixed air, is applied to several useful purposes. The yellow-coloured pavement in the *Rue des Eaux* is formed, for the chief part, of these mineral sediments converted into stone. This, combined with the lava, gives a sombre air to the streets and houses, among which last the ancient college of the Jesuits may be considered not the least remarkable. Next, in point of novelty, ranks the corn-market, constructed of four fronts;—several noble promenades in the vicinity, the Place of *la Poterne*, and in particular that of the *Taureau*, are calculated also to attract the eye of the stranger. The streets, if we except that of *des Gras*, are narrow, rendered more remarkable by the imposing appearance of the cathedral, of which the towers bear considerable resemblance, except that they are erected on the sides instead of the front, to those of *Notre Dame*, at Paris. Still more interesting in the eye of a stranger is the noble fountain, built like a pyramid; a small theatre, handsomely decorated; add to which several very active manufactories, and none more highly extolled by the travelling gourmand than those of the Clermont *paties*, made of fruit or fish; and the cheese, no less famous, from the meadows of Auvergne and Mont d'Or.

In addition to these objects of taste, the capital of Low Auvergne may more truly pride itself on having produced a number of illustrious characters; and in

the list of its bishops appears the name of the eloquent Massillon. To his we may add the celebrated Pascal, Bonnefons, Girard, Thomas, Champfort, Delille, Du-laure, each distinguished in their respective career, but to whose names only we can thus briefly allude. Clermont is farther remarkable for having given rise, in earlier times, to a fierce dispute, which ended in a suit at law between its bishops, who at one time claimed to be its lords, and the queen of France, the celebrated Catharine de Medicis. It would appear, that Philip Augustus having deprived Guy, count of Auvergne, of his territories which he united to the crown, the bishops from that period became the lords of Clermont; and, on their title being subsequently questioned, they produced a deed, stating that, in 1202, they had been invested with the proprietary of it by the said Guy, then in possession, but who made it over to them in dread of its being confiscated by the king. Queen Catharine's counsel, however, maintained that the cession was only in the nature of a pledge; and, having instituted a process in parliament, as countess of Auvergne, for the recovery of the town, it was adjudged to her by a decree, although the bishops had held possession of it upwards of three hundred years. The plea of judgment was, that the mere fact of a deposit could never confer a right to prescribe the succession; and the bishops were deprived of the seigniorial jurisdiction of Clermont and its territories.

Having alluded to the signal exploits of a marquis of Mont-Ferrand, one of the early crusaders, we may here appropriately introduce the name of Geoffrey of

Clermont, whose prowess was displayed in a cause more just and useful, if not more adventurous and heroic. The narrative of these achievements, as given by an old traveller, will afford an admirable picture of the chivalrous manners of France in the fourteenth century; and abounding, as it does, with striking incident and character, cannot fail to interest the general reader. Early in the fourteenth century, several armed associations, similar in their object and occupation to the adventurers who infested Italy, and known by the name of *routiers*, or road-bands, scoured the southern provinces of France, and, when not occupied in a regular campaign, pillaged and made war upon their own account. According to the exigency of the times, much the same part had been played by those who were expected to carry on their sanguinary profession more agreeably to the laws of chivalry, if not of nations; and among these recreants to their order and their honour are mentioned not a few who took their rank with the grand vassals of the crown.

In his wanderings through many lands, the Sire Tristan, a KNIGHT-adventurer, as well as a traveller, in search of good old customs and courteous manners, such as we no longer witness under the iron sway of modern fashion,—at length arrived at Grenoble, that noble town watered by the stream of the Isere. It was filled with gentlemen, both mounted and upon foot, to deliberate at a grand council, about to be held in the ancient palace of the Dauphins.

“At this council every thing is conducted loyally, as between persons of honour who have no cause to

suspect treason, because they conceive none, and because they dread it not if set on foot." Here the knight meets three hundred sovereign lords of castles and old domains, all plumed for war, — brave, noble, and chivalrous. The four leading barons of the Dauphiné took their seats upon easy chairs, while the other lords assumed a station below upon forms. The four high-privileged *grandeess* were thus ranged; namely, in the first rank sat the Lord of Clermont, in the second the Lord of Sassenage, in the third the Lord of Bressieu, and in the fourth the Lord of Montmaur. Among the other lords paramount, that is, who hold fiefdoms and liege-men, at least amounting to one hundred, was scarcely one who yielded the palm, either in question of birth or of fortune, to any of the four preceding barons.

The knightly tourist remarked with surprise, among the nobles of the Dauphiné, numbers of brothers and other relatives who had voluntarily made themselves vassals the one to the other. He was informed that the feudal bond was so largely estimated in this country, upon account of its loyalty, and the union and fealty which it established between all those to whom it applied, that, willing to consolidate yet more the ties of families, and mutual affection and dependence, fixing the rights and duties of vassalage, they take fiefdoms one from the other, either for life or in perpetuity; thus placing their connexion at once upon a stricter and a more endearing footing. So sacred, indeed, is this feodality estimated in the province of the Dauphiné, that *vassal* there signifies valiant, and

the word *vassalage* honour and bravery. The vassals are entitled *companions of fortune* to their chief, and, for sake of abbreviation, also *consortes* or *honorati*.

“It is even yet,” says the knight-wanderer of the fourteenth century, “a custom among the noble families of the Dauphiné, to present each other with certain charters, the better to regulate from father to son the order of the successions. Many of these particular laws, which are spoken of with respect, under name of the family statutes, trace back their origin for numerous ages; and why, but that filial piety and the religion of our hearths have preserved them with the faithfulness of love, from parent to child, unimpaired?”

The governor commanded a herald of arms, who was called Dauphiné, and whom he had despatched beforehand to the camp of the companies to learn what object they had in view, to appear before him. The foresaid Dauphiné, having presented himself at the table of council, which was of marble, was interrogated touching all that he knew; and he reported that he had found these wild companies encamped between the Rhone and the little river of La Galaure, near to Saint Vallier, being to the number of ten thousand at the least. Moreover, that their troops were gathering force every day, and that he saw even at the very moment he was quitting the spot, a hundred marauders, followed by thirty lewd women, and attended by a black monk, approach to swell their ranks. “And if,” added the Dauphiné, “we may believe the country folk, these last adventurers are as much without shame as without faith, for they have one and all committed rapes upon married women and

virgins,—young and old, without a touch of mercy ;—they do overthrow and devastate all which comes in their path, like an unsparing whirlwind, and withal bear themselves so lordly, strong and audacious, that it be no small province which dare check the looseness of their rein. Yet withal, by the faith of herald at arms, I do believe that these accounts are much inflamed by the abject fears of the people, who do willingly cry out and make a mighty noise before any have advanced to hurt them,—be it to save their paltry harvests, or that they had liefer knights and lords should fight their battles than to turn their reaping-hooks into weapons of defence. Silly shepherds and serving hinds though they be, methinks they have not only wit for this, but to give knights and steeds the labour of taking their provisions in place of bringing them into your noble camp, which is here to rid them of such heavy task-masters. In what appertains to my certain knowledge, I will say to you, noble lords, that having summoned, on part of the king of France, the chiefs of the companies, they led me into the presence of eight captains, who were busied at the noble game of chess, and that their names are Sevestre Bude, D'Espiothe, Raymonnet de l'Epée, the German Hury of Faskendal, the bastard of Mauleon, Meschin the Little, the bastard Jean of Malestroit, and Talebart-Talebardon !!" "These last names" says our tourist, "the good herald did pronounce in a voice so loud and harsh, as to make me start somewhat aside with the grating sound, being close unto my ear, and which the assembled lords seeing, and marking the fierce tone and look of the speaker, they burst forth

into a sudden fit of laughter. I too laughed at the strange names, and the odd gesture of the man delivering them, who nevertheless preserved his perfect gravity, looking steadily round into the face of each and all, as if to ask what piece of wit, or involuntary jest he—the gravest of men—had been guilty of?” He resumed still more solemnly: “ I forthwith DEMANDED of them *permission* to fulfil the other duties of my office, and they having replied to me with extreme politeness, that what I had asked was only just,— I summoned them to declare, whether they were come as friends or as foemen, — if they only asked free passage through us,—in brief, as to what they wanted ? Sevestre Bude thus answered :—‘ Thou know’st, friend, that because of these treaties of peace, there be throngs of we men-at-arms, as well as thyself,—but without pay and without any resources. They be come then, master herald, under our leading, to try to live in the best way they can,—not as they commonly say, by playing the mischief, riding rough shod over the country—not by devastating the fields of the poor hind or shepherds and doing any villainous deeds ; but by seizing loyally, with the recommendation of the Holy Virgin, the castles and towns of the great lords, which we put up to auction in so fair a way, that each and all may re-enter, and have his goods and chattels merely by paying a proper price for them as in justice bound. Truly, upon this plan we have proceeded in Swisserland, in Alsace, in Burgundy, in the Lyonnois, and, if it so please God, it is upon this plan we will act in Dauphiné. We will fight where we are of opinion that it is to our advantage to do so,

and not otherwise ; for our blood is the price we pay for our daily bread, and we must be chary of it, — sparing as much as we can till the day when we shall be able to combat for glory and the remission of our sins. *Amen.*’ When the chief had thus ended, I said to him : ‘ The blessing of peace, Sir, is the most excellent of all blessings, as it has been well demonstrated by Isaiah in his prophecies, in which he calls our Lord Jesus the Prince and the Lord of Peace !’ Having said which, I made the three customary salutations, and withdrew at a slow pace, without appearing to be at all in haste. Be it known,” cried the herald Dauphiné, in conclusion, “ that this is all I have got to state as to the malice of these companies, whom I found encamped right through the fields and meadows, without the smallest regard to the season of the vines, when it is unlawful to set foot upon the harvest-grounds. Moreover, I am prepared to swear by the Holy Scriptures, that it is false to assert that the said adventurers are, each and all, eight feet high, with teeth as long as a wild-boar’s tusks, and fire-coloured beards, redder than the Emperor Barbarossa’s.”

Having so said in a lofty and solemn tone, the herald left the council-room, when Charles de Bonville requested each baron to give his opinion ; which being done, it was determined that three hundred lances should forthwith be raised, to be supported at the expense of the province. That, moreover, the nobility should furnish its contingents, in order afterwards to ride the judges’ circuits. De Bonville then entrusted to Count Geoffrey of Clermont the protection of Grenoble ;

that of Vienne, to Hugues de Commers ; that of La Mure, to Antony de la Tour, lord of Vinay ; that of Romans, to the dominican, Guionnet de Loras ; and all the other towns had their different commanders and garrisons appointed. In regard to particular castles, the proprietors were to depend upon the militia, or common levies for their support : but the whole of these barons of the chivalric valley spurned at the idea, declaring that, with God's help, they had yet some faithful vassals and servitors on whose swords they could rely ; and that it should never be said their ancient houses had, by the craven spirits of their masters, been thrust into the limbo—or, rather, the hell—of dishonour. That it was, more than this, a privilege of the Dauphiny nobility to make war in the manner it thought good, particularly in the defence of its domains and of its rights. François de Sassenage, likewise, seconded by Guigne de Paladin, and numerous others, declared that they wished, and had resolved to engage manfully in the cause, on the simple condition that the whole should be achieved at their own expense.

“ Upon quitting the council, the Baron of Sassenage, taking me aside, observed to me, ‘ My mansion sufficeth me, and I do by no means covet to share the honour of knightly prowess with strange swords ; however, if you are willing, we will so order it, for old acquaintance and friendship's sake, that you shall hold a post upon the ramparts of our castle, in the very teeth of danger :’ which I accepted, and could only thank him for his courtesy. The baron had assembled some eight hundred chosen combatants, all from his own domains, and

very expert in feats of arms ; indeed, so much, that when the enemy approached, and endeavoured to plant their ladders upon the walls, we emptied upon the thickest part of their battalions the value of twelve good cart-loads of stones, got purposely ready on the walls, and we had simply to stoop and roll them over, in order to grind into dust, helmet, cuirass, and the whole body-piece of our adversaries. They appeared thickly banded together, as thorns upon a bramble-bush : and each having put himself into this jeopardy by his own free will, they endured the peril of the assault without a complaint. Towards evening they drew off a little, carrying their dead whither they liked, and saking their wounded into the monasteries, where they were received for the love of God. Then, having refreshed themselves a little, they returned before Sassenage ; when the baron, addressing us, said, ‘ Is it possible that we have continued cooped up in this castle, like a hermit in his cell, and all because of those enemies of God and man ? Truly it shall no longer be so : either we will chase them down to the lowest pit, or they shall help us up into paradise.’ Then the noblest of his vassals entreated their master that he would order the draw-bridge to be lowered, that they might thus do justice upon that accursed tribe. So the bridge being thrown across, there dashed into the plain three hundred chevaliers, with sword in hand, and I among them, shouting three times, as loud as we could, the war-cry of *Sassenage !*

“ On we went, through the first, the second, the third rank of these adventurers : they were all broken,

and compelled to retreat in vast confusion — the good sword of knighthood everywhere prevailing. We pursued the marauders briskly, for they had only a part of their force opposed to us ; and, thanks to the speed of my charger, I was far in advance, seconded only by one companion, a bold cavalier named Girard de Briord, when all at once there issued some hundred more of the enemy from the mountains, who rushing to the help of their companions, they all resumed the attack. In this manner we were separated from our own party, and after an hour's hard fighting, with hacked armour and blood flowing, we were reduced to surrender to the bastard of Mauleon. This Gascon squire carried off Girard, still on his legs, a prisoner ; but I being unable to walk, he cast me in a pitiable condition into a house at Fontanil, bidding the hostess to stop my wounds, for that I was desperately cut, and that if I lived, he would, he was sure, have at least five hundred pounds for my ransom.

“ In this house there dwelt several honest labourers, and *one* of a different rank ; for the lord of St. Egreve, finding that he could not long hold out, had placed there for safety the young and beauteous Huguette, his only daughter. This noble demoiselle had for this reason, together with her maid of honour, Beatrice, donned the simple habits of a shepherdess, and they had given up, expressly for her tendance, a little flock of white lambs, without a stain of other colour. She would drive them afield, along with her companion Beatrice, and pasture them, or fold, or give them drink, while the dog-star raged, as they lay round her panting

by the stream, or in the green shade ; their gentle mistress—the daughter of a noble sire—meantime weaving her flowery chaplet, or caroling some pastoral strains to her guitar. Then often she would encounter the fearful *routiers*, but it being of their own understanding not to aggrieve the simple and lowly shepherds, they were contented to ask of her some question, as to what was the hour, or which way lay the road. They would say to her, ‘ Fair girl, may that holy relique you carry round your neck, defend you from all mischief ; only tell us for what saint it is you bear it ? ’ And as she made answer that it was for the sake of St. John of Avelanne, they rejoined, ‘ We could well like to give it a respectful kiss, without in the smallest matter disordering or removing it from its fair resting-place, if so be you should bear no ill suspicion of us ; in which case, it were better you should yourself pray for us, it being certain that we stand in no little need.’ It was then only that the fair Huguette, being reassured, began to smile ; and the *routiers*, in going away, observed to each other, ‘ I wonder why she smiled.’

“ It was this gentle heiress, then, of the noble house St. Egreve, who tended my grievous wounds, being, like all others of high lineage, very able in ministering unto the sick, and of a verity she speedily closed all my hurts.

“ A shepherd now informed me that the vagabonds had taken station on the other side the balmes of Voreppe, and I might, without let or danger, make good my return to Sassenage, if I cared not to be the slave of my own word. And, to be sure, the Pope

had given a general dispensation to the prisoners, as regarded their engagements to the captors, but very few gentlemen cared to profit by it, the chief part considering themselves bound in honour to abide by their promises, to which the Pope's bulls would in no manner apply. And, lo! very soon, with a temerity I could not sufficiently admire, the bastard of Mauleon came to claim me; first inquiring if I were alive or dead. They told him that I awaited his coming; but for that time was attending upon mass. 'Is it so?' returned he; 'then I can see him there, for it behoves me also to go to mass, which I never willingly omit.' On turning mine eyes round, truly, I beheld him at my side, praying devoutly like any holy man; and as we were going out he handed me the holy water, politely requesting that I would afterwards be pleased to mount behind him on his charger. I did not hesitate; and during our journey he condoled with me upon my pitiable condition, and did launch out bitterly against the king's policy, which went to retrench soldiers' pay in time of peace. 'Such being the fashion,' said he, 'it drives us to live by our sins as well as our swords, exposing us not only to death, but to the peril of jeopardizing our immortal souls. Nor doth this evil practice of reducing our pay end with trouble only to ourselves. We are not the sole victims; it irks me to see brave knights like yourself *thus* compromised by these strange disorders.' At first, methought that the Gascon squire said thus much out of mockery or dissimulation; but, later on, I was convinced that both he and the greater part of his companions held this

language in right good earnest, and that, looking on their brigandage as a profession justified by necessity, they believed they were permitted to unite with their fierce courses the usual observances of religious faith, of chivalry, and of loyalty.

“ ‘ How much,’ he continued, in the same tone, ‘ do you calculate your ransom at?’ Having informed him that I was at a distance from any of my relatives, and that it would be very difficult, if not absolutely impossible, for me to pay, he replied, that he felt very sensibly my awkward situation, and that he would gladly advance me the whole of the necessary sum, were it not that, for the moment, the entire money he had was employed in defraying the expenses of *the war* in which he was engaged; that having no means of immediately disposing of his captured castles, he was farther obliged to garrison them at his own cost. He then proceeded to relate the manner in which he had gained possession of them, and, spite of my vexation, I could not help heartily laughing at the novel expedients and stratagems invented by the wily captain to gain his object when the opportunity offered.

“ ‘ When crossing the Albigeois with my company,’ he went on, ‘ I sent my spies to reconnoitre the city of Thurit. I was informed by some of my people that early in the morning the women of the place came forth for the purpose of drawing water at a certain fountain hard by. So I placed forty of my good company in an ambuscade in the adjacent wood, while I and five others, dressed in female attire, joined the good gossips with our pitchers on our heads, and having filled them

at the clear fountain, we followed them very quietly into the place. At the entrance we saw only an old cobbler, busy with his last and rivets ; and then I gave a blast with my horn, to inform my forty companions that I was there ; upon which the cobbler, hearing the noise, exclaimed, as he addressed us, — “ Tally-ho ! my girls ; which of you sung out so loud with the horn ? she has good wind, i’faith ;—go it again, my girl.” To this I replied, in a low, feigned voice, — “ The horn was blown by a novice going into the country ; I know not whether cure or chaplain.” The cobbler made reply, — “ Then, of a surety, it is Messire Pierre François, our priest, who is going to ensnare a hare betimes, in the moist dew of the morning.” I know not if he took the hare, but we got ours ; for in my merry men came, fresh from the forest, and, without striking a blow, the town and castle incontinently fell into our hands, and we called for an auction.’

“ While the squire of Gascony continued thus to amuse me, in spite, as it were, of myself, we arrived in the camp of the companies ; and, as we went along, I heard the routiers discussing among each other how much the stray cavalier might be worth. Some estimated me at 5,000 francs, and the others more or less. The bastard of Mauleon begged my pardon for the unpoliteness of these idle fellows, in their holding me up to sale, and rating me too far below my real value ; and so much did he differ from them, that he would be ashamed to put it down, he said, at less than 10,000, which for my sake he was resolved to stick to.

“ I shall now, friendly reader, give you an account of

the adventurers' encampment — the accoutrement, the odd assemblage, the strange discourse and occupations of these profligate rogues, whose hard and vigorous tempers led them to pursue a career so full of peril in order to keep penury and idleness at bay. There was a mighty confusion of tongues—for there were at least specimens of twenty different nations among them. Some of them wore cuirasses next their skin, long flowing, and rich robes, and had iron-pointed hats ; others had camburons, or leathern great coats lined with wool ; corslets, or mail-coats, woven out of chains of steel ; with helmets of various forms and parti-coloured plumes, but chiefly red, black, and, as it is awfully called, *couleur de flammes et de tempête*. Some bands were listening to the discourses of the priests whom they had carried out of their pulpits by force, in order that they might hear mass every morning ; others were occupied in delivering passports and safe-conducts to the country people, in order that they might journey in peace, free from the dread of falling into their ambuscades. Farther on, scattered groups were feasting, seated on the green sward, which was covered with the richest services of gold and silver plate. To give a zest to their repast, their valets were busied in exhibiting dancing-dogs, performing antics with their monkeys and goats habited in human dress.

“ The chief part of these adventurers, from respect to their own families, assumed only their simple baptismal names ; some even, from greater respect to the saints, were known merely by their nick-names,—such as Master Glow-worm, Bug-bear, Dread-nought, Sport-well,

Shatter-pate, and other self-assumed, ridiculous names. Among the troops were an immense number of high-sprung bastards. In France, it is the custom for such as may be thus destitute of a legitimate title, to be brought up and educated only till such time that they have a chance of fighting their own way ; then they are, as is termed, *de pain et de pot* ; in other words, emancipated, and living at their own cost. Deprived of all natural ties—with no good examples before their eyes—no name, and no reputation to consult—as little also of parental maledictions to apprehend—they set forth to win their bread at the point of the sword : all countries are alike to them ; for in none have they ever known the tenderness of a mother ; and for this reason, when once in possession of some fine and fertile country, they say, ‘ Come, let us make our paradise here awhile ; for the chances are that we shall never arrive at any other.’ Nevertheless, they are exact in fulfilling the ceremonies of religion ; and at times they would observe,—‘ But who knows ? we may perhaps reach there first, after all !’ Then, if they begin to feel melancholy, they take a social glass, they sing, tell stories, and fight, if they have nothing else to do. They are gallant, and at times faithful ; they are often, too, visited by numbers of ladies, and of no low degree. They bear their respective coats of arms, and their devices ; adopt their ladies’ colours, and ride gallantly to the tourney, doing the service of chevaliers, loyal and good, in honour of their love. Not a few of the better class have taken advantage of the passion with which they inspire the fair dames, to acquire a knowledge from these beautiful

school-mistresses of the art of reading and writing ; nay, from a desire of pleasing them, they oft nurse ambition, and become puissant captains, treating face to face upon equal terms with monarchs, into whose services they bring the most redoubtable swords, unflinching duty, and a faith above price.

“It was thus in their times that Raymond, son of the count of Tholouse, Eustache d’Auberticourt, Arnaud de Cevolles, Raymond de Baux, and others like them, made themselves mighty reputations in the eyes of Christendom. Moreover, these routier-leaders, while they pillage and take ransom through the whole country, refuse no opportunity of turning to a better way of life, being ever ready to serve loyally, provided only they can range themselves under the banners of a Christian prince. Should they, during their expeditions, come to learn that their natural lords paramount are engaged in a war, and are in jeopardy for want of their swords, they will hasten home, though it were from beyond the seas, at a moment’s signal, and exclaim—
‘*Here we are!*’”

Out of all however that has fallen to our notice respecting these *brigands*, for they were no better, there is one adventure in particular which is curious, and well calculated to convey an idea of their character—a character at once ferocious, adventurous, and predatory, yet not without a dash of feeling and romance ; and the incident will best be given in the conversational dress in which we found it :—

“Jake Plouganet!” cried the bastard of the Isle, to one of the *routiers*, his comrade, “do you know what

the company are making such mighty good cheer about?"—" 'Tis all about a poor devil," said another, "who, serving his noviciate in our lordly trade of taking what we fancy, stole, by mistake, from behind the hostelry-door, the old hangman of Vic's wallet, thinking truly that he had got a calf's head; but he found he had only got the head of a gentleman, just cut from his shoulders for some trifling matter or another, and it was to have been hung up for a show, agreeable to the sentence, upon the front gate of the town of Vic."

"By all the Roman saints," replied Jake, "I mark well from what quiver your arrows come; but they have not got heads to pick a hole in my cuirass. The wallet which I stole was worth more, I can tell thee, than a three months' campaign of pillage will put in thy pouch, setting aside too, over and above the bargain, the honour I had in doing a rare good turn to him who paid me."—"Oh, oh," replied the other, "that must verily be something above common! a good turn, forsooth—here's news for you, boys!"—and the rest of the band gathered round him. "Having seen the bottom of the sack," he continued, "it all at once came into my head, that if the *other* head had no longer a master to pay its ransom, yet that it might have some relations who might not like to have it thrown to the dogs for the sake of a few hundred florins; so towards night I took my way onwards to the castle where the father of the gentleman lived along with his little grand-children. The gates of the castle had been thrown off their hinges by order of the prévôts of the duke, and the threshold lay covered with a

faggot of thorns ; the family banners and the armorial bearings lay trampled in the dust ; and the mistress-tower herself had tumbled into ruins. An old grey-bearded servitor, his eyes swelled and red with crying, for he wiped them as we went along, took me into a hall on the ground-floor ; there I saw an old man sitting with two little boys upon his knees, and he was teaching them to read the prayers for the dead. Soon as he saw me come in, he laid the book down on a prayer-desk, and seemed well pleased, though surprised, that a Christian man should dare to enter a dwelling pronounced to be accursed. But I was going to surprise him more ; albeit I would fain learn how the good man would be able to stand the sight of it. At first I had thought of bowling it out of the bag ; yet, as I looked at his white locks, and the sad trouble that was in his face, I had not the heart to do it, hard and unflinching as I am ; for truly I never saw any thing like the misery of that old gentleman before. It looked so strange, too, by side of those little boys, with their pretty words and simple ways, and who, knowing nothing of their heavy loss, ran away while we talked, to play at cockalls in the corner. No, I could not bring my hand to touch the head of their poor father while they were by ! The poor gentleman sat over the hearth and began to stir the fire, bending his head very low, as if he cared little to hear what I had got to say, and was thinking about something else far away. Well, I hardly knew how to begin, and wished myself almost a hundred miles off again with my bag and all it contained. Luckily, the hail began

to patter against the windows, and then the old father said, 'No doubt it is this bad weather which has made you seek a shelter in this house of misfortune!'—'No; by the Lord Jesus, and by St. John, his great friend,' replied I, 'do not suppose I am one of those soft gentry that fly from the sight of trouble as if it were the plague or the gallows; no, my brave old heart, you may weep as much as you like before me, for your loss is great: yet you have one consolation; and that is, there are those who can speak to his innocence, I'll be bound for him.'—'Oh yes! for he was innocent,' replied my host, lifting his thin weak hands up to heaven, 'they condemned him to die, I am told, because he led astray a young girl by sorcery and power of magic; but he might well please her without having need of any demon to help him; for he had a noble wit and understanding; he was handsome as the Apollo, and, like him, had one of the finest heads in the world.'—'That I know is true,' I replied, hardly minding what I was saying.—'What, did you know him then?' inquired the old gentleman.—'A little,' was the reply.—'Alas,' continued the old man, 'his death is not the only cause of my sorrow, bad as that was—we must all die sometime, soon or late; but what is most painful and shocking, is to think that he will not rest, at least the noblest part of him, quietly in the tomb. Alas! his noble head is to be exposed to the public gaze upon the gates of the town, where the ravens will come and—but here the old man's feelings overcame him, and he sobbed aloud in the bitterness of a father's heart. 'Tis strange,

but I was then more satisfied, and thought I could manage the matter better ; and verily, in my pity for the old man, I had dropped all idea of making a good bargain as I had intended. You will say not ;—you laugh ; but by the bones of my fathers it was so !

“After some little silence, the aged gentleman again began :—‘ Methinks, Sir, it is a strange thing that, among so many friends as he had while living, there is not a single one who has courage to see the last rites duly done, and to bring away that precious portion of which they have robbed his poor father. For this I would freely give all I have, and the few days that are left me on earth also.’—‘ Old man ! old man !’ I exclaimed, seeking to disguise my joy at these words, ‘ do you know what you say ? your desire is perhaps too rash ; for how, think you, the sight of that object dyed in blood might make you repent your wish !’ ‘ Oh, no ! never.’—‘ Oh, yes ; I say.’ ‘ It never would,’ repeated the old man ; ‘ it would delight me rather.’—‘ Then suppose, Sir, that a messenger were now to come, carrying a bag in his hand something like this here, and he were to say to you, “ Stand fast, old man, for I bring you the head of your son ;” and that, at these terrible words, he were to take from its covering this very head, just as you would see it, I tell you, covered with blood.’ While saying this, I did exactly as I supposed the man I described would have done ; and in this way I at last presented to him his son’s head from the executioner’s accursed wallet. My host gazed upon me for a while, with eyes such as I never saw—never any thing half

so grand in my whole life. Then a flash of joy shot through the mighty sorrow that overwhelmed his heart. But the look was followed by an unmeaning and frightful laugh; and, when he came to himself, he put his hands before his eyes, and exclaimed, as the tears at last forced their way, ‘Oh, God be praised! God be praised! we shall now sleep together—all together in the same tomb.’

“Seeing well that I should now only reap a poor harvest of benedictions, I slipped quietly away with my empty sack. I had not gone far, when some one came running after me, saying, that I had taken something belonging to the old gentleman. A little nettled to meet such a charge with clean hands, for the first time in the week, I turned round with a look of honest surprise. Well! I found he was speaking of the bag stained with his son’s blood, and I gave it to the old servant, who bade me to wait. He soon came back with a new one, which he presented in the name of his master, well filled with three hundred florins. And now, my good friends, you may jeer at Jake Plouganet as long as you please, for carrying away the executioner’s wallet by mistake.”

Early in the sixteenth century, Clermont and its territorial possessions fell by marriage to Charles of Bourbon, constable of France, whose conspiracy with Spain against Francis I. led to such important and disastrous consequences. His own death, the rout and capture of Francis at Pavia, and the unprecedented horrors attending the storming of Rome, were only a few of the results produced by a series of insults and

oppressions directed against a great soldier. These results, also, as it has been frequently remarked in history, were brought about by very trivial and despicable causes: no other than the pique of a slighted woman, which proved mischievous enough to overthrow the fortunes of a distinguished commander—a prince of the blood—a peer and high constable of France, and to involve his country in a succession of strange calamities. Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis, when queen-dowager, struck, it is said, with the noble person of the duke, lavished the utmost favours upon him, and finally offered him her hand. Her advances were met with coldness; the Constable had other views, wishing to espouse the sister of the reigning queen; and to such an extreme did the princess carry her indignation and revenge as to lose no opportunity of displaying by her future conduct the truth that:—

“ Hell has no fury like a woman scorned !”

She adopted a systematic line of intrigue and deceit, moving every engine in her power to accomplish the utter destruction of the offender, who, it is asserted, had dared to enjoy, and then turn recreant to the allegiance, she presumed, he owed her. She enlisted his bitterest enemy, Bonnivet, in the plot; and Du Prat, one of the most vicious and corrupt ministers of the court, was another of her accomplices. She first succeeded in preventing his marriage with the princess Renée, youngest daughter to Louis XII.; and she next laid claim to the immense estates, already mentioned, which the duke had obtained in right of Susanna of

Bourbon, daughter of the celebrated lady of Beaujeu, who conducted the regency under Charles VIII. Having succeeded, by the most shameful and corrupt practices, in despoiling him of the greatest part of his fortunes, as well as his expectations of an alliance he was on the eve of entering into, which would have cemented the bonds of brotherhood between Francis and himself, the relentless princess contrived by every violent, no less than every subtle, means in her power, so to exasperate the excited mind and indignant feelings of the Constable, as to hurry him into thoughts of relinquishing his country, and making proposals to its most powerful and inveterate enemy. He had long perceived, with sensations of pain he could no longer endure, that his royal master, instead of throwing round him the shield of honourable and magnanimous protection, more than connived at the bitter insults he received; and, jealous of his military fame, opposed his advice on the most important occasions. Rejoiced at depriving his rival of one of his firmest supporters and ablest of generals, Charles V. not merely acceded to Bourbon's wishes, but offered terms even beyond his expectations. The Count de Rieux was the person employed by the emperor to conduct the negotiation with the Constable. In the disguise of a peasant, he succeeded in reaching by night the Constable's castle in the Bourbonnais, where he was assigned an apartment next to that of the duke, the better to discuss the needful preliminaries previous to the intended revolt. But not confiding wholly in this arrangement, Bourbon despatched a confidential emissary, one of his own gentlemen, with further instructions to the

emperor. He had the satisfaction to receive upon his return, a full ratification of every particular which he had proposed. Then, having concealed the papers in a box under ground, he began to assemble his friends and vassals with the ostensible view of accompanying the king upon his march into Italy. It happened that two of his retainers, on making their confession at Easter, avowed that they were engaged in a conspiracy against the state, on learning which the priest enjoined them to hasten and make known every particular to the king, as he should himself set out with the same object. The gentlemen, believing that their sole chance of safety lay in anticipating the information of the priest, mounted horse and rode with the most furious speed to meet the king, whom they found at St. Pierre-le-Moutier in the Bourbonnais, and throwing themselves at his feet they made a full disclosure of the whole affair.

Francis, upon ascertaining the existence of the conspiracy, determined to have an interview with the Constable; and for this purpose had repaired to Moulins, where he explicitly stated to the Constable what he had heard laid to his charge. The latter, while he admitted that certain proposals had been made to him on the part of Spain, denied that he had committed himself by accepting them. Francis contented himself with ordering the Constable to follow him to Lyons, deterred probably from putting him under arrest by the number and devotion of his vassals. It was now that the Constable heard, while proceeding thither in his litter, of the decree which deprived him of his possessions in Auvergne; but being anxious to make a last effort to

obtain justice, he sent the bishop of Autun to the king, intreating that the decree might at least be suspended, in which case he would feel bound to his majesty's service evermore. The party of his enemies was too strong, and the bishop was arrested, when only two leagues from the Constable's own residence, by the marshal of Chabannes. A man rode off in haste to inform the Constable of this event. He was then at his castle of Chantelle; but he set out without delay, in the night time, for Hermeul, a little town in Auvergne, of which the governor, Henry Arnould, was attached to his interest. On his arrival in the dark, he instantly, we are informed,* awoke Pomperant and Montagnac-Tenzane. The former of these gentlemen owed his life to him; for Pomperant having killed Chisay, a favourite of the court, Bourbon had first afforded him shelter, and afterwards procured his pardon. Tenzane, aged near eighty years at this time, remained inviolably attached to him in his misfortunes; though he had ever been averse to his treaty with the emperor. It was requisite that one of them should accompany him, while the other remained behind to favour his flight. As the latter employment was by far the most hazardous, it became a subject of contest; both desiring ardently this desperate commission. Chance alone decided it in favour of Tenzane, and he executed it with the utmost address. Having concealed himself during six weeks in a castle of Auvergne, he then cut off his beard, which he had been always accustomed to wear long; and under the disguise of an ecclesiastic, passing

* Wraxall.

through Franche Comté, rejoined his lord safely in the Milanese. The Constable and Pomperant crossed all the country of Burgundy, or Franche Comté, having only made use of the precaution of shoeing their horses backwards; but near Grenoble they were more than once on the point of being discovered and seized. The Cardinal de la Beaume, abbot of St. Cloude in Franche Comté, gave them an escort as soon as they arrived on the frontiers of the emperor's dominions. Not daring to pass through Switzerland, then in alliance with France, Bourbon was compelled to go considerably round, through Germany to Trent, from whence he arrived in safety at Mantua. Many proofs of fidelity and attachment to his person were shewn by his retainers, which greatly facilitated his escape. The faithful Tenzane assumed his master's dress, and rode his horse, to mislead his enemies in case of danger; and when Bourbon had made good his retreat, his faithful vassals continued to follow Tenzane, in belief that he was their master himself, till he informed them, with tears in his eyes, of their mistake, at the same time intreating them, as he had been directed, to return each to his own home.

Upon his arrival in Genoa, the Constable was invested by Charles V. with the chief command of his army, conjointly with Lannoy, viceroy of Naples, and the celebrated marquis of Pescara. The French, under the admiral Bonnivet, having crossed the Alps, and reached the plains of the Milanese, were in their turn compelled to retreat. Besides the formidable generals to whom they were opposed, the plague broke out, and made

deadly ravages in their ranks ; and the Constable, eager to revenge himself upon the bitterest of his enemies, prepared to take advantage of the circumstance. Bon-nivet, terrified at the idea of falling alive into the Constable's hands, and already wounded, resigned to the Chevalier Bayard, so renowned in arms, the more dangerous post of covering the retreat of the French : and throwing himself into a litter, set out as rapidly as he could for Lyons, which he reached in safety. Addressing himself to Bayard before his departure : " You perceive," he said, " that I am wounded—that I can no longer either fight or command. To you, therefore, I commit the care of the army ; extricate it, I beseech you, if there be yet means to do so."—" It is late in the day," replied the chevalier, who neither loved nor esteemed the admiral," but it matters not. My soul is in the hands of God ; my life belongs to the state : I engage to save the army, at the expense of laying down my life." The retreat from that moment was conducted in admirable order ; but he fell in the accomplishment of his heroic task, as he had predicted that he should, while giving battle to the enemy, greatly superior in strength, on the plain of Romagnano. The imperialists gained, it is observed, neither honour nor trophies. The French lost no artillery, and not even their baggage. The character of Bayard,—his humanity, courtesy and beneficence, no less than his exploits, have been justly made a theme of eulogy with historians ; while his dying moments afforded one of the noblest subjects, so often treated, for the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. Having been struck in the

groin by a ball from a harquebuss, he was heard to exclaim, as he sank upon the ground, "Jésus, mon Dieu ! Je suis mort." Then with his usual composure and gentleness of speech and manner, which, combined with rare piety, distinguished all his actions, he prepared himself for death, holding up his sword before him to supply the want of a crucifix. There being no priest, he made confession to his steward ; and this done he began to console his friends and attendants who had gathered round him. The duke of Bourbon coming up suddenly to the spot, was so affected upon seeing his condition, that he shed tears. But Bayard, almost in the act of expiring, turned his eyes towards him, and uttered that memorable reproach : " Weep not for *me*. I die in the service of my country :—you triumph in the ruin of yours ; and have far more cause to lament your victory than my defeat." The enemy gathering round, united in displaying their esteem for his character,—that rare union of virtues in the soldier and the man. The marquis of Pescara joined in the general grief for his death, in which even the soldiers of the imperial army were seen to participate, as if mourning a brother or a father,—the most unequivocal testimony to his chivalrous and illustrious career.

Francis had now taken the field in person ; and the imperial commanders, who had penetrated into France, hastily raised the siege of Marseilles upon his approach. Urged by Bonnivet, he pursued the Constable by forced marches across the Alps.* It was with the utmost dif-

* It is asserted by Brantome that other motives than those of revenge actuated the movements of Francis. The beauty of a lady

ficulty that the latter avoided being overtaken ; the French entering one of the gates of Milan within half an hour after the duke had escaped by the other. Instead, however, of following up the enemy, Francis was prevailed upon by the admiral to lay siege to Pavia, defended by the brave Antonio de Leyva ; and while thus engaged, the duke of Bourbon had time to levy, on his own account, a body of twelve thousand veteran Germans, which he brought to the aid of the imperial cause. Uniting this force with that of Lannoy and of Pescara, he came to the resolution of giving battle to the king who had so lately pursued him. Equally eager to chastise a rebellious subject, Francis imprudently marched out of his camp, and the loss of the battle of Pavia and of his own liberty were the well-known result. After giving proofs of the most brilliant valour, killing numbers of the enemy with his own hand, Francis was compelled to surrender. He became the prisoner of Lannoy, having already refused to give his sword to one of Bourbon's followers.

Bonnivet, to whose ill counsels this misfortune was attributed, upon perceiving the fate of the day, resolved not to survive it ; and, unclosing his vizor, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, and perished. The duke of Bourbon, who had given particular directions to take him alive, if possible, and, at all events, not to permit him to escape, was soon afterwards informed that the body had been found under a heap of slain. Hastening to

of Milan, greatly extolled by the admiral, who is stated to have been a successful suitor for her favour, determined the king, it is supposed, to advance at least into the heart of the Milanese, in order to reach that of the fair Italian.

the spot, the duke stood over it for some time, absorbed in mournful thought. "Ah wretch!" he exclaimed, "it is thou who hast caused the ruin of France and of me."

The loss of the French upon this occasion was immense,—in particular among the nobility and gentry, who, as the tide of battle went against them, fell in defence of their rash but gallant monarch. Among them was the aged Marshal de Chabannes, the bastard of Savoy, brother to the queen-dowager; Richard de la Pole, duke of Suffolk; and Lescun, generally denominated the Marshal de Foix. Equally incensed at the conduct of Bonnivet as the Constable himself, the last of these, having received a severe wound during the action, and being aware that it was mortal, resolved, ere he died, to sacrifice to his vengeance the chief author of so many calamities, who had exercised such evil influence over the mind of Francis. He sought the admiral everywhere over the field, with the intent of inflicting summary vengeance on him, by plunging his sword into his bosom. But falling, from loss of blood, from his horse, he was made prisoner, and conducted into Pavia, to the house of the Countess Scarsafiore, a lady to whom he was tenderly attached. Her care and her tears were alike in vain; he sank under his wounds within a few days, and expired in her arms.

As Castaldo, the commander of the Neapolitan cavalry, was conducting his prisoner, the aged Marshal de Chabannes, to a place of safety, he met a Spanish captain, named Buzarto, who demanded to be admitted to a share in his prize. A quarrel ensued;

and the infuriated Spaniard, enraged at his refusal, levelled his harquebuss at the unfortunate general, and shot him dead upon the spot. The escape, on the other hand, of the Count de St. Pol, a prince of the blood royal, is one of the most singular perhaps upon record. He fell upon the field, and being totally deprived of his senses, he was left to be interred among the dead. A Spanish soldier, who had been eagerly engaged in plundering what he could from the relics of the battle, observed a diamond ring of great value, which the count had worn upon his finger. Finding he could not draw it away, he took a sharp knife, and began to cut off the finger itself. The sudden gashes, and the flow of blood, restored the count to consciousness; and by degrees he informed the soldier that he could give him what was far more valuable;—that he was a prince of the blood, and would become his captive; warning him at the same time to take heed, lest the imperial officers should deprive him of his prisoner by force; and that, if he chose to accompany him to France without delay, he (the count) would make it well worth his while. Relying upon the promises made him, he conducted the count into a small house at Pavia, dressed his wounds, and attended on him; and, when enabled to travel, procured two horses, and accompanied him, as his servant, to France. They arrived in safety; and to his own humanity and honour, as well as to the gratitude and munificence of the count, the faithful Spaniard owed his future success in life.

The duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood, conducted himself in the most dishonourable manner. Though entrusted with the command of the left wing,

he basely fled early in the action, without striking a blow. When the disaster became known, the indignation of the queen-dowager against him knew no bounds; and such was the mortifying contempt shown him, even by his own wife, no less than by the whole court, that, unable to bear up against such accumulated indignities, he abandoned himself to despair. Within two months after the defeat at Pavia he literally died of a broken heart, distracted by shame and remorse for the panic of a moment; and in him became extinct the royal branch of Alençon.

Meantime, Charles the Fifth having promised to confer the government of the Milanese upon Bourbon, that distinguished general soon compelled Sforza to surrender the castle, but found that the city of Milan itself had been so utterly exhausted by a series of the most cruel oppressions and exactions, as no longer to afford plunder, or even blood, to satiate a ferocious soldiery. The sole hope he had left of retaining them in obedience was, to propose some flattering enterprise, and withdraw them from a famishing people and a city laid in ruins. The avarice and rapacity of the Roman court, seemed to promise wealth, and every other temptation, in abundance. He traversed Italy, like a conqueror, unawed alike by the people and by the imperial general, who had entered into a hasty treaty with Pope Clement. Never were more striking proofs of excellent genius for war, than those now displayed by the unfortunate duke, while he was admired and beloved by his soldiers, with an enthusiasm approaching to idolatry. He marched by their side, joined in their festivities, and bore part in their distresses. They

received neither pay nor directions from the emperor ; to him only they vowed obedience and fidelity to death. On his part, he distributed all he possessed, even his plate, jewels, and camp-equipage, among his troops, retaining only a coat of silver tissue which he wore over his armour. He had moments of bitter anguish and remorse, and looked upon himself as a man of ruined fortunes. “ My children,” he would often say, “ I am like you, only a poor gentleman ; I possess nothing ; let us make our fortunes together.” Language such as this, from a beloved general to his soldiers, was answered by loud cries of transport and affection. His arrival, spite of every obstacle, at Rome ; his storming of the city, and his fall ; with the disastrous scenes of carnage, plunder, and violation which ensued, are too much matter of familiar history to require further observations in a work like the present.*

* The storming of Rome was not like that of most cities, the sufferings of which soon draw to a close. It was one continued sack during many months. Never, in the worst times, had that city been so truly humiliated and enslaved. Numbers of the noblest families were only enabled to purchase life by the sacrifice of their wealth ; women of every rank became the prey of the ferocious soldiery, and the noblest who were spared from the sword were compelled to become the mistresses of the conquerors. It is an historical fact, that within eight months after the occupation of Rome, more than eight thousand young women of all conditions in life were found to be pregnant ; and from that time were frequently observed the light complexion and the expression of countenance characteristic of the Germans. The indignities they heaped upon Rome defy all description. For instance, they placed the Cardinal of Sienna bare-headed upon an ass, and in this condition conducted him as a show through the streets, almost stunned with blows.

APPROACH TO ROYAT.

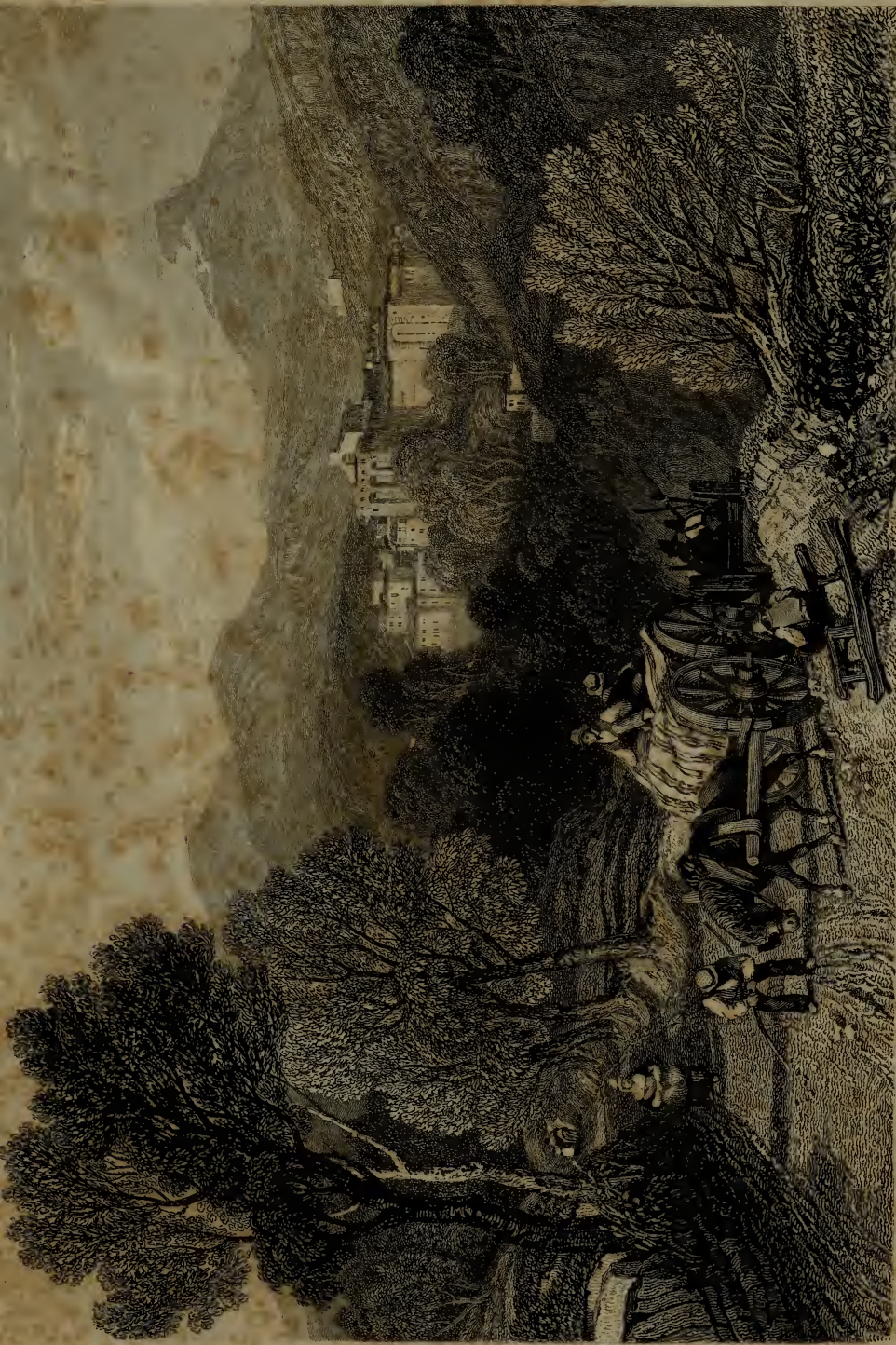
Monument qui transmet à la posterité
Et leur magnificence et leur ferocité.

LE FRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

Et ce jardin de la France
Méritait un tel canal.

LA FONTAINE.

AT less than a league from Clermont stands the old romantic village of Royat. The road to this place lies through a succession of the most agreeable scenes, vineyards, gardens, and orchard grounds, presenting continually a luxurious interchange of every species of foliage. About half way between the two places, the tourist is attracted from his path by the lovely villa which smiles from the brow of Mount Joli, and in whose refreshing shades, not without some objects of natural curiosity, he may well let the noon-day sun pass over his head. From this spot the road leads him under an uninterrupted line of wide-spreading hazles, and every kind of fruit trees ; while along the depth of the valley, which he now finds increasing in beauty every step he sets, runs a clear, deep brook, the waters of which have made their way over the rocks, and refresh the ear with their murmurs, as much as the eye with their freshness.



Engraved by J. D. Harding.

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Royat itself is singularly situated in the very gorge of two mountains, and its foundations rest on huge basalt rocks, which some convulsion of nature, or the action of subterranean waters, have broken into the most fantastic shapes. At the first aspect, therefore, which it presents, the stranger forms no flattering opinion either of its comforts or of its security, but his ideas are soon changed when, on approaching more nearly, he sees it surrounded by gardens the most fruitful, its little vallies irrigated by springs of delicious water, and the darkest of its shades concealing within their dense verdure every beauty of unrestrained vegetation. The fountains of Clermont are supplied with water from the streams which have their source in the high grounds of this neighbourhood; but a large body of water is still left to pour unrestrainedly down seven rocky channels into a wide, deep basin, or volcanic grotto. Over this receptacle of the stream frowns the basalt precipices, their sides presenting the wildest and most grotesque forms, and the summit crowned with the thick branches of the arbutus.

All around this spot looks strange and obscure, having a wild and almost savage air, wonderfully contrasting with the more mild and subdued character of the scenery near it. The colour of the rocks, the darkness of the foliage, the depth and gloominess of the waters, as they lie hushed in the bottom of the cavern, give to the whole view a mystic sombreness which steals upon the mind, even when resisting such impressions, absorbing the beholder in many a fanciful speculation. To add to these real attractions of the place,

the inhabitants have not scrupled to supply others out of the abundant store-house of tradition. "It was here," say they, "that Cæsar had his granaries when in this part of Gaul;" and digging some little depth below the surface of the ground, they show a species of burnt corn, which, it is believed, has remained in that state since some large granary fell a prey to the flames in the days of the celebrated conqueror.

Instead, however, of enlarging upon the uncertain traditions of remoter days, we shall recur with pleasure to the picture of early French customs and manners. "The sire de Savoisy," observes an old tourist, "now assumed his office of master of ceremonies in the 'ballet of the beasts,' having in his care six other beasts of whom I was one, well chained, and all led in a leash. We were arrayed in woollen dresses, covered with tar and resin, to which the rest of our paraphernalia was sure to stick, and such was our awful and imposing appearance that the hall rang with rounds of applause and the clapping of hands. According to custom, the valets followed us with their lighted torches; and some sparks happening to escape, fell upon my habiliments, and I was very nigh being set into a blaze. My well resined skin took fire; I had barely time to utter a *pater!* when, by the singular courage and address of Alice de Preuilli, I was rescued from my fiery fate. She it was who ran to me, and throwing a large cloak over the ignited part of my dress, pressed it tightly down, holding me at the same time fast in her arms. She succeeded in extinguishing the sudden blaze in a wonderful manner, and won the admiration and applause of the whole company. For

my part, I could hardly breathe out my grateful thanks, so closely did she press me, till at last I murmured out, '*Grand merci*, fair dame; the fire is now out methinks;' but she made answer,—'Not yet—not yet, Sire Tristan; for I can still feel the heat upon my bosom, and the open air might perhaps revive it.' 'For God's sake, in that case,' replied I, 'leave me; for we should infallibly be burnt together.' 'Ah,' she whispered, 'you do not, or will not, understand me aright; are you really then changed into a savage beast; and is there no hope of taming your cruel nature?' 'How!' I replied, 'how would you have me talk of gratitude, or any thing else in this beastly, this horribly hateful dress; I should only make you laugh the more, were I to speak as eloquently as Apollo, or as seriously as a judge.' 'Oh, I see,' she replied, bursting into a loud fit of laughter,—'I see you want your gay chevalier's costume before you can make a vow of true love in due form; go, make haste and get it, for you look for all the world like a wild Indian captive, just escaped from being roasted alive for dinner.' So she let me get up, and I made my exit, amidst the loud cheers of the company. I soon returned in good array; the grand hall was still intolerable, for the heat and smoke, the relics of the pitch dresses, had produced a most insufferable smell. For this reason, many of the fair had retreated with their chevaliers, to enjoy the fresh air in the other rooms, and you might see, here and there, in the nooks, corners, and recesses of the place, little groups, or couples, gently bending their heads towards each other, and listening to the song, the love-tale, or adventure of arms.

“ My fair deliverer still lingered in the grand saloon, where a page was fanning her with a fan of peacock’s feathers. As soon as she saw me she took hold of my arm, saying she was quite refreshed ; and when we were almost alone in a corridor which conducted to the turrets, she observed, prettily pouting as she spoke : ‘ Now, then, will you tell me what it was made you go away so abruptly and ill-naturedly the other day ; and when I had so many other things to tell you about ? ’— ‘ Truly,’ replied I, laughing, ‘ you kept them, I suppose, to recount to James de la Marche, when you met him.’ At this the eyes of the demoiselle lighted up with a malicious pleasure, and leaning her arm a little more heavily upon mine, she replied, ‘ What mean you by this, noble pilgrim of chivalry ; are you jealous, then, yet not in love ? Verily you have, in that, vexation without profit ; and grant it be so, I shall not keep *you* any journal of a heart which is not put under your tutoring. But if you should, belike, fall into that other mood, when you may of right indulge in your jealous complaints, yours would nevertheless be idly founded ; for it is certain, I care neither little nor much for the Sire de la Marche nor for any other, it may be.’

“ ‘ That last word, gentle lady, did much damage the rest of your pleasant discourse ; I did well know that you had no care for me, though you might have spared me the pain of telling it to me from your own lips.’— ‘ Well, now,’ returned the demoiselle, ‘ this *is* rare and new !—quite another matter, Sire Tristan ; for in what, most ingrate, as you are, have I shewn you such vast indifference ;—I who spoke to you when you came

into the great hall, when even your shadow had but got half way across the threshold ;—I who not long ago took you into my arms, as if to draw upon myself the fury of the flames which would speedily have consumed you ;—I, forsooth, who ran all the risks of suffering the pangs of purgatory—yea, perhaps still more,—all for the sake of an affection—that is, a friendship, from which I see too well I have to expect neither fealty nor happiness ;’—looking most enchantingly as she said all this.

“ Ah ! Satan, how industrious an operative art thou, in order to surprise mankind by thy wily works ! These winning and most insinuating propositions of Alice, stronger than any philosophy, threw my reason into extreme jeopardy, and had well nigh upset my holy resolution of remaining faithful where loyalty was due from me. I said a *pater* to myself very softly, praying that the Holy Virgin would succour me in this extreme peril of mine honour, not only as regarded my body, but my poor soul. What to do ! It was clearly my only chance to shew myself unjust, fantastic, or full of *badinage*, in order to withdraw from serious conversation ; for, woe is me ! a fatal delirium, too easily excited amidst the whirl of these world-born festivals,—during which man in some sort seems to change his nature,—caused a fire to run through my veins more fierce and devouring than that from which she had just rescued me ; yet, however hard to bear, I felt this woeful state, I nevertheless experienced so great a horror at the bare idea of betraying my oath, that I summoned from within power to resist such fearfully sweet seductions. ‘ No ;’ I said to myself ; ‘ I will not be thus disloyal and

faith-broken ; neither hamlet nor city,—a city of lying and perdition, deep as it be, shall behold me recreant to love and honour ; the firm faith of Tristan shall come forth from these burning ordeals more immoveable than ever.'

" Alice and myself had, almost unawares to each other, entered one of the little towers of the old castle, feebly lit up by an iron lamp suspended from the ceiling ;—we found ourselves seated close together, without knowing how we came there, and as little how my hand had contrived to become pressed between the fair soft palm of this most tempting beauty. Midst the fearful disorder of the fête, in which I bore so *shining* a part, her rich, dark tresses had half escaped from the golden bands which clasped their sweetness ; and there was a sweetness too, and seduction in the very air, in every word and look,—a fascination in all that surrounded her, which partook surely as much of evil magic as of nature's charms, 'gainst both of which I had to battle sufficiently. And who knows whether of us had come off conqueror ; for, of a truth, I was fast losing ground, and already brought upon my knees,—my true knight's sword weak as a reed in silly hands,—and my spiritual armour all cut and hacked with the incessant blows of my dear enemy. But, as heaven would have it, she did suddenly start from my side, as if breaking from some entrancing dream, and exclaimed : ' Fair friend ; see you in the castle courts how fast the company is dispersing ? There seem none to be left within but we here ; the curfew bell hath tolled this long while, and it doth touch nigh upon ten of the clock.'

“ With these words she kept pulling me forth out of the little tower, and in not many minutes she was seated behind me upon my steed. Two pages of the count’s preceded us, carrying aloft their lighted branches, and thus did we make progress through the place ; the footing being safe, owing to a fine frosty air which hardened the wintry soil beneath our palfrey’s feet. To protect her fair head from the nipping bize, she had introduced, not only her face, but her pretty arms, under my flowing mantle, which I felt tightly lacing my bosom, in particular if my steed happed to make a false step—as his master had well nigh done—in the night’s obscurity. She was so close, that I did feel one cheek glowing with her warm, sweet breath, almost too much for the boldest knight : ‘ Demoiselle,’ said I, with a languid heart, which was fast falling into the snares of amorous delight ; ‘ fair demoiselle, methinks that the fire and the frost are alike friendly to me. A while ago you did straitly embrace me, to extinguish the too fierce flame which threatened, and even now the same arms do well preserve me from the nipping and frosty night air.

“ Having reached at length the mansion de Preuilly, I gave my hand to the gentle Alice, and, having dismounted, I accompanied her to her apartment,—lit up only by the moon and by the glimmering stars.

“ Oh night ; so full of enchantment and perplexities ; night of pride, yet of confusion ; night of fear and of hope, wert thou, indeed, a delight or a punishment ! Tower and hamlet lay buried in a deep repose ; the voice of human joy and of human sorrow were alike at

rest; yet still was I awake, a prey to the fierce, wild passions, which seemed to have left the rest of mortal wights to fall with all their violence upon one too happy yet unfortunate. Ah! if Heaven hath indeed declared that one day even Erebus itself shall acknowledge and bow to the law of love, that which I experienced would form the full beatitude of Satan; and it would be thus only that the great archangel of his flaming world shall be permitted to love. Such was the cruelty of the amorous strife in which I came off a loyal victor." — — — — —

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more picturesque than that occupied by the village of Royat, as it appears on the first view which presents itself to the tourist's eye after leaving Clermont. As the ground selected for its site was extremely rugged, the buildings are for the most part unequal and detached from each other; but one of the principal features by which they are distinguished is that which now forms the church, but was anciently a considerable castle, of which evident traces yet remain. Below the village lies a ravine, down which a mountain torrent, which acquires additional force in its descent from a stream issuing from the rock immediately under the castle, pursues its headlong course. Still lower down the effect of this remarkable feature is considerably improved by a natural arch, which has been formed by the force and rapidity of these combined streams,—which thus appear as if emerging from a subterranean cavern. The rocks on all sides are covered with foliage; and taken in the *tout ensemble*, this is one of the most delightful and verdant spots in the



Engraved by J. D. Harding

ROYAL.

Engraved by James B. Nixon

Engraved by Lloyd & Hanning

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general waste of volcanic mountains, which throw their dark shadows over the vicinity.—The hill seen on the right in the accompanying view, is the famed Puy de Dome, with flat bare summit—broad and of a massy cone-shape; and which gives its name, also, to a department.

The tourist sees little in the village itself to attract his attention, with the exception of the church, which is ancient, and has an altar of two stories, one above the other. But he has an ample equivalent for antiquities and wonders in the lovely scenery through which his journey still leads him, by whichever route he leaves the village of Royat. If he delights in the noble spectacle of mountains, he will traverse the road to the Puy de Dome; if the refreshing calm of verdant meadows and valleys is more suited to the state of his feelings or his imagination, he will find his way along the sloping path which leads down into the valley of Fontana, while the luxurious district which lies between this place and Vayre, can scarcely fail of inspiring him with delightful musings, whatever be the mood in which he resumes his interesting route. Limagne has been called the paradise of France; and offers all that beauty and variety to the eye which is produced by the course of a fine, deep stream, through a rich champagne country. The waters of the Allier give equal cheerfulness and fertility to a wide extent of meadows and undulating valleys; and the village of Pont du Chateau, from which it becomes navigable, is seen with picturesque effect across the wide domain of wood and stream.

Before, however, we venture to touch at this last village, we must resume our imaginary tour with the

Sire Tristan, some five centuries ago, when the scenes he depicts glowed with youth and freshness; when men's minds, as well as the national manners, were in their full vigour; and romantic and rural France presented a picture of gallant times, yet unstained with civil rage and fanaticism, and not unworthy the brilliant days of her Paladins. Interspersed throughout his lively narrative, we meet with many of those strange and wild adventures springing out of the peculiar institutions of elder ages, which startle or affect the mind, and which we fancy will prove more interesting to some of our readers than the mere incidents of a modern tour.

On his return, then, to the noble and hospitable castle of Royat, our favourite old traveller relates, that he there met a certain German, named Rodolph Herzog, who had for some time been in the service of Conrad, the famed marquis of Clermont, then preparing for the holy wars. He held the rank of equerry or squire,—being of a most intrepid character, and prompt of hand to meet every turn of fortune: and he was said to have formed one of that strange and dreaded tribunal of secrecy, of which the mysterious power,—sudden, inevitable, and invisible,—spread its roots deeper and wider every day. Amidst the ruins of other powers and governments, which successively rose and fell in the fierce struggle between the emperors and their nobles, the clergy and the commons, this dread tribunal still held unresisted sway.

It resulted from these incessant factions of the empire, that none were left with sufficient energy to command; and it being necessary that power should be

vested somewhere, the franc-judges, as they were termed, established it upon their own responsibility,—that is, they swore in by the most terrific oaths some hundred thousand of members, termed the *Initiated*,—bound under the heaviest penalties to promote all their measures.

After dinner, the company being seated under the broad shadow of a patriarchal elm, Rodolph began to relate by what singular adventures he had quitted Westphalia, his native country, in quest of other and better fortunes in France.

“The Count Eberhart,” he proceeded, “had a daughter, to whom I had become excessively attached, having frequently had the misfortune to behold her too attractive charms at the grand hunts of Greberstein, and the games and tournaments of Cassel. The fair Leopoldine, haughty as she was fair, and, though so young, of an ambitious spirit, returned me only disdainful looks for words of love, which I breathed all lowly in her ear; and in vain did I lay at her feet the spoils of war, or relics of lances broken in her honour. My eyes beheld only her transcendent charms, but hers had glanced at my poorer heraldry, and expressed the most cold and cutting indifference. Who is it can boast he shall vanquish love, since mine could survive so cruel an affront? Ere long, I learnt that my fair foe loved the Count Tecklembourg, whom the franc-judges had caused to be summoned for the first time to the assizes of the Tilleuls,* in the gardens of Arensberg, and a second time at the assizes of the March of Dortmund.

* *Tilleuls*, assemblies held under the linden trees, and not, as asserted by some German writers, in subterranean vaults.

But as the Count was not in the case of a flagrant criminal, inasmuch as he had not been betrayed by his *hand*, his *eye*, or his *mouth*, (such being the tenor of their acts,) it was necessary that he should have a third summons. It was, therefore, decided at the sittings of the *Hawthorns of Elleringhausen*, that he should be served with the least possible delay with a third citation, with the proviso, that if he should not reply, it must be inferred, *that he troubled the peace of the country*, unless, indeed, it were that he could present one of the four motives of dispensation—namely, imprisonment, illness, a pilgrimage, or service of the empire.

“But from the fact that several emissaries of the free judges had been drowned, strangled, or otherwise assassinated, while bearing these summonses to the accused, it was customary to travel with them only after sunset, and in place of delivering them by word of mouth to the parties, it was considered enough to attach them to the palisades, or entrance of their principal domicile,—sometimes on the bridge of the castle, and at others, even in the church, on the stones of the cemetery, or in the almoner’s box.

“The citations thus given, very rarely came to the hands of the accused, although the messengers who had the charge of affixing them, were bound, upon leaving the spot, to utter three loud, lugubrious cries, and also to present to the tribunal a small piece of the wood from the gate or tenement of the accused, as witness of their mission. The destruction, nevertheless, of the Count of Tecklembourg was decided, if he should not happen to receive the notice thus

sent. Condemned without being heard, his name would be entered in the book of blood, and the initiated forthwith sent in pursuit of him, would not fail to hang him up, wherever they met him, upon the first tree, or, in case of the least resistance, to assassinate him on the spot, leaving the dagger in the wound, for the purpose that it might be recognized, and claim respect, by bearing witness to the swift vengeance of the secret tribunal.

“ Dwelling on this matter, it occurred to me that I had now an opportunity of proving to Leopoldine, that no baron upon earth, with his six-quartered coat, and no lord paramount, whether of small or large jurisdiction, could boast, in way of nobleness and generosity, of vieing with the neglected — the scorned Rodolph Herzog, of the burgh of Nordkirchen. Truly, I determined to convey into the hands of her lover the fatal edict in question; and when it had been duly prepared, and written fairly out upon virgin parchment, covered with the seven seals of the Society, with a piece of money enclosed in it, so that if in indigence, the accused might repair to the spot, at the expense of the judges,—I took it in my hands, and set out towards the mansion of the Count of Tecklembourg.

“ It so fell out, that this was the very day fixed upon for the union of the happy lovers. The entire manor, under the sway of the count’s house, was filled with jubilee, all ranks being engaged in celebrating their master’s marriage day. The surrounding nobility had been invited, to confer lustre upon one

of the most brilliant festivals which had made the old family halls ring with the joys of dance, and song, and revelry, for many years ago. It was now night ; with one hand I held out the summons, intending to place it on the door of the entrance-hall, and with the other, I fixed it to the wood, leaving the steel of my axe, marked with the arms of the secret tribunal.* The sight of this axe very soon caught the eye of the assembly eagerly going and coming, some up, some down the steps leading into the hall of the castle. In proportion as the torches borne by the serfs to light the guests upon their way, threw their rays upon the dreaded omen of evil, they might be seen starting aside, turning pale as death, and hastily bending their steps from the habitation devoted to the vengeance of the franc-courts. The castle was instantly deserted, and I was easily enabled to penetrate even as far as the isolated *tourelle*, or secluded tower, where the bride and bridegroom were seated at a window opening upon a pine-wood, stretching far away to the gulf of a dark precipice, through which the white foam of the mountain-torrent sparkled fitfully, while the rushing of the falls broke wildly and mournfully on the ear. In the intervals came the gentler plaints of the ring-dove mid the falling of the forest leaves ; the low, sad voices of the dying year, such as in the autumnal solitude do stir the lonely traveller's heart with a strange, yet

* In the steel of the axes belonging to the franc-judges were represented a dagger, and a knight holding a bouquet of roses. These were the emblems of the secret and dread tribunal.

not unpleasing sorrow, as if they were the voices of lost and beloved spirits, breathing that strange music through the distant air, which oft seems to come mingling with the sobbing winds.

“ But to this deep, mysterious solitude, a softer charm was given by the freshness of the limpid stream, and the perfumes borne upon the breeze from the garden bowers, and which, wafted into the nuptial chamber, cooled the hot, parched air of the sultry day, and the faded evening,—echoing but now with the rout and tumult of the festival,—and gently swelled by intervals the curtains, which concealed,—though not from my troubled spirit—the spot which held that blissful nuptial couch. Yes! I saw them seated close to each other; the count clasping the lovely hands of his sweet companion, as they listened, nothing loath, to the retiring footsteps of their many guests. I heard him say, with trembling eagerness, in her ear, ‘What good genius, sweetest love, so quickly disperseth the annoying throng? doubtless it is in charity to us, no longer to withhold us from ourselves; the busy world is banishment to those who truly love, and thy affection, love, renders all other treasures despicable in my eyes.’ She bent her head upon his bosom, and delicious tears fell upon the hands clasped within each other; and at that moment, count Tecklembourg, threatened by the hundred thousand daggers of the free-courts, was a happy and an envied man. ‘You weep, my love,’ cried the count in a delighted tone, gently gathering her into his arms, as she raised her lovely forehead,

and throwing back her fine auburn tresses, gave to view the most fascinating face ever beheld, on which a delicious smile shone through the shower of modest maiden tears.

“May God forgive me the thoughts which then crossed my mind; I was seized with an access of jealous fury, and for some moments I bitterly cursed my folly, in thus risking my life for a rival; for it is well known, that the franc-judges are themselves subjected to the implacable laws which they inflict. The slightest hint, a half-uttered word, or even a look intended to warn a fellow-creature marked for the jurisdiction of the *terre rouge*,* was visited by the most frightful punishment. The offender was seized by the *Initiated*; his neck was cut open from the back, and through this wound the tongue, pronounced perjured, was drawn round and forced into it, so as to present the appearance of a bleeding mouth. He was then sentenced to be hanged up alive on a gallows, seven times as high as less obnoxious criminals; for such is their dreadful edict in cases of treason.

“The count and his lovely lady, having risen from their seats, saw me standing on the threshold of the door, wrapped in my black mantle, and my feet covered with dust. There was little of a bridal guest in my appearance, and the count, knitting his brows, thus addressed me: ‘Methinks, pilgrim, thou comest from a strange hermitage, where thou hast not learned

* Ancient Westphalia, which formed the principal scene of the secret tribunals, was called the *Terre Rouge*, or Red Land, because the ground of its heraldic shield and device was of that colour.

much humility, or else hadst thou not, in place of resting thy foot upon the hearth of my fore-courts, thus presumed to penetrate, at undue hour, into a retirement where no one expected thee.' 'I come, Sir Count,' replied I, 'from a hermitage where the whole power of Saxony and Westphalia would be too weak to preserve you from the peril which threatens you; but if it be true that one may affirm, without blaspheming lips, that there are cases in which the devil can effect that which all the saints united cannot do, methinks it is in this terrific moment.' 'And what,' replied the count, with an ironical smile, 'may be the curious hermitage whence you have brought folly and insolence like this?' 'The hermitage of the courts of *Elleringhausen*: those who resort thither are ill, indeed, and there are but few of such restored. Do you know it, count?' 'No, and I care as little,' was the count's reply; 'for there, no doubt, the devil himself turns hermit; and thou, methinks, appearest most like one of his agents, or one of those lubber-fiends, whose jealous office it is, like the moon-haunting fays—chanced to be forgotten at marriage rites and festivals—to find a cruel pleasure in breaking upon another's felicity.' 'Felicity!' retorted I in my turn, shaking my head; 'it ill becomes thee, count, to talk of that; flight, exile, horror,—these are henceforth the summit of thy ambition and thy boldest hopes; but for happiness, or love,—thou must bid them a long farewell!' At these words, Leopoldine, who had recognized me at first sight, as I saw from the blood rushing into her face, as if struck with a presentiment of some fearful calamity, swooned in the

bridegroom's arms. After having consigned her to the care of her attendants, the count rushed towards the spot where I stood, his sword drawn, and dragging me into the court, he traced a circle with the point of his weapon, exclaiming, 'It is doomed that one of us shall remain upon this spot.'

" 'Count,' replied I, coolly folding my arms, 'you dispose of a piece of ground which no longer belongs to you. See you yon birds of prey, hovering above the tower of the belfry; thou art their promised feast; and thy only grave will be the ensanguined grass at the root of the gallows-tree, belonging to the secret tribunal. Let us speak low; the air itself may be peopled with the familiar demons of this master-spirit of evil,—the dread, implacable power, which I here abjure, abhor, and betray, to rescue from its fangs my proud, my deadly, my ungrateful rival. "One eats elsewhere one's bread as good as here."*' 'Tis done; fly; at thy gate thou wilt find affixed the fatal assignation, and that axe with which only the initiated are privileged to go armed; it will clear thy path, and make thee respected in thy flight. I give it you; and if when night begins to gather round, you should meet a number of men with dark sinister looks, keen piercing eyes, and stern anxious brow,—and you will know them by their disordered hair, their black mantles, and daggers glittering in their belts, with strong cords wound round them like a scarf,—mark well my words: do not seek to avoid them, for that would be an idle

* The circumlocutory mode of giving a hint, or charitable notice to the accused, of the peril hanging over them.

effort. No ; confront, and deceive them by thy courage ; call them by the names of sages and seers ; seat thyself at table with them, and turn thy knife towards thy bosom ; take off thy cap, thy gloves, and arms ; for such is the usage of the franc-judges, when assembled at the rising of the sun. If during conversation they speak of the pear-tree of *Bodelschwing*, or of the cemetery of Sandkirchen, or of the free county of Dortmund, bow thy head in token of reverence, for these are the seats held sacred by the *Whemique** tribunal. Should the *illuminated* require of thee—"What is thy fortune?" answer boldly, "A mark of gold, and three measures of wine;" it is that which a franc-judge pays for his admission. If, in order farther to try thee, they should submit the four letters, S. S. G. G., do thou instantly pronounce the four words, *stock, stein, grass, grein!* If they ask of you, how many steps you must need mount to reach the throne where the Eternal renders justice? answer quick, that it will take thirty. And now, count, adieu: as the price of this advice, I would only say, think sometimes of Rodolph Herzog.'

"'Ah!' exclaimed Tecklembourg, as he laid his hands upon my shoulders, 'what have I done, generous Rodolph, to merit so noble a sacrifice?' 'What have you done, count?' was my reply, 'you have broken my heart; you have filled it with jealousy, rage, and bitterness; you have torn from me the daughter of Eberhart, whom I loved, and must ever

* From the abbreviation of *Vae-mihi-vemi*, woe to me! in the German, *vehe mir*.

love. For you she despised me,—scarce deigned she to look on me ; and, in my secret heart, I then vowed to compel her to esteem and honour him whom she would not love. Insulted and outraged as I have been, in all my best and holiest feelings, I have now obtained the only revenge I sighed for ; and, though it may cost me dear, I shall no more be an object of contempt to her I love.’ Having thus spoken I caused the bridge to be lowered, and quitted the castle of Count Tecklembourg.

“ I believed that the secret of this proceeding would never reach beyond the walls of the castle, and that no living being could possibly have witnessed our interview. What, then, was my surprise, when, having gone about three leagues, towards the break of day, I heard an arrow whistle past my head, and strike an oak-tree within a few steps of me, upon which, as I turned my eye towards it, I saw a written paper, which contained the following words :—

“ ‘ Rodolph Herzog, native of the town of Nordkirchen, having been betrayed by his *eye, his mouth, and his hands*, has no longer right to defend himself before the franc-judges, from whom he would vainly hope to see the *penny of absolution*.* It follows that, without further proceeding, the said Rodolph remains from henceforth excepted from all privilege of the *public peace*, deprived of all rights and franchises, and of all honours and prerogatives possessed by the members of the *Whemique* institution, of which he has unveiled the ever-dreaded secrets. He is hereby banned from the

* A token of one of their laws.

community of Christians ; his wife, if he be wedded, is declared a widow ; and his children, if he have them, are to be reputed orphans. Any one may *run upon him* ; bind, and inflict upon him the *pain of the tree*, after having taken away the skin of his neck, and thrown it to the wolves of the forest, or the fish of the sea. For the rest, his soul is commended to God ; and one hour is granted unto him, that he may prepare to die !' *

“ I was not a craven, and dreaded not either *wood or steel* ; but, nevertheless, I felt a slight shivering on the perusal of this horrible sentence. It was soon broad day ; the labourers of the wood and field appeared on all sides, and at the foot of a mountain I caught sight of the church spires of a town. I should have felt a little reassured, had I not been too well aware that whole provinces lay prostrate under the dread of this unseen society, and that the sight of a single *initiated* struck them with a sort of stupor which deprived them of all power of action, insomuch that the emperor himself ventured not to dispute the execution of its commands.

“ On proceeding a little way, I came upon two men who were seated at breakfast under the shade of an immense oak, seven times as lofty as the neighbouring trees. One of them said to the other, ‘ It is time ! ’—to which the other replied, ‘ *No ! it yet wants two*

* Duke William of Brunswick, who himself filled the office of a franc-judge, was known to have said, “ *I must even do my best to hang Duke Adolphus, of Sleswick, or otherwise my good brethren will take care to have me hanged.* ”—*Jean de Busche.*

minutes. They permitted me to pass them ; but knowing what was at hand, I prepared to sell my life as dearly as I could. Within two minutes they were in brisk pursuit of me ;—I let them approach till I could hear them breathing hard behind me, when turning suddenly round, I clove one of them with a tremendous blow of my sword to the earth. I engaged the other with equal fury, at the same time calling aloud for help. Some workmen and one or two citizens ran to the spot, but the moment they saw the axe and the dagger of the champions of the tribunal, they turned round and fled. I got rid, however, of my adversary, and entered the neighbouring town ; but towards noon, the burgomasters caused it to be published by sound of trumpet, that a summons from the free-courts had been found upon the gates of the city, calling upon the said city to appear by their citizens at their approaching sessions, if they should not before that time expel from the place the culprit who had sought refuge there. That in compliance with this injunction, the burgomasters now enjoined that individual whom it concerned, to issue forth of his own free-will, if he would not be bound, and handed over to the claimants of right !

“ At the sound of this proclamation, the inhabitants, fearful of encountering the proscribed, hastened into their dwellings, and I—I remained alone in the deserted streets. Nothing was to be heard save the dull heavy roll of the city-cart, to which were chained the felons and malefactors, who are condemned to clear away the filth and refuse of the place. There was no hope of concealment for me in this terror-stricken city, and

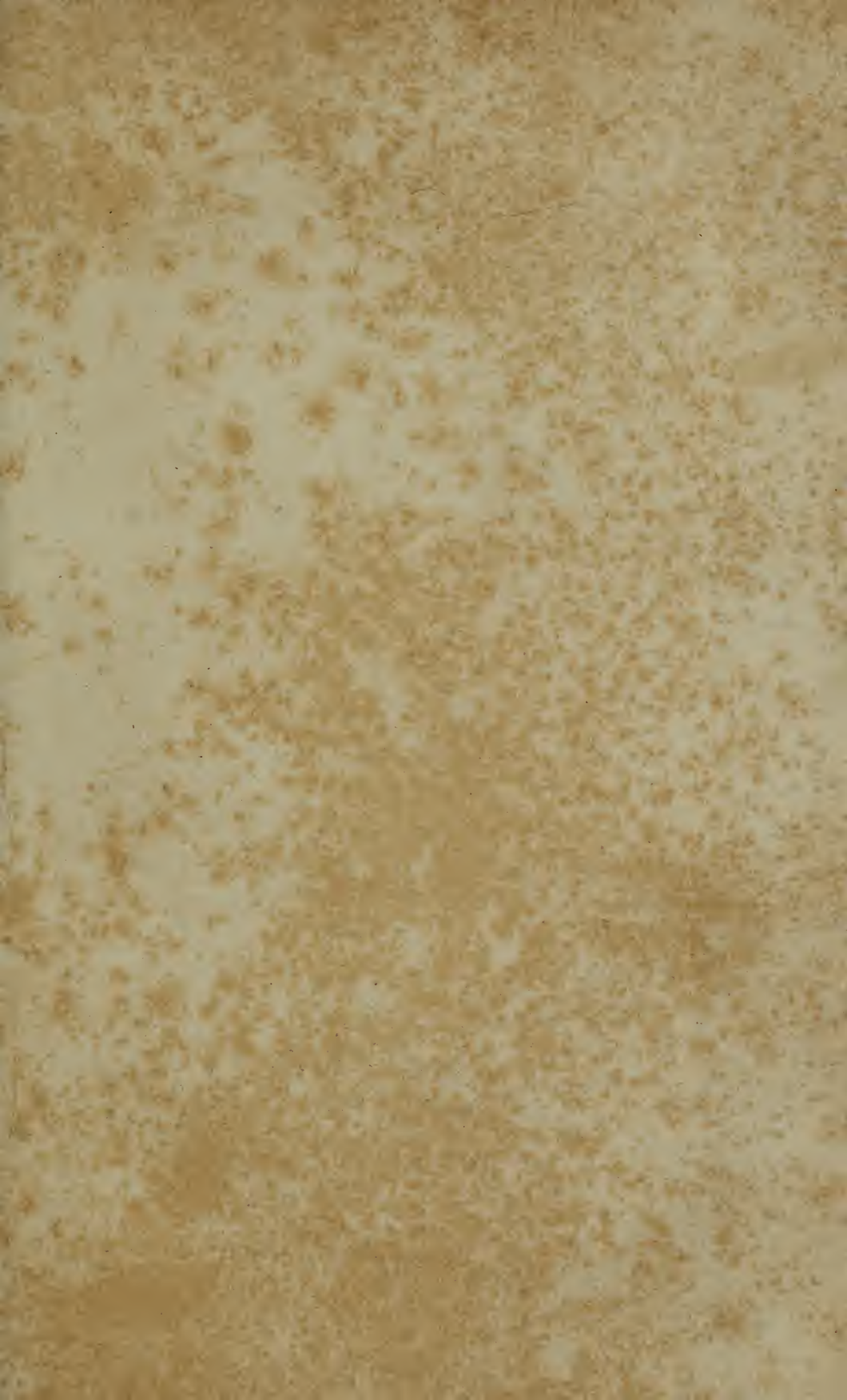
darting through its gates, I gained the fields and woods before night-fall; but this availed me nothing. I continued my flight, however, for that day, the night and the day following, without farther interruption. I began to believe myself out of danger, when on the third day two men with long shaggy hair, and dark visage, accosted me, inquiring, 'if I had already said my matin-prayers?' On replying, that I was bound to answer that only to my God; they added, 'for you are now going to appear before him.' 'And you,' I rejoined, 'are perhaps going to join the devil who sent you hither.' This compliment I accompanied with a stout blow on the head of one of the illuminated; but at the same instant, there came running two more from the north, and two from the south, whom I encountered, however, with the fury of a desperate man. Overpowered at length, I fell covered with wounds, when one of my assassins, looking in my face, said to his companions, 'He has made much ado about dying; but he took his own side bravely; and without a resurrection he will never more raise the dust of the *Whemique* land.'

" 'We have not yet done with him,' said another; 'we must now flay and hang him, according to his sentence.'— 'Now St. Albert give thee more wit,' returned the first of the initiated; 'see you not that this sandy region can boast only a few ragged sticks—he chose his ground well for that part of the sentence; and you will be very ingenious to hang him up on one of these shrubs—quite unworthy to bear the fruits of our glorious, secret tribunal. To hang him with any sort of credit and distinction, we must make half a day's journey to the

nearest forest, and, by that time, we should have lost what little blood he has left us, for we are two of us badly wounded and want a leech, and the rest of us more or less hurt. Let us carry them where we can look for the nearest help, and leave the stout Rodolph Herzog here to sup with the crows.'

"I was not dead, however; and, favoured by the night, I crept along a little way, till I lost all consciousness; and when I awoke, found myself in a monastery, and saw the figures of several monks, who had doubtless succoured me in my utter need. In about a month I recovered my strength; the franc-judges, believing that I had died, ceased to pursue me; and, profiting by their ignorance, I was enabled to reach the territories of Brabant and Flanders, and have thence found my way, after many vicissitudes, into the company which I have now the honour to address."

"This recital," says the tourist, "interested me extremely; but when Rodolph Herzog had retired, some of the company would have it that he had done wrong to violate his sacred oaths; while others took the opposite side, contending that he had acted well and nobly, according to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. But this last opinion was held by the smallest number; and it was finally decided by a large majority, that no knight or squire whatsoever should, under any pretence, forfeit his good word. Rodolph himself must have been of the same way of thinking; for not long afterwards, I learnt that he had made a pilgrimage to Rome, for the purpose of being absolved from the weight of this grievous perjury; and it was so done."





Engraved by J. H. St. John

PONT DE CRAATTEAU.

PONT DU CHATEAU.

Par vos humeurs le monde est gouverné,
Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage.

MAYNARD.

THE beauty and fertility of the country, becoming more striking as he proceeds, assure the tourist that he is still upon the plains of the Limagne, which stretch far away to the right, and, on the left, terminate in a chain of hills,—the first appearance of those lofty mountains which cloud the horizon at the distance of four or five leagues. These various eminences are, for the most part, covered with castles, or their ruins,—among which the once noble one of Ravel, boasting now only a memory in early annals, and in the person of its present lord, the count d'Estaing, is one of the most interesting. The declivities are enriched with vineyards, glowing with the finest fruiteries; and the plain along which he passes abounds with walnut trees, which often spread a thick, leafy canopy over his head. About half way over the plain, he sees on his right the town of Beauregard, overlooked by a noble castle, formerly belonging to the bishops of Clermont; and having some fifteen hundred inhabitants. At nearly half a league from Pont du Chateau, he leaves to the left the road to Billom, a small town with five thousand people, but

which has its board of commerce, being distinguished for the number and excellence of its fabrics. A little farther on lies the farm of Chignac, celebrated for its fair, and whither the principal persons of Clermont and Riom are in the habit of resorting on the days of festival.

In the rich, diversified view here given, of which one of the chief features is the beautiful and magnificent bridge in the distance, we behold the village, or rather town, seated on the acclivity, and commanding the river Allier and the surrounding scenery, as it appeared to the eye of the artist from the site of the ancient castle. The bridge is considered a distinguished ornament of the place, and has eight noble arches. The single attraction which is felt to be wanting in the prospect before us, and too generally, perhaps, in the landscape scenery of France, is the relief derived from a due intermixture of wood and foliage, by the addition of which, Pont du Chateau would, in many points, present a striking resemblance to our Henley-upon-Thames. Nor where this feature prevails, is there much in the characteristics of the woodland,—in the variety or size of the trees, or plants, or flowers, to satisfy the taste of an English tourist; but he is amply repaid by the romantic beauty or magnificence of neighbouring rivers, like the Loire, the Rhone, the Soane, and the Allier.—It is time, however, to resume our historic sketches, and to give some details and anecdotes connected with the manners of France and in particular with the province of Auvergne, and its counts, at an early period.

After the accession of Henry the Fourth, and his abjuration of the Protestant creed, the south of France—the scene of the ferocious persecutions of the dominant church, and the sanguinary wars resulting from them—became the seat of intrigue and disaffection against the new government. Without having conciliated the heads of the league, Henry had disappointed those of his former party, who had perilled their lives and fortunes in his cause, and ultimately placed the crown of France upon his head. Auvergne, and the interior provinces, once the bulwark and the asylum of the Huguenots in the most disastrous seasons, beheld with regret what they considered the apostasy of their great champion, and they were farther irritated by the imposition of additional burthens to meet the demands of the state.

Among the leaders of the growing faction, was the formidable name of Biron, a man distinguished alike for his military and diplomatic qualities, and who had already conferred important services upon the crown. Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, another of the conspirators, had been raised by the liberality of his master to the independent sovereignty of the duchy of Bouillon; yet all the favours so lavishly bestowed upon him and other influential nobles, were repaid with treachery and ingratitude. De la Tour was adroit enough to bring over to his party the duke de la Tremouille, another of the great Huguenot leaders, and they soon opened farther connexions with the malcontents of the court. Charles of Valois, count of Auvergne, a natural son of Charles the Ninth, was a conspirator of a still more dangerous character, combining much of the ferocity, duplicity, and

perfidy, which marked his terrific parent, and which led him to betray his associates whenever he found it convenient for his own safety or interest.

Having received repeated intelligence as to the dangerous progress of this wide-spread conspiracy, the king instantly set out for the seat of danger, to prevent, if possible, its breaking out into open insurrection. Taking the cities of Blois and Tours in his route, he hastened on to Poitiers, at the same time despatching his minister, Rosny, to the port of Rochelles. Henry's sudden appearance deterred the conspirators from raising the standard of revolt; and the confession of La Fin,* a gentleman of Burgundy, brought to light farther particulars of the plot, which extended its ramifications as far as Turin and Milan. The entire correspondence was placed in the king's hands, who thus obtained the most satisfactory evidence as to the guilt of the leading conspirators, and especially of Biron. The next step was to seize the persons of the conspirators; but as this was scarcely to be accomplished within the sphere of their influence, the traitor, La Fin, was instructed to continue his connexion with them, and report their proceedings, the better to ascertain the extent of their intrigues, both at home and abroad. It thus appeared, that they had received considerable sums from the king of Spain, and that they expected a still greater supply of forces, on condition that the rebels

* "The most dangerous man," says Perefixe, "and the greatest traitor in France. The king knew him well, and often said to the mareschal, 'Don't suffer that man to come near you. He's a rogue; he'll be the death of you.'"

should begin by seizing some strong maritime places on the frontiers; and that in pursuance of this plan, enterprises were already formed upon Blaye, Bayonne, Narbonne, Marseilles, and Toulon; and that the count of Auvergne was to hold himself in readiness to make an open attempt upon Saint Flour. The names of many persons, besides the duke of Bouillon, Marshal Biron, and the count of Auvergne, were mentioned; "but probably with as little justice," says Sully, "as my own, which was actually set down in the list."

The consternation into which Biron's party was thrown by the king's journey, convinced their leader that his designs were not yet sufficiently matured; his treaty with Spain and Savoy was not such as could give him hopes of immediate assistance; and, not suspecting that his whole proceedings were known, and that he was the dupe of La Fin, he resolved to comply with the king's wishes, and repair to court. Nor was it unlikely, as his friend, the Baron de Lux, represented to him, that the king, upon his repeated refusals to appear there, would march directly to attack him as a declared rebel, when he was in no condition either to defend himself, or to retire into one of his fortresses, which were unprovided with ammunition of any kind.

The following stratagem, employed by Henry's friend and minister, Sully, is not a little curious, and shews much of the cunning, if not sagacious turn of more modern diplomacy. "This I am going to mention is a precaution," says he, "which I had taken, in making preparations for a politic stroke upon Biron some months before. I represented to him, that it was necessary all

the pieces of cannon in the fortified places of Burgundy should be cast over again, and the powder new beat. The attention with which I applied myself to all the duties of my employment, as master of the ordnance, was alone sufficient to have made this proposal pass unsuspected. But that I might not give the least umbrage by it to the mareschal, I was the first to offer him to supply the deficiencies, by furnishing him with plenty of every thing that was necessary from the arsenal of Lyons, which I had lately filled with great care. I consented that Biron should despatch some of his soldiers to Lyons, to escort the boats that were to be loaded with pieces of cannon I was to send him, and that he should receive them before he sent away those he already had. He was ignorant that I had taken such measures everywhere, that the boats from Lyons, which went up the Soane very slowly, were stopped by the way, till those that came from Burgundy had got beyond the places under his jurisdiction; and when both were in my possession, my boats from Lyons proceeded no farther. Biron did not perceive the artifice I had made use of, till it was out of his power to prevent it. He discovered so violent a rage against me, and boasted so publicly he would poignard me, that the king wrote to me never to go out without a good guard. I had also, as if without design, posted the light-horse upon the passage of the Loire. But all this, which Biron probably believed to be done to mortify him, could not open his eyes. De Lux and he drew no other inference from the impossibility they were now under of defending themselves, but that it was necessary they should

deceive the king, till, by foreign assistance, they had provided for their security. Descures and Jeannin acted in such a manner as to increase this confidence, while La Fin had not only given Biron the strongest assurance that he had not betrayed him, but, likewise, that he had sought an interview with no other object than to sound him, and that he had found him very far from guessing the truth. This he again confirmed to him at Fontainebleau, where, as he passed him, he said these words: 'Courage, master; speak boldly.' The duke d'Epernon, however, on his arrival, acquainted Biron with La Fin's treachery, and exhorted him to throw himself upon the king's mercy. He himself, having been suspected, pursued the advice he had recommended, and made a full declaration of every thing he knew in connexion with the conspiracy. But the presumption of the mareschal, leading him to suppose that neither the king nor France could exist without him, urged him to persevere in the same fatal path, and brought down sudden ruin upon his head."

"The duke of Epernon, and Biron," says another historian, "having gone together to the Louvre, to pay their compliments after dinner, his majesty, being told beforehand of their coming, placed himself at a window, to observe through the glass their motions and countenance. A friend of the duke of Epernon, who was about the king, gave him notice of this, that he might regulate his behaviour accordingly. But being more and more confirmed in the testimony he received from his conscience of his own innocence, and filled with just indignation to see his fidelity suspected, D'Epernon

walked on with an upright countenance, and his eyes directed towards the very window whence he knew the king was reconnoitering him. This his majesty took particular notice of, and made those about him do so too. The king afterwards made a match at tennis, in which the count de Soissons, with the king, played against the duke of Epernon and the mareschal."

It is at this match, that contemporary writers attribute that smart saying of the duke, when, turning to the mareschal, he told him, "that he played well, but chose his side badly."

"I had gone to Morat," says Sully, "for an airing, when Biron arrived at court. The king sent me notice of it in the following billet: 'My friend, our man is come; he affects great modesty and reserve; haste hither speedily, that you may advise me what is to be done. Adieu, my dear friend.' I returned as fast as my horse could carry me, and found the king walking before the pavilion where I was lodged, with Praslin, whom he left to come to me. He took my hand, and, continuing his walk, told me, that he had in vain endeavoured, by every method he could think of, to extort from Biron a confession of his crime, although he was so little capable of concealing his thoughts that he read them plainly in his countenance."

The king, wearied out with Biron's determined silence, had suddenly left him; saying, as he went away, "Well, I must learn the truth elsewhere: adieu, *Baron de Biron*." These words were like lightning before a clap of thunder, that struck the duke to the ground; the king showing that he thus degraded him from those

many high dignities to which he had advanced him. The same day, after supper, the count de Soissons, also, exhorted him, in the king's name, to own the truth to him, and concluded his remonstrance with this saying of the wise man: "The anger of kings is the forerunner of death."* After dinner, he came to wait on the king, who was walking in his grand hall, where his majesty, shewing Biron his statue in relievo triumphing over the vanquished, said to him, "Well, cousin, if the king of Spain had seen me thus, what would he say?" To which the mareschal did lightly make answer, "Sir, he would fear you but little." All the lords who were present took notice of this presumptuous answer; and the king looking sternly at him, Biron, who observed it, explained his meaning, by adding, "I mean, Sir, your statue, but not your person."

Unwilling to proceed to the last extremities, the king sent his minister, Sully, to attempt, once more, to reclaim him. "If he opens himself freely to you," said Henry, "upon the confidence you must endeavour to inspire him with of my favourable intentions towards him, assure him that he may come to me without fear, and confess all; and if he disguises no part of the truth, I promise you, upon my royal word, I will pardon him cheerfully."

But the efforts of Sully proved equally vain: Biron was impenetrable. The king entering the moment after he had withdrawn, Sully repeated to him all that had passed. "You have gone rather too far," replied Henry, "and have said enough to create some suspicion

* Perefixe.

in him, and even to induce him to fly.—Go into that gallery,” added his majesty, after reflecting some moments upon the blindness and obstinacy with which the mareschal hurried on to his ruin, “and wait for me there ; I would talk to my wife and you alone.”

It being now determined to arrest the mareschal Biron and the count of Auvergne, all that remained was, to consider how to do it securely. The king was of opinion that he should wait till the mareschal and the count were retired each to his respective lodging, and that then soldiers should be sent to invest them. “ I proposed,” says Sully, “that they should be in the king’s closet till the night was far advanced, and that after the greater part of the courtiers, weary of waiting for his majesty’s retiring, should be withdrawn, they should then be seized, as they went out of the king’s apartment. ‘I don’t see how this can be done,’ replied Henry, ‘without having my chamber and closet filled with blood ; for they will not fail to draw their swords and defend themselves ; and if this should happen, I would rather it were in *their* apartments, than in mine.’ I too, thought it of most consequence to avoid, as much as possible, all noise and confusion ; but the king continuing firm in his first proposal, took leave of me, bidding me go home to supper ; ‘and at nine o’clock,’ says he, ‘be prepared, and you, and all your people, booted ready to mount and set off when I send for you.’”

There was yet time for Biron to escape, if he availed himself of the warnings given him from various quarters. A letter was put into his hand, as he was

going to wait on the king, after supper, in the name of the countess de Roussy, his sister; and as he inquired what news, upon finding that the bearer made no answer, he doubted something was the matter, and opening it, he found notice given him, that if he did not make his retreat within two hours he would be arrested. He directly shewed it to one of his friends, called De Carbonnieres, who said, on perusing it, "Then adieu; I wish I had a poinard in my breast, so that you were only safe in Burgundy." To which Biron replied, "And suppose I were there, and that I were to know I should have four in mine, yet upon receiving the king's orders, I would immediately come hither." Spite of this information, he went into the king's chamber, where he played at primero with the queen; and in the midst of the game, the *Sieur de Merge*, a gentleman of Burgundy, was observed to whisper in his ear, which the *mareschal* not attending to, the count d'Auvergne stepped forwards, and twice touched him on the side, saying in a low tone, "Sir, sir, it is not safe for us to be here!"

"I read, and walked about alternately," says Sully, without neglecting to observe what was doing on that side where I expected soon to see the attack begun. The clock struck nine, ten, and eleven; yet nothing was done. At length midnight came; yet all was quiet. 'I am afraid,' said I, returning into my chamber, where all my domestics waited for the scene that was preparing, some at play, some in conversation, and others asleep;—'I am afraid that they have not taken their measures right, and have suffered the birds,

which they might with so little difficulty have taken, to escape; and they will not be so easily entrapped again.' I then ordered them to saddle my horses, and pack up my baggage, while I went into my closet and wrote a few words.

"I continued there half an hour: I then heard a noise at the door of my pavilion next the garden, and a voice that cried, 'Sir, the king sends for you!' I looked out, and knew the messenger to be Varennes, who went on saying, 'Sir, come instantly, the king wants to speak with you, and send you to Paris, to give the proper orders, for the messieurs de Biron and d'Auvergne are now prisoners.' 'And where were they taken?' I inquired. 'In the king's closet,' he replied. 'Then God be praised,' said I, 'that the king has followed that advice.' I ran directly to his majesty: 'Our men are seized,' said he to me, 'mount your horse, and go and prepare lodgings for them in the Bastille. I shall send them in a boat to the gate of the arsenal next the river; make them land there, that they may not be seen, and carry them, without any noise, through the midst of your courts and gardens.'"

These royal orders, were, it seems, very exactly executed; "and at the very moment that the prisoners landed at the arsenal," observes Sully, in the tone of an astrologer, "my wife was brought to bed of that daughter of mine, who bore the title of *Mademoiselle de Sully*."

The mode of their capture is related to have been as follows:—Vitry arrested the mareschal de Biron, as he

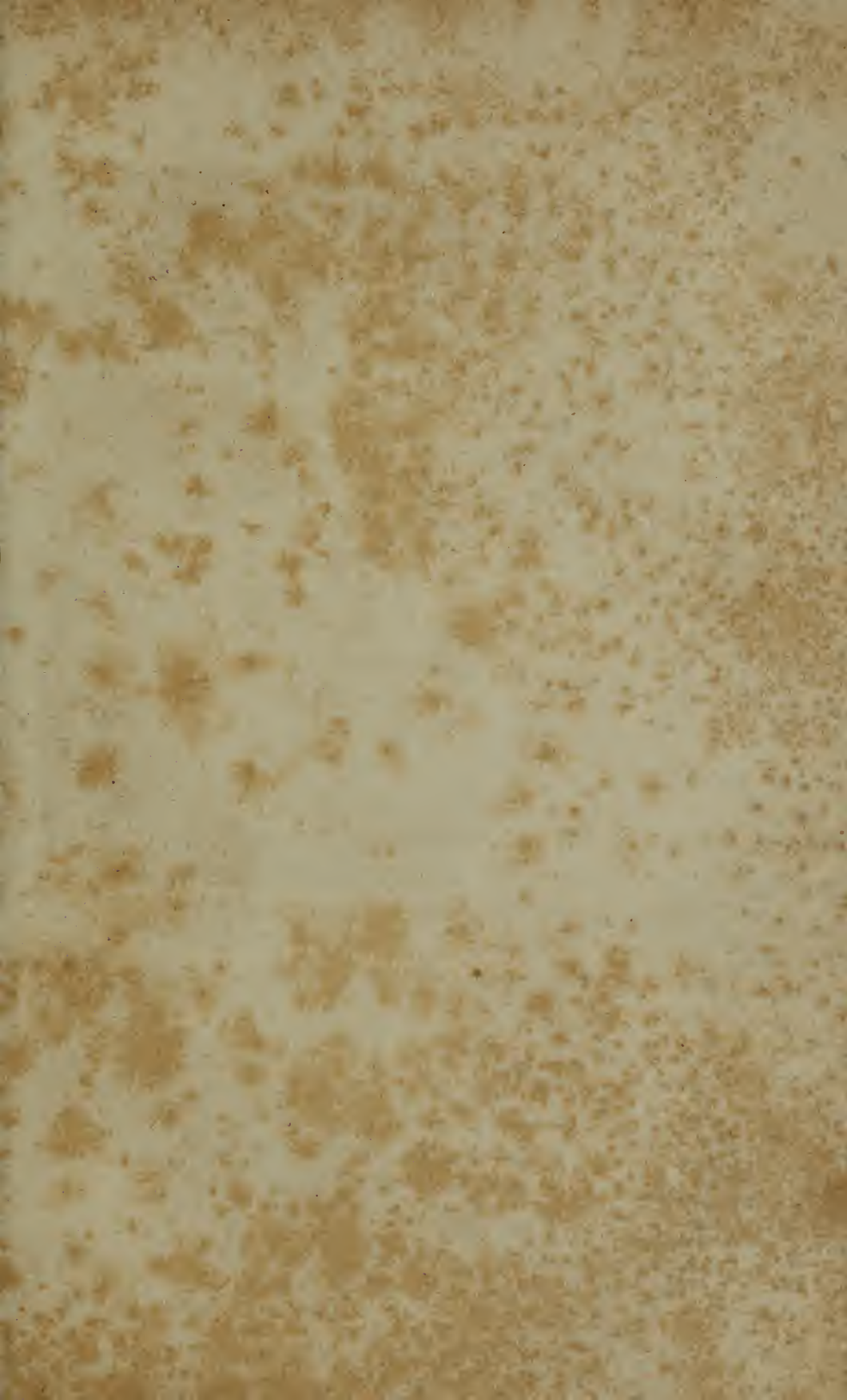
came out of the king's antechamber. "Sir," said he, "the king has commanded me to give him an account of your person :—deliver to me your sword." "You but jest," replied Biron. "Sir!" rejoined Vitry, "the king has so commanded me." "Pray," said the mareschal again, "let me speak to the king." "No, Sir, by no means, the king has now retired to rest." At the same time, Praslin waited for the count d'Auvergne at the gate of the castle, to whom, as he came out, he said, "You are the king's prisoner!" "What I, I!" returned the count d'Auvergne, much surprised. "Yes, you, you, sir," says Praslin to him, "I arrest you in the king's name ; deliver up to me your sword!" "Here, take it," replied the count, "it has never killed any but wild boars ; if you had been polite enough to acquaint me sooner of this matter, I would have been in bed and asleep two hours ago."

The history of Biron's trial is given very fully by the historians of the period. Perceiving Miron, the lieutenant, at the foot of the scaffold, the unhappy prisoner cautioned him against La Fin, and taking leave of the elder Rumigny, entreated him to bear his respects to his daughter, which, he said, was all the present he had to make her. The sudden sallies of rage, however, and the terrors and weaknesses which a man who had acquired the character of intrepid, amidst the greatest perils of war, displayed at his execution, subsequently furnished matter for much discourse. Such were his inward agitations as almost to deprive him of his senses, and cause the utmost surprise as well as trouble in the minds

of the beholders, and more especially as regarded the executioner, who durst not let him see his axe, lest he should fly into a fearful paroxysm; and yet by amusing the mareschal, he took his opportunity so well, that he made his head spring off at a single blow, which he gave with such dexterity that it was scarcely seen.

Biron had all the qualities necessary to make a great warrior; he was brave, successful, indefatigable, sober, and temperate. Fond of splendour, lofty and ostentatious, he was known to despise the pleasures of the table, and to live abstemiously, that he might gratify his fantastic passion for glory. "So great was his presumption," it is observed, "that he spoke ill of all princes, and grew malevolent and slanderous. He was often heard to ridicule the mass, and make a jest of the *pretended reformed*."

There are numerous instances of his shewing but little respect for religion; and yet he relied very much on the predictions of astrologers and diviners. A strange adventure is said to have happened as he was going to consult, under a borrowed name, the old astrologer, La Brosse, the same of whom Sully often makes mention in his memoirs. The good man, who then pursued his labours in a little tower or garret that served him for a study, said, on his accosting him: "Well, my son, I see the person for whom this horoscope is cast will arrive at great honours, through his diligence and military bravery, and might come to be a king, but there is a *caput algol* that keeps him from it." "And what is the meaning of that?"





Drawn by J. D. Harding.

THE TOWN OF PONT DU CHATEAU

Engraved by J. H. Henner.

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inquired the baron de Biron. "Now, don't ask me the reason of it," returned La Brosse. "No!" exclaimed Biron, "but I must, and will know!" After many altercations between them, La Brosse at length said, "The meaning then, if you *will* have it, is, that this man will do so much, that he shall have his head cut off." Upon this, the incensed baron fell upon the astrologer, and beat him cruelly, and then, leaving him half dead, he came down from the garret, taking the key of the door along with him, as much as to ask if his art could conjure him through the key-hole?

The count of Auvergne, not less criminal, though more fortunate than Biron, was liberated from the Bastile, and restored to the king's favour. For this lenity, he is believed to have been indebted to his sister, the marchioness de Verneuil, to whom Henry was passionately attached; and the prince of Joinville, brother to the duke of Guise, was pardoned, in the same manner, by claiming some relationship with royal blood. The count, however, having again entered into intrigues against the state, was finally arrested by the king, and imprisoned for life, as we shall have further occasion to observe.

The town of Pont du Chateau has now fallen into comparative insignificance, even wearing an air of penury and desertion, although in its entire site and aspect, as well as in the too evident progress of dilapidation and decay, there are ample traces of its having formerly enjoyed no inconsiderable portion of prosperity and influence. The church, like so many others in the midland and southern districts of France, is of Saxon

architecture ; a style which, thanks to its bold and enduring character, has conferred on the religious edifices of those times a species of immortality, not equally the boast of those devoted to objects of war and ambition. Though called a town, in many points Pont du Chateau has sunk within the limits of a country village ; it has scarcely three thousand inhabitants ; but is indebted for the interest with which it is viewed by strangers, to its pleasant and picturesque situation upon the river Allier. It is, perhaps, one of the most agreeable afforded by the Limagne, and, almost, by any other combination of rural scenery. The most remarkable objects it presents, are, the bridge, already alluded to, as it appears in the preceding plate, and its more modern castle, which belonged formerly to the family of Montboissier, and is now the property of the corporation.

The noblest prospect which it affords of the surrounding country, is obtained from an eminence behind the town ; the variety, the broken, yet uniform, chain of hills, vallies and plains, the diversity of form, and the great mountains in the distance, with the waters of the Allier, seen for many leagues off, make up a scene, not surpassed by any other part of France, if we except, perhaps, parts of Dauphiny. A similar prospect is beheld from the castle of Beauregard, which appears at about half a league to the north-east from the town of Pont du Chateau.

Close in the same vicinity, there is pointed out an object of natural curiosity well worth attention, more especially that of a scientific traveller. It consists of a rock, most probably of volcanic origin, the base of which,

apparently argillaceous, becomes decomposed, and finally porous, emitting through it a sort of metallic pitch, in which formations occur of eagle-stone and chalcedony.

To its favourable position upon the sole navigable river of its department, Pont du Chateau is indebted for its commercial activity; chiefly consisting in a commission trade of wine and coal, for which it offers an emporium previous to being sent on their destination to Paris and other parts. To the same productive source is owing its salmon fishery, which is carried on to considerable extent, and found sufficiently lucrative in the spring season. It will be preferable, however, to going into minor details of this kind, if we again take up the thread of our historical narrative, more especially of a country which so much abounds in every species of incident and character, calculated at once to awe, to surprise, and to affect the general reader.

The following gives an amusing picture of old French law, and its mode of administration. In 1602, the duke of Luxembourg having brought a cause before the parliament, regarding some claims in Dauphiny and Auvergne, the advocates that pleaded for him had the assurance to exact fifteen hundred crowns, then an enormous sum, for their fees. The duke complained of this extortion to Henry the Fourth, who ordered the parliament to issue out a decree, by which the lawyers' fees were reduced and settled, and they were obliged to give receipts for the money, and a general receipt for what papers were put into their hands, that they might be compelled to deliver up those which they generally

kept till their whole demands were satisfied. The necessity of putting a curb on the avarice of these people had always appeared so strong, that the states had already given the same orders, but all to no purpose; for the lawyers, instead of submitting to the decree, went in an immense body, nearly some five hundred, and returned into the public registry the ensigns of their office—a measure which produced a total cessation of the proceedings of the law. There was a general murmur raised throughout Paris, particularly among some pragmatistical coxcombs, and self-styled wits, who, imagining themselves to be wiser than the king, the peers, and the states put together, decided against them in favour of the advocates, and found some abettors even at court. These last exaggerated the evil with so much sophistry and art, that the king was stunned with their clamours, and even began to be uneasy about the consequences.

Being one day in his closet conversing with some of his courtiers, and complaining of the continual solicitations made him in favour of the advocates: “Faith, Sire, I am not surprised at it,” quoth Sigogne, raising his voice, and assuming the air of one in a violent passion; “these men make it plainly appear that they know not how to employ their time, since they disturb themselves so much about a trifle. To hear their exclamations, one would suppose the state, but for these bawlers, would be actually ruined; as if the kingdom, under Charlemagne and so many other great monarchs, during whose reigns neither advocates nor attorneys were heard of, was not in as flourishing a condition as

it is at present, when we are devoured by these vermin." To prove that the establishment of advocates in France was not very ancient, Sigogne then produced the register of the chancery, of which the first paper is entitled, "A permission to plead causes by an advocate;" and perceiving that he was listened to with pleasure, he added, that the science was promoted to the ruin of the nobility and the people, and to the destruction of trade and agriculture. "There is not," said he, "any artist, or even any simple labourer, that is not of more use to the community, than this swarm of men, who, enriching themselves by our follies, and the artifices they have invented to stifle truth, throw down all right, and stifle reason. If we are so blind that we will not, and so unhappy that we cannot, do without them, nothing remains to be done, but to command them to resume the exercise of their employment within eight days at farthest, upon the conditions prescribed by the court, under pain of being obliged to return to the shop or to the plough which they have quitted, or else to serve the state in Flanders with a musket upon their shoulders."

There was not one who could forbear smiling at this lively attack of Sigogne's; and the king, among the rest, confessed that he thought his arguments were very convincing. But whether wearied with the repeated solicitations made to him, or alarmed by his fears of the consequences, if this should be added to the new troubles which agitated his kingdom; or that, as he declared, he had reserved the power of one day making a general regulation of the affair; it is certain that he consented the arrest should at present be without effect,

and the lawyers continue to charge their clients as they deemed fit. Henry, however, seems to have taken his revenge upon another department, if we may believe the journal which bears his name, and contains a little piece of legal history which is worth setting down. The king was one day hunting upon the side of Grosbois, and, as was frequently the case, he dropt his company, and arrived by himself at Creteil, which is situated about a league on the other side of the bridge of Charenton; it was about noon-day, and Henry was as hungry as a wild hunter of the Alps. Going into an inn, he inquired of the landlady, if she had any thing for him to eat; to which she answered, No!—and that he was come too late, taking him to be only a private gentleman. Henry then asked her, “For whom is this piece of roast-beef I see at the fire?”—“That is for some gentlemen who are above,” was the reply, “and whom I take to be solicitors.” The king sent up a very civil message, to ask them to let him have a piece of their roast-meat, or to give him leave to sit at one end of their table, upon paying for it, both of which requests they refused him. Upon this, Henry sent privately for Vitry, and eight or ten more of his attendants, whom he ordered to seize these solicitors, to carry them away to Grosbois, and to have them well whipped, in order to teach them a little more politeness to gentlemen another time. “This the said Lieutenant Vitry saw punctually and speedily performed,” says the journal, “notwithstanding all the arguments, entreaties, and remonstrances of the lawyers.”

Such an occurrence conveys a curious idea of the

administration of Henry the Fourth, and his minister, the great Sully, who seems, in what follows, to have vied with his master in point of very summary proceedings in some cases. "This naturally leads me," he says, "to take notice of the great lawsuit commenced this year by the third estate of Dauphiny against the clergy and nobility, as to the manner in which the taxes were settled in that province. I, with thirty other commissioners, chosen among persons of the highest distinction in the kingdom, were named to take cognizance of it; but it was six years before it could be decided; the animosity between the parties being so great, that it was necessary to send a second time to take information upon the spot. I took a more speedy method to bring a man, named Jousseau, to justice. He had been a receiver-general in the revenue; and becoming bankrupt, had carried off a deal of the royal money. I caused him to be seized at Milan, whither he had retired, and had him hanged forthwith upon a high gibbet."

In the year 1609, there were numerous discussions upon the state of the French currency. Among others, a new edict for the coin was proposed to the council, the effect of which was to alter its value—a measure fraught with ruin to the people. Every one murmured; the king alone, it is observed, finding his account in it, laughed at it, and at all the world, even at his own ministers, and their remonstrances; as he did at the first president of the mint, who, on occasion of addressing him in a speech, was twice interrupted by his majesty bursting into a fit of laughter, which made him stop

short in the middle. But his majesty, seeing this, observed to him: "Go on, Mr. President, for I vow I am not laughing at you, but at my cousin, the count of Soissons, who is near me, and tells me that he smells a shoulder of mutton." This second stroke struck him quite dumb; upon which, the king falling into another fit of laughter, went away and left him.

A native of Perigord, who was one of the principal persons who had communicated this project of the edict to the king, pressed much for its being put into execution. But Henry, who very well knew the iniquity of it, seeing himself continually teased by this rude contractor, at length asked him, what countryman he was; to which he answered, "I am a native of Perigord."—" *Ventre saint gris*," replied the king, "I always thought so; for they are all counterfeits of coins in that country."

In the year 1603, Henry despatched his favourite minister, Sully, upon a mission to England, in order to counteract the intrigues carried on by the courts of Spain and Savoy. The genius of the French diplomatist triumphed, and he succeeded in withdrawing James from so dangerous an alliance. The skill and courage with which he turned the most untoward events to his special advantage, extorts our admiration; and there are one or two anecdotes given by himself, which shew these qualities in a striking point of view. On his arrival in London, a handsome suite of apartments, near which his retinue were also accommodated, in a large square, were assigned for his use. Some of his attendants, while engaged in conversing with a party of women in the streets,

where several Englishmen were also present, got into a quarrel — they fought, and one of the English was killed. The populace, already prejudiced against the French, and instigated by the relatives of the deceased, who was a substantial citizen, assembled, and loudly threatened to be revenged upon all the French, even in their lodgings. The affair began to assume a serious aspect; there was soon an immense concourse of people, who pursued the French with furious noise and threats to the house of the ambassador, whither they fled for an asylum. He, at first, took no notice of it; the evening advanced, and he was playing at primero with the marquis d'Oraison, Saint Luc, and Blérancourt, when, observing a number of people repeatedly entering the room, with an expression of fear upon their countenances, he conceived something extraordinary had occurred, and was soon informed of the particulars. "The honour of my nation," says Sully, "my own in particular, and the interests of my negotiation, were the first objects that presented themselves to my mind. I was also most sensibly grieved that my entry into London should be marked, in the beginning, by so fatal an accident; and, at that moment, I am persuaded, my countenance plainly expressed the sentiments with which I was agitated. Guided by my first impulse, I seized a flambeau, and, ordering all that were in the house, to the amount of a hundred or more, to arrange themselves round the walls, I hoped by this means to discover the murderer, which I did without any

difficulty, by his agitation and fear. He was for denying it at first, but I soon obliged him to confess the truth. He was a young man, and a son of the *Sieur de Combaut*, principal examiner in chancery, very rich, and a kinsman likewise of *Beaumont's*, who, entering that moment, desired me to give young *Combaut* into his hands, that he might endeavour to save him. 'I do not wonder,' replied I, with an air of authority and indignation, 'that the English and you are at variance, if you are capable of preferring the interest of yourself and your relations to that of the king and the public. But the service of the king my master, and the safety of so many gentlemen of good families, shall not suffer for such a foolish stripling as this.' So I told *Beaumont* in plain terms, that *Combaut* should be beheaded in a few minutes. 'How, Sir,' replied *Beaumont*, 'behead a kinsman of mine, possessed of two hundred thousand crowns, and an only son; that is but an ill recompense for the trouble he has given himself, and the expense he has been at to accompany you.' I told him, in an angry tone, 'that I had no occasion for such company,' and to be short, I desired *Beaumont* to quit my apartment; for I thought it would be improper to have him present at the council, which I intended to hold immediately, in order to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit.

"In this council, I made choice only of the oldest and wisest of my retinue; and the affair being presently determined, I sent *Arnaud* to inform the mayor of London of it, and to desire him to have his officers

ready the next day, to conduct the criminal to the place of execution, and to have the executioner there ready to receive him. The mayor returned me for answer, that his first care had been to quiet the tumultuous populace, not doubting but I would do him justice, and that he was just coming to demand it of me, when he received my letter and the sentence. He moreover exhorted me to moderate it ; either because my severity had disarmed his, or, as is most probable, because he had suffered himself to be gained by presents from the friends of the criminal. I sent again to this magistrate to inform him, that as no superior authority, nor respect for any person whatever, had determined me to pronounce this sentence, I could not consent to revoke it ; that by carrying it into execution, I should justify the king, my master, and give the English nation a convincing proof that I had done every thing upon the occasion which my duty required. I accordingly sent Combaut to him ; so that the whole procedure became a particular affair between the mayor and Combaut, having resigned the prisoner to such punishment as the laws of England might require. Beaumont, doubtless without much difficulty, obtained the magistrate's consent to set Combaut at liberty ; a favour which none could impute to me. On the contrary, both the French and the English seemed to think, that, if the affair had been determined by me, it would not have ended so well for Combaut ; and the consequence of this to me, with respect to the English and French, was, that the former began to love me, and the latter to fear me more."

This distinguished minister was less successful, however, in opposing the inclinations of his master, than in foiling the most formidable of his country's enemies. In vain, with the most earnest remonstrances, did he conjure him not to sacrifice his honour and dignity, no less than the peace of his realm, by conceding to the fair Henrietta d'Entragues, sister to the count of Auvergne, the terms she presumed to dictate before she consented to indulge his wishes. With all the charms of gaiety and refined coquetry, added to beauty and fascination not to be resisted, she had contrived to inflame his passion to a degree of violence and desperation that, she well knew, would hesitate at nothing to accomplish its object. She then, in a moment of impatient fondness, obtained from him a formal engagement, to the effect that if, in consequence of yielding to his wishes, she should present him with a son, within one year subsequently, the boy should be pronounced legitimate, and she herself raised to the dignity of queen of France. Henry instantly put into her possession a written agreement, embracing all she asked ; and when the violence of his passion had subsided, he had often ample reason to regret the madness of an act, against which his friend and minister had cautioned him. A series of cabals and conspiracies, in which the disappointed ambition of his favourite mistress led her to join, proved a source of continual disturbance to him. She had a son, who, though not born within the prescribed period, was, nevertheless, legitimated ; and such was the lady's spirit, that she declared Henry's subsequent union

to be invalid, for that she only was entitled to sit with him upon the throne, and her son to succeed to his kingdom. No offers, and no threats, could prevail upon her to restore the written engagement given as the price of her honour; and her complaints coming to the ears of Henry's queen, she insisted, in great alarm at such pretensions, that the promise of marriage should be instantly extorted from her. The demand only served to irritate her rival,—now the marchioness de Verneuil,—and to drive her into more dangerous measures. An appeal was made to her father, and, upon receiving a sum of nine thousand pounds, he undertook to restore the valuable document, and subsequently produced a paper, which he declared to be the one in question. The queen's apprehensions were somewhat allayed; but Henry soon began to experience the consequences of exasperating a high-spirited woman, not to be restrained either by her principles or by her affections from seeking vengeance upon the author of her supposed wrongs. Her half-brother, the count of Auvergne, though lately liberated from the Bastile, did not scruple to assist in all her projects; while her father, wounded by the dishonour of his family, no longer concealed his indignation at Henry's fresh attempts to seduce his second daughter; and, besides joining the conspiracy, he is said to have formed various designs against the king's life. It would appear that meetings between the young lady and her lover had been arranged in the forest of Verneuil, and that Henry resorted thither in disguise. This reaching the ears of the count, he stationed fifteen men in various parts of

the wood, to intercept and murder him. Henry, though previously warned, was too passionately bent on his purpose to profit by the information; and it was only to his presence of mind, and good fortune, that he owed his escape. He avoided several of the assassins by the goodness of his horse, and others he encountered and dispersed singly, by his resolute bearing, and the use of his sword. The count, equally bent upon his destruction, compelled his youngest daughter to give the king an appointment in a solitary place, where it would have been more easy to effect his assassination; but the young lady, while she complied with her father's commands, was careful, at the same time, to inform the king of his danger. None of these particulars were brought forward on the trial of the count d'Auvergne and his accomplices, as it was equally the interest of Henry, and of the marchioness, as well as the count d'Entraques, to have them buried in oblivion. "All the documents," says a writer well acquainted with the subject, "were carefully suppressed:" but what an idea does it not convey of Henry's imprudence and subjection to his passions, which could impel him, when upwards of fifty years of age, to risk the welfare of a great kingdom, his life, and his honour, upon similar adventures!

As it was, they disturbed his peace of mind, and endangered the security of his throne. To such an extent had the conspiracy of the enraged marchioness proceeded with the courts of Spain and Savoy, that Philip not only entered into all her views, but engaged, that if she would send her son by Henry to the Spanish

court, he should be immediately acknowledged as dauphine and heir to the French crown. Five fortresses, situated in Portugal, were to be ceded to him as places of security ; to which were to be added, an annual revenue of twenty thousand pounds, and a provision for his mother, the marchioness. Appointments, both military and civil, of high trust and dignity, were to be conferred upon her father and her brother—the counts of Entragues and of Auvergne. It was further arranged, that an invasion of France by the duke of Savoy should be made on the side of Provence, by the count de Fuentes in Burgundy, and by Spinola in Champagne. To promote the success of this formidable combination from without, secret adherents were engaged throughout every part of the kingdom, in readiness to strike a simultaneous blow. The count of Auvergne repaired to the central province of that name, where his authority, and the attachment of the inhabitants to the family from which he sprung, might enable him to head a powerful insurrection ; and the conspirators now only awaited a favourable moment to raise the standard of rebellion.

Henry, aware of these proceedings, followed the advice of his friend and minister, Sully ; and having vainly summoned d'Auvergne to appear at court, despatched secret emissaries to seize his person. Sully selected for this purpose Murat, the treasurer, and the count's bitter enemy, who was enjoined to act with d'Escures, already despatched into the province with a similar object. Artful and penetrating as he was, the count was completely overreached by these subtle

emissaries, who succeeded at length in worming themselves into his confidence. But with the fate of his friend Biron fresh before his eyes, nothing could draw him from his retreat. He would not even entrust his safety with the marchioness, his sister, who to make her own terms with the king, would, he asserted, accuse him of any crimes. He told them that he supposed Vitry himself, head of the police, would arrive in a few days, and attempt to gain him by fair words, but that he would lose his labour. The precautions he took shewed the extent of his fears; he buried himself in an obscure retreat, called Vic, a wretched house, without any conveniences, and situated in the midst of a savage wood. Here d'Auvergne passed whole days, under pretence of hunting; but the agitation of his thoughts, his continual alarms, the wildness of his look and air, with the disorder of his whole person, were sufficient evidence of his guilt; nothing could be more miserable than the life he led; and the remorse and anxiety which preyed upon his heart for rewarding the king's goodness with such consummate treachery, is said to have almost equalled the horrors suffered by his father, Charles the Ninth, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It seemed like an anticipation of his punishment, and well avenged both the king and the state. He was afraid to stay in his house, yet dared not to trust himself at any distance from it; he never appeared in the neighbouring towns; he left off visiting his friends, not venturing even to confide in his mistress, Madame de Chateau-gay, to whom he was passionately attached. He no longer visited her at her house; but when they met it was in an obscure village,

or in the midst of the fields,—always in the night, and never twice together in the same place. His servants, whom he posted on eminences in the neighbouring places, were ordered to give him notice when they saw any one appear, by blowing a horn ; and sometimes he made use of dogs for his guard, when he went to any distance from home.

Yet with all his artifices and precautions, the count penetrated so little into the intentions of those who came to destroy him, that he made them his friends, advised with them, and was frequently on the point of abandoning himself to their suggestions. “ But prudence,” observes Sully, “ is a quality seldom found with a bad conscience ; had d’Auvergne possessed ever so little of it, he would have seen that there was no safety for him, but in an immediate flight into Spain.” At one moment he declared he would throw himself on the king’s mercy, and set out for Paris ;—the next he became elated with the prospect of a successful result of the intended insurrection. He thus continued distracted by a variety of opposite resolutions without adopting any, till d’Escures and Murat at length found the opportunity they had so long waited for. M. de Vendome’s regiment of light horse was about to be reviewed, and they communicated the scheme they had concerted to one d’Erre who commanded it. The officers being also prepared, and all in readiness, their plan was put into execution in the following manner. D’Erre went to the count, and told him that, being colonel-general, he ought certainly to honour them with his presence on the field. D’Auvergne

apprehended no danger ;—he was mounted on a horse, which, he said, outstripped the wind, and could gallop ten leagues without stopping, and he would, moreover, take care not to enter into any narrow place, nor dismount during the whole time.

Accordingly, he came to the review. Nerestan advanced to salute him, followed only by four footmen, in appearance, but in reality, four stout and resolute soldiers, whom they had disguised in liveries. At the instant when Nerestan was paying his compliments, two of them seized the reins of the count's bridle, and the two others at the same time laid hold of his legs and pulled him off his horse, throwing themselves upon him so suddenly, that he had neither time to lay his hand upon his pistols, nor to draw his sword, — still less to fly. He was immediately conducted under a good guard to Paris, and shut up once more in the Bastile.

The countess of Auvergne, as meek and humble as her sister the marchioness was haughty and imperious, threw herself at the king's feet, to intercede for her husband. Henry, raising her up and saluting her, told her that he felt the utmost compassion for her misery and her tears ; “ but were I to grant your request,” he continued, taking the queen by the hand—“ this my wife must be declared a ——, my son a bastard, and my kingdom fall a prey to others.” All she could do was to obtain permission to send to her husband ; and on tenderly inquiring of him what there was she could yet do for his service ? he sent her back word, ‘ to be sure to let him have some good cheese and

mustard, and not trouble herself about any thing farther."*

D'Entragues was arrested at the same time, and the marchioness, his daughter, received an order to confine herself to her own house, where she continued, under the guard of the chevalier du Guet. To their relationship with her, the prisoners were indebted for their lives, though kept in dread of suffering the extreme penalty of the law. D'Auvergne gave the king an exact account of his correspondence, as well within as without the kingdom, and he was compelled to give up the promise of association, entered into by him and the dukes of Bouillon and Biron, and which it was found impossible before to extract from him. Notwithstanding this shew of authority, the king could not leave the marchioness a moment in doubt of her pardon. Frequent messages passed between them, and, though it was intimated to her, that perfect submission to the king's will was expected, she too well knew the power she held over his affections to promise any thing. Extremely perplexed and agitated, Henry entreated of Sully to use his influence, and endeavour to bring about as honourable, but amicable an arrangement, as the circumstances admitted, a task which the good minister undertook with infinite reluctance. The same genius and powers of persuasion, which had so often triumphed in the cabinet, were to be employed in a very different field, and, on one side or other, the unfortunate diplomatist was sure to be foiled: if not by the single perversity, and vivacious

* Journal of the Reign of Henry IV.

wickedness of the lady, — yet by the joint follies and weaknesses of two incorrigible lovers. With heavy heart, and foreboding spirit, no doubt, the wretched Sully sought the house of the marchioness, where she had been held in durance by his express recommendations. This she well knew—and what a pretty letter of introduction! — instead of a gentle creature, overpowered with her sorrows and misfortunes, he found “a woman whom disgrace could not humble, whose insolence detection could not abate, and who, instead of endeavouring to excuse herself, talked in the style of one who had suffered wrongs, and pretended to command conditions; she complained, she raved against the king, made new demands, wrapped herself up in reserve, and affected the devotee.” Heavens, what a portrait! And what a more than herculean task did the wily minister behold before him! *Hic labor, hoc opus!* in comparison with the whole of his diplomatic exploits which had preceded it. “Did he come to bear her sentence?” She said she gave herself no concern about dying, but that, on the contrary, she wished for death; yet if the king *should* put her to death, it would always be said that he had killed his wife, for that she was his queen before the other. Upon the whole, she only desired three things of his majesty; a pardon for her father, a rope for her brother, and justice for herself.*

It would be vain to attempt to describe “the keen encounter of the wits” which followed, and for which we

* She sometimes said that if justice were done her, she should be in the place of that clumsy tradeswoman.—*Prefixe.*

refer the reader to Sully's own narrative. It is enough to state, that he succeeded better by bribery than by argument or persuasion, and undertook to bring over Henry to her proposal of receiving an estate of at least one hundred thousand francs, as the price of her absence from France. She insisted that it was "but a mere trifle, after all she might have lawfully expected from the king." These words, which she pronounced with great bitterness, doubtless related to the promise of marriage given her by Henry, the loss of which had affected her strongly; and she endeavoured, but in vain, to conceal her rage and disappointment.

Sully declares, that he never formed any great expectations from an interview with the marchioness, but he had in part succeeded in his object, by complying with the terms proposed—certainly no mighty feat of diplomacy. How to bring his master to accede to them, was the next point. Sully reported the success of his commission; Henry was freed from the most dangerous of all his enemies, but instead of shewing the least gratitude, he received the marchioness's proposition with marked dislike, and gave his minister to understand that he had gone too far. Still that faithful minister fearlessly conjured him by every argument of reason, and every tie of honour, to avail himself of the lady's proposal, and sever so dangerous and disgraceful a connexion for ever. "Never before," he says, "had I made a discourse so pathetic, nor, in my opinion, so convincing; all my tenderness for the honour of this prince was alarmed by the shame I saw ready to overwhelm him. I entreated, I implored, I exerted every

power of persuasion : I was not discouraged by an ineffectual attempt ; again I returned to the charge ; my zeal became persecution, and sometimes carried me out of myself, as it did in a conversation we had in the garden belonging to the conciergerie at Fontainebleaux, where we spoke so loud as to be heard by Bastien and Brunault. Nothing was ever more singular or incomprehensible. A prince, whose great qualities might serve as a model for other monarchs to form themselves upon, reduced us to the necessity of either throwing a veil over one part of that heroic mind, or of confessing that it dishonours the other."

As soon as it was perceived that Henry could neither disengage himself from his mistress, nor rule the queen, the crowd of court slaves to the passions of the sovereign accommodated their actions, words, and even the air of their countenances, to this new kind of mixed-government. No one dared to contradict either the queen or the marchioness, and only feigned to do so when the nature of their commission required it. They but half obeyed and served the king, that they might always have their justification ready for both sides. "Sigogne," observes Sully, "had been sent to me by his majesty, with a very severe order concerning the marchioness, conceived in the strongest terms. He did not scruple to suppress one half of it ; and what indeed is astonishing, Henry discovered that he did so, told me of it, and yet continued to make use of him. If this prince carried weakness to an extravagant length, his courtiers pushed their flattery still farther : it was never better known to what degree of ingenuity, and, at the same

time, of servility, meanness, and wickedness, it could attain.

“No one was deceived as to the manner in which Henry treated the marchioness of Verneuil; but it was matter of general surprise, to find that the lenity shewn her extended to the other two criminals, whom the public voice had already condemned to the same punishment which Mareschal Biron had suffered. The count d’Auvergne’s sentence was commuted into a perpetual imprisonment in the Bastile, where, for once, he had leisure to grow weary of confinement; that of the lady’s father into a banishment to his own estates; and, as for herself, she had a full pardon, and even dictated herself the conditions.”

APPROACH TO THIERS.

Adieu donc triste sejour !
Tes rochers, tes murs sinistres.

LE JEUNE VOYAGEUR.

Forse in lui la folle
Credenza di se stesso ei nutrir volle.

TASSO.

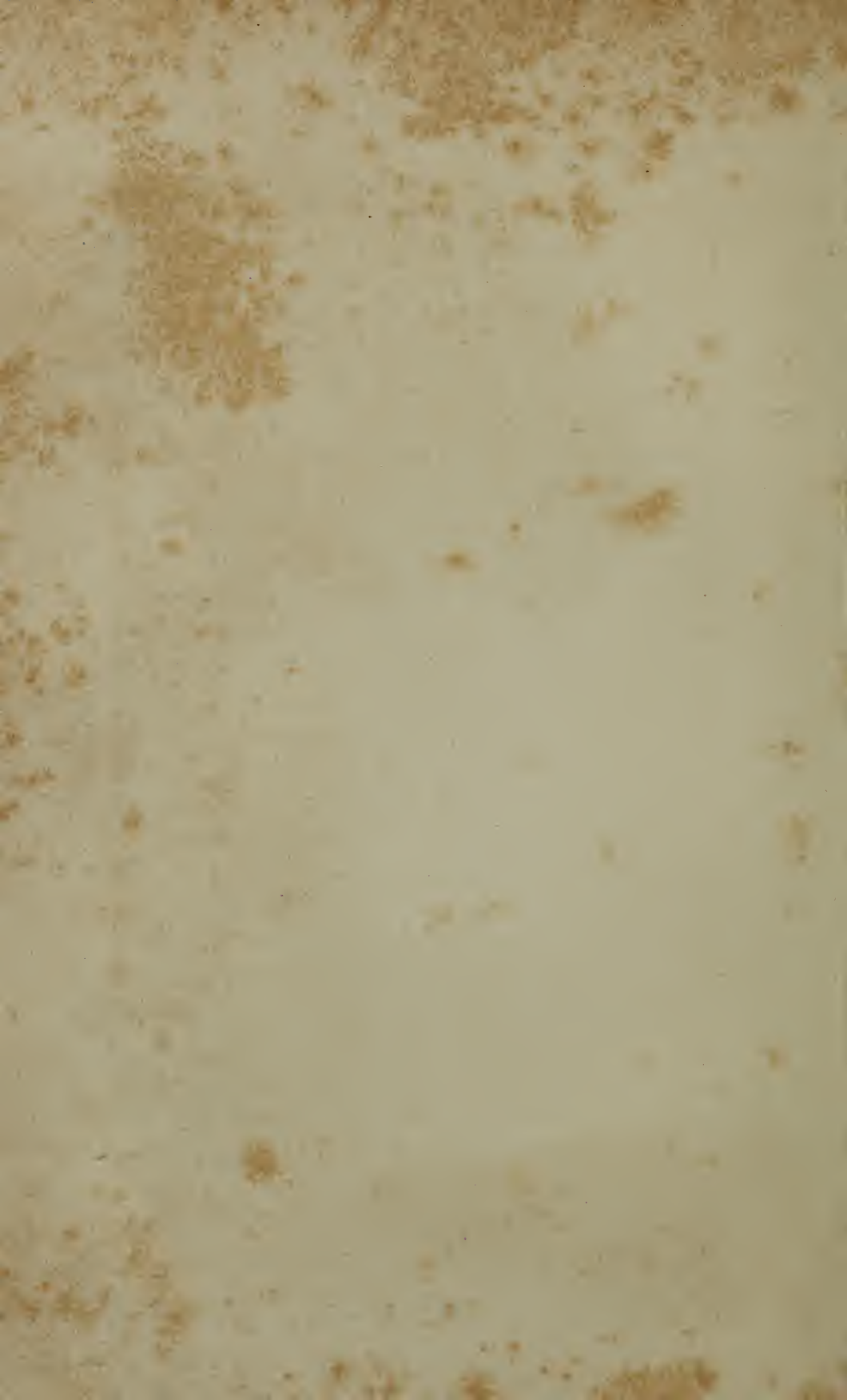
ALTHOUGH insignificant, in point of character and importance as a town, Thiers, from its remarkable position, and its little cascades, presents combinations of scenery not usually met with in this part of France. Without any one striking feature, the view, especially on its first approach, abounds with novelty and variety, and produces, throughout its least details, a pleasingly natural and picturesque effect. The stream, as it is seen from the spot chosen by the artist, appears to break suddenly on the eye, passing rapidly, like the mountain-torrent from which it springs, down its abrupt falls, and giving activity to several paper-mills as it leaps, rather than glides, along its wayward course. Often, in its rocky and precipitous career, it assumes a number of strange, fantastic forms, whirling in eddies, foaming or bounding over obstacles in its airy descent, till it ceases its hoarser murmurs, as it approaches the level of the plains.



Drawn by ... D. Harding.

APPROACH TO TOLLERS.

Engraved by ...



On leaving Pont du Chateau, the fertile plains of the Limagne, presenting a singular contrast to the mountain scenery round Clermont, give a quiet relief to the eye. Extending for miles to the banks of the river Allier, navigable at most seasons of the year, they again abruptly terminate, near the bridge, in one of those remarkable eminences called puy, so frequent here as to have given to the department the generic name of Puy-de-Dome. This is the Puy d'Allier, broken and abrupt, and of a conical form, similar to so many of those huge masses of volcanic rock, on and around whose summits time has witnessed a strange succession of monasteries, baronial castles, towns and hamlets, which have, from age to age, arisen and disappeared. The asylum of the persecuted, and the resort of dark enthusiasts, who first ventured to turn the rugged pinnacle into a human abode; the groundwork of modern towns and hamlets,—with trade and civilization in their train,—was thus unintentionally laid, by a few houseless and heart-stricken wanderers, in the wild, secluded hills of Auvergne. The rude cave, and the simple hermit's cell, soon drew more of human sympathies around them, till the social edifice, thus obscurely begun, gradually assumed the form and character given it by later times. Families and neighbourhoods were at length formed, and, as they continued to increase, new sites were selected; the single dwellings grew into hamlets, the latter into towns and cities; chivalry held sway from its feudal towers, and religion from her still more gloomy and imposing monasteries.

After crossing the river Allier, the approach to Thiers, on one side, continues over a level ground till you reach Bergère : on the left appears the mountain of l'Hermitage ; on the right is the foot of a hill, on the opposite side of which stands the village of Servières, become celebrated by the romance of the *Astrea* ; and next follows that of St. Thomas, of still greater elevation than that of the Hermitage itself. As we draw nearer to the town, along the new route by the river Durolle, we first become aware of sudden and numerous inequalities in the rise and fall of the ground, which at length grow into abrupt acclivities, over which the tourist has to pass to reach the summit of the hill which commands Thiers. From this point the view of the surrounding country is extensive and picturesque ; the eye rests upon the rich, glowing plains of La Limagne, terminated by a chain of rock and precipice, whence the grand Puy de Dome holds dominion over a distance of ten leagues.

The ascent to the town is both long and steep ; and such is its singular position, that, on attaining the height, it has all the appearance of having been thrown from the summit to the foot of the precipitous ridge, and prevented only by some intervening power from rolling into the plain below. Its first impression upon the traveller, also, produces an odd sort of sensation, as if he were about to follow it, and be precipitated upon the roofs and towers and pinnacles that seem to start up below him. Before arriving at the spot, he observes, angrily chafing at his feet, the little river of la Durolle, held within the rocky limits of the narrow

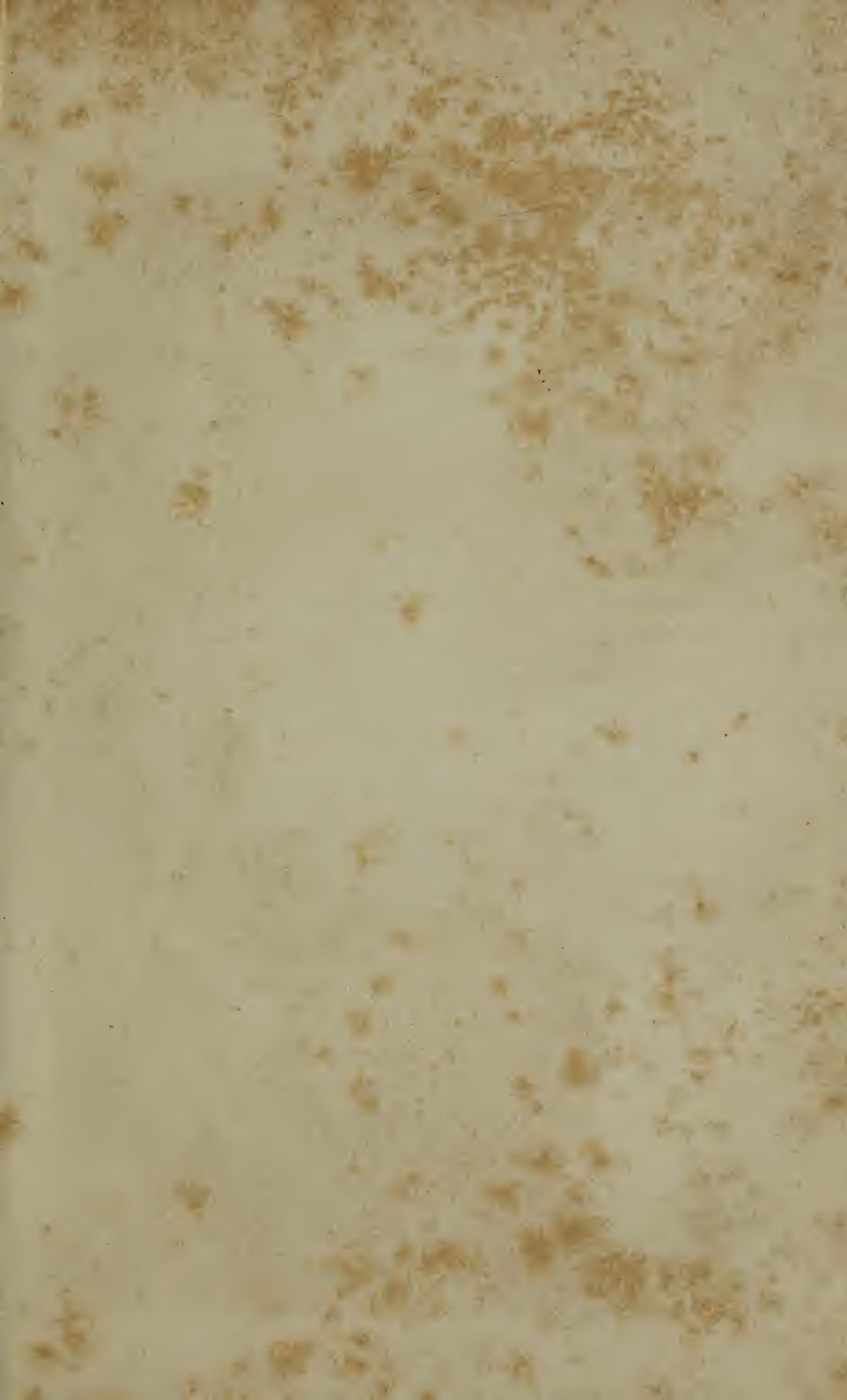
valley, through which it is intended to carry the newly-projected road. From the opposite side appears, hanging over the valley, a sombre mass of rocks, which, flinging their huge dark shadows frowning over the spot, presents a scene which the mind at once loves, yet dreads, to contemplate.

The view of Thiers from the point where the artist made his selection, can scarcely, we think, fail to remind the reader of the pleasing and romantic appearance, presented under deeper shadowings, of the wild and rural Tivoli; more especially if considered in its connexion with Clermont. Like the Italian, it is situated on high and broken acclivities; and as that looks far out over the Campagna, towards "the Eternal City," so the abrupt eminences of Thiers command a fine view over the rich plains, and level country towards Clermont, from which this town is likewise, equally distant as the former, from the Roman capital.

The interior of the town is spacious, spreading over a prominent ridge, which appears formed from one side of a deep fissure in an immense mountain. The other side, up to the very summit, is a pile of basaltic rock, rising almost perpendicularly. From the hotel de France, built on the turn of the hill, may be seen a noble prospect of dale, and wood, and water, with the range of hills stretching beyond,—that of the Mont Dor covered with snow. The chief houses of Thiers present an agreeable aspect from their occasional painting in fresco, in the Italian manner, and of which there are so few examples in France. In this respect, it wears almost the air of an imitation of Nice in miniature, and

on a yet more diminutive plan, of Genoa ; being, most probably, the work of some Italian artists who repaired to the place. It is pity the custom did not become more general, giving, as it does, a more lively and graceful air to the *genius loci*, under whatever form, or in whatever scene.

But the impression is lost on proceeding farther into the town. Narrow, black-looking streets, dark as the houses heaped on each side, with close, low front, contracted doors and windows, compel the tourist to meditate an early escape into the free air and the fresh verdure, only to be truly enjoyed under the canopy of heaven, and in the heart of Nature's everlasting home of green vales and hills. Thiers can lay claim to no superior edifice, and no public place of note ;—nothing beyond a very trivial promenade, which, like the exterior aspect of a few of the better houses, helps to reconcile the spot to the tourist's eye. The streets are as dark and forbidding as the houses, into both which you must mount by a sort of gallery, one placed above the other, and, added to their steepness, half choked up with dirt and rubbish. The churches are most of them neglected and dilapidated, and, considered as French, the people are said to be coarse and harsh in their manners, and still more careless of their appearance and dress. In other words, the people are artisans, and there can be found scarcely twenty tolerable looking houses in the place. Assuredly, it has nothing of an aristocratic stamp, but it boasts industry and commerce adapted to its own wants. Every thing bespeaks promptness and activity in its streets ; almost





Engraved by J.C. Marshall.

THE LITERS.

Printed by Lloyd & Heritage.

Drawn by J. C. Marshall.

every abode is a shop, and every person you meet a workman or mechanic. Their skill is exercised in cutlery, hardware, in tanning, and paper-making ;—in all which, the utmost energy is brought to the task. Three-fourths of the population are thus employed, and it is the same with that of the adjacent villages, for many leagues around. Spain, the Levant, Italy, and the Indies, supply a market for its cutlery, in which it yields only, if at all, to the inhabitants of the town of St. Stephen, or to the mechanics of England herself. Thiers derives, from its exportations in this single branch, an annual sum of nearly 2,000,000 francs. The department not being supplied with mines of iron, that article is brought from the Nivernais, Berry, and la Franche-compté.

The paper-mills, as well as the tanneries, are situated upon the river Durole, which carries a strong current, deep and narrow ; above which, on the height, is seen another portion of the town, before hidden from the view. The force of the current, in some places, has worked excavations, as before observed, in the huge rock in which it is closely embedded ;—and these have the appearance of grottoes or caverns, and supply a continual stream to carry on the labour of the mills. M. Legrand d'Aussi observes, that in 1769, Thiers manufactured 12,000 quintals of paper,* the greater part of which found a ready market in the city of Paris alone, its quality being of a very superior kind. Another of its staple manufactures consists of excellent candles, formed from the fat of the goats, abundantly

* Each of one hundred weight.

fed on the neighbouring hills, and which are no less valued for the milk and food which they supply. One of the mills at Thiers is devoted to the sole purpose of grinding bones, the dust of which fertilizes the pastures; and in the same way the material from the hoofs and horns is economically applied as a manure for the garden or the farm.

Several fairs are held at Thiers throughout the year; that of the 14th of September, called the Foire du Pré, forming the principal one. The population amounts to upwards of ten thousand; it is the seat of a sub-prefecture to the department of Puy de Dome; possesses a court of judicature and a board of commerce. Thiers can lay claim also to two good inns, both situated upon the high road. Its name* is said to be derived from its peculiar position, placed on the two sides and the summit of a hill in such a way, as to admit only of one-third of the town being seen at the same time, from whatever side it is surveyed. The two sides overlooking the plain are covered with vineyards, which are laid out in a sort of amphitheatre; and which, on approaching the place from Clermont, produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. They appear to intermix with, and form a part of, the meadows spread at the foot of the hill—the hill itself, mantled with their deep green hues, presenting much the same agreeable illusion, of mingling with the plain.—Indeed, the whole vicinity abounds in rich and attractive views. Thiers is known as the native place of Guillet de St. George, a learned antiquarian, and first

* *Anglicé*, a third;—a term sufficiently familiar to most people who can boast any thing of the “*Thiers Etat*.”

historiographer of the academy of painting and sculpture at Paris.

Here, too, we are fortunate enough to meet our pleasant friend, the Sire Tristan, one of the most engaging among old travellers, and whose pictures of times and people we no longer see are touched with the hand of a master. "I wanted," he said, "something to do; for, according to the proverb, 'Exercise is the best antidote against running into mischief.' I succeeded, at least for a little, by paying a visit to the Sire Bureau de la Rivière, at whose residence I witnessed one of the strangest conferences you can imagine, either on this or the other side the seas.

"In the rooms of the head chamberlain, I found a grand assemblage of officers of the Hotel Saint Paul, seated upon the audience forms, as if there were some pleadings to be heard, or judgments to be pronounced. The *maitre du logis*, who, owing to the gracious reception given me by his royal master, felt kindly disposed towards me, said with a pleasant smile: 'Do not be alarmed at the imposing appearance of this justiciary court; we are not sitting here to pronounce sentence; but you must know that Thevenin de Saint Legier, our honoured liege's fool, departed the world some months ago;* and that his majesty having written to the mayor and sheriffs of Troyes, that they should comply with the ancient custom, and send him another fool: these

* In the church of St. Maurice de Senlis is the following epitaph to his memory: "Cy gît Thevenin de Saint Legier, fou du royn notre sire, qui trépassa le XI Juillet, l'an de grâce MXXIV: *priez Dieu pour l'ami de li.*" God rest his soul.

worthy citizens, the better to fulfil their duty, and to preserve in its full vigour the fame of providing from within their walls a brilliant succession of princes of the cap and bells, instantly summoned a court, and selected two fools, in order that we might put the merits of each to the usual ordeal, and having tried both, might stick by the best. You now, Sire Tristan, behold us holding the assize for this very purpose; and since you have joined us, your voice in the matter shall go for one.'

"I thought the idea of the mayor and Champagne sheriffs an excellent one; for I said to myself, 'A man is a fool in one country, who in another will be esteemed a wise man.' It would, therefore, be a very proper way of proceeding, to forward samples of the human intellect, so that folly might reach its due station, by being 'humoured up to the top of its bent.' And withal, it be a poor office to beat one's wits for the amusement of others, as we know of old, be it even for kings and emperors; yet is it one as much sought after as any in the kingdom. The perquisites, the privileges, and more than all, the frank fashion of plain speaking which are enjoyed by the fools, often tempt even reasonable men to sound their rattle, who are glad to enter the lists upon the recommendation of the gravest personages, and maintain that there is nothing like being a fool for acquiring the most distinguished success in the esteem of princes and their ministers.* The

* Boileau observes, in his first Satire, on this subject—

Et l'esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli.

time may probably arrive, they say, when the diffusion of this true knowledge, and the enlightened state of the human intellect, will have reached such a point, that the most impenetrable and stultified of his species will be held the most adroit and proper man ; insomuch, that he whom nature has not gifted with a happy turn that way, will do all in his power to become such by artificial means, being assured that absolute absurdity (or mediocrity in the art, if he cannot carry it farther) is the greatest proof of courtesy which you can bestow upon certain personages. Thus, according to the general idea we have formed of folly, considered as a means of advancement, we shall easily conclude, that the fools of kings and lords are none of those fools who required to be exorcised to get rid of the devil ; but, for the most part, facetious gentlemen, distinguished from others only by their superiority and sincerity and zeal in the cause of truth. This was the only spirit that possessed them, and the dread of its contagious nature was much lessened in the atmosphere which surrounded a court.

“The respective candidates were now introduced :—the first who presented himself was a red-gilled, chubby, well-conditioned knave, as fat as a porpoise, and as round as a tub. The fine, antibilious expression of his countenance, announced that he was above all mental anxiety, in an imperturbable state of good health. The other, dry and meagre as a penitent fresh from Palestine, with a certificate of pilgrimage and abstinence in due form, shewed that he was undergoing the sorrowful regimen prescribed by old father Care. They measured each other, like Hector and

Ajax, with a disdainful eye. One seemed to say, 'Poor wretch! can he utter a pleasantry with such a heteroclite visage as that?' The other said, as plain as looks could speak, 'Pshaw! how can such a load of sin pretend to the character of a wit? he is as fat as a monk!'—After making inquisition as to their names, age, and place of their birth, the Sire Bureau proceeded to a separate examination of their merits, ordering the anatomy to walk out, while he interrogated his rival in the following strain:—

“*Query.* What idea have you formed in regard to the importance of the high functions to which you aspire?”

“*Answer.* My noble functions will consist of making fun for a king; and, if possible, to make him laugh, that his courtiers may have an opportunity of unbending their muscles a little.’

“*Q.* How do you propose to accomplish the end you have in view,—what will you do to make a king and his court laugh?”

“*A.* I will give half my perquisites to our gracious master’s valet de cham’, that he may have pleasant ideas of me; both night and morning I shall keep an eye on the state of the king’s digestion, within a hair, and take my measures accordingly. I shall be the first to know what courtiers are under a cloud, and to give information of it to the king, not a little surprised to find that my caprice and railleries fall in with his own secret aversions, of which he is himself hardly sensible. I shall be thought bold as a lion, whereas I shall be merely leading the way, like the first sheep that gives

a leap, and is followed by the whole of the silly, inconstant flock. In this way, one by one, I shall divest my motley, which is "the only wear," of all my little bells, in order to hang them on those poor unfortunates, out of place, advising them to become fools, in order to understand how to play their part a little better in future, or if there be no remedy, how to laugh, like fools as they are, at the cruel turns of fortune.'

"Here the candidate, being reminded by a frown on the brow of the Sire de la Rivière, himself one of the king's favourites, added with some address, 'But as so sapient a monarch as our Charles the Fifth never withdraws favour from those who have once merited it, and as it will be part of my duty to clear my conscience, by the daily immolation of some victim to the genius of daily sport, I shall make a point of choosing those lagging dolts, who travel some hundred leagues behind the spirit of this age, bearing with exemplary patience upon their heads, in their hands, and round their legs, the burdens and the chains of ancient prejudices, and that most admired doctrine of exploded things. I shall exhaust my quiver of its vinegar darts, to stick in the rear quarters of any of such sullen gentry as shall refuse to march along, and keep up as well as they can with the commanding genius of their times, more especially, if he be behind-hand in saying a foolish thing.'

"'Q. What may you mean by that last observation?'

"'A. If you will refer to the Court Glossary, chap. vi. under the head of *dupes*, article *human folly*, you will find these remarkable lines:—In a field, wherein

the spoils of ambition and fortune are most frequently borne away by the meanest of mankind, is it not a folly to aim at shewing more ability than they who gained the object they had in view without the least display of that quality? and who would renounce real talent as a superfluous thing, if they did not rather wish to trample upon it as a dangerous and hostile force?

“‘And again:—In a state where ever-varying destiny, wild as the waves, inculcates on us the uselessness of building up castles for the future, and where the future may be discounted into the ready cash of four and twenty hours; it is a folly to sacrifice the present moment to reforming an age to come, and to sow the seeds of fruits, which we shall never gather under the sun of our own little day.

“‘Again:—In a world of little interests, little passions, and little coteries, which have reduced all manly resolution within the least possible dimensions; in a world we believe to be most loyally devoted to monarchy, because we cry out *Vive le Roi* with bald heads; in which we boast of being as good knights as the bold Godfrey of Boulogne himself, because our soldiers still wear a white scarf; it is a folly to indulge a mistaken enthusiasm, no longer called for, and to dream in solitude respecting the public good; it is enough to think of carrying one's goods to market, till a new order of things, and not to make the king laugh too much, if he have not a fine set of teeth; and teach him how to blow the French horn, if he be a hunter.*

* Gentry and nobles of high birth were addicted to this exercise, and the chevalier or lord in waiting who knew how to sound

“ ‘Q. If while ferreting about the apartments of the king, in the council-chamber, or elsewhere, you should discover the state secret, what would be your conduct?’

“ ‘A. If any one dropt a secret in my presence, I should pick it up as quickly as possible; I would then weigh it; and having ascertained its value, I should carry it to some honest Hebrew, in order that he might make use of it in the most profitable manner, consistent with his knowledge of stock-jobbing.’ *

“ ‘Q. And if the prince, irritated at your indiscretion, were to hand you over to the secular arm, what would you do to get out of such a dilemma?’

“ ‘A. A man who has so many arrows in his quiver, may at least have two strings to his bow. *Imprimis*;—A fool is never hanged; and if some day they should be admitted to this enviable privilege, they would not sleep the less soundly. For just as the volatile spirit of the sorcerer buoys him up, like a bladder, when you try to drown him, so doth the natural levity of the fools. Their trivial weight would fail to tighten the rope sufficiently; and the sole regret they would feel while exhibiting their aërial dance, would be the want of some sylph for their partner,—though honoured by the god of the winds for their *primum mobile*. *Secondly*;—Granting that the sentence should condemn me to carry a stone round my neck, as a supplement to my natural the French horn in good style, was a valuable acquisition, and highly esteemed at court.

* The Lombards alone could dispute with the worthy Jewish companies the honour of having laid the first stone of our royal exchanges throughout Christendom; though they have subsequently been excelled by us moderns.

legerity, I would *instantly* summon one of those compassionate officers, who wish not the death of the sinner; and to him I would frankly say, There is no want, my dear Sir, of this villainous stone; I have got my pockets so full of gold, that I defy any stone—even a heart of stone—to stand in the same scale with it. Of a truth, it will be wonderful if the officer bear such an affection to his provost as to kill the golden goose, and yield up his prize: no; let the honest man benefit by my life. I should go to rest early that evening, for he would be sure to awake me betimes in the morning, to thrust me out of prison, without the ceremony of leading me to the scaffold. I should fly all the faster for his particular kindness in relieving me from the burden of a huge purse.’

“ At these words, audible murmurs began to rise in the assembly, which appeared to be directed against the aspirant to the cap and bells, for the comprehensive code of morals which he had throughout advocated; and he was about to offer some explanations on this score, when he was commanded to retire, while we deliberated with closed doors, upon his titles to admission. Immediately almost the whole council began to cry out: ‘Why! this man is no more a fool than any of the rest of us. Surely the sheriffs of Troyes might have dispensed with the task of forwarding from such a distance, as an object of curiosity, an animal, such as we meet with by dozens all around us; or if he differ from them in any particular, it is not on the fool’s side, but rather in having swallowed too large a dose of understanding. What moderation; what subtlety, and

what complacency in his opinions. Truly, he is the sort of man we are in want of; and if we refuse him the place of king's buffoon, it is only fair we should find him another, either in the toll or in the royal stud.*

"The second candidate was now ordered to appear. He was first asked the meaning of the terms '*court fool*;' and replied, that they meant a man so devoted to the interests of truth, that for her holy sake he would cheerfully submit to all the ridicule which his condition and his situation imposed upon him, whether in reference to his odd, burlesque language, or to his eccentric humour—but which last were enjoined by a cowardly expedient to destroy what good sense there might be in his words, reserving to itself a right of observing to those upon whom it made any impression:—*but he is only a fool*. Yet spite of the tinkling of his bells, there be *some winged words* which, imbued with the blessed spirit of wisdom and holy truth, may carry conviction even to the ears of princes, and mingle some salutary bitterness in the tone of the courtier's laugh.

"Upon being required to explain whom he alluded to under the name of courtiers, he made answer, that he meant to designate all such who made it their peculiar trade to spy after lucrative vices and meannesses of

* In the fourteenth century there were grand establishments in France for the various pursuits and usages connected with war and chivalry. The breeding and training of the horse was brought to a high degree of perfection. The *destriers*, or coursers, were noble war steeds; the *palefrois* were for convenience or elegance, and selected from the most choice genealogies of the horse.

every kind; who sold their consciences to the highest bidder, and did all in their power, by their example, to bring all kinds of scandal and immorality into fashion, provided always that they reaped some advantages from the same: in short those who, living by lies, extolled vices in the place of virtues, and ran down the latter, as if they were adapted only for the poor. Strangers to all the domestic and social affections, their real house is the antechamber, their dignity mere pride of place, and their religion hypocrisy well refined. You will always perceive that they prefer persons to measures, for the simple reason, that persons can pay a price, and that measures cannot; and according to the same rule, they will invariably elevate the king above the kingdom, and the reigning minister at the expense of the public prosperity.

“When next asked in what manner he would proceed, had he to advise the king, he replied, that if the king were about to conclude a bad treaty, to levy an unjust impost, or to place a thief at the head of his treasury,—he would thus address him,—‘Sire, would you be pleased to barter your crown for my fool’s-cap, giving me something over and above to make the exchange even?’ The king would ask me, why he should give any thing over and above his crown; when I would prove to him, that a tarnished crown is really of far less value than the cap of a poor fool, who can lay down his head in peace, and does harm to nobody. It was then put to him, as to how he would proceed, if in consequence of such a piece of insolence, he were to be threatened with the forks of Montfaucon? to which he replied, that he would simply

solicit the favour of being permitted to write down the anecdote of the day in his tablets, which contained a faithful report of the royal acts and deeds. There is little doubt but a due respect and regard for his royal functions would restore the monarch to his worthier self; but if it should prove otherwise, he would then content himself with saying, 'Adieu, Sire; I only wish that one day or other my death may not afflict you more than my life has amused you.'

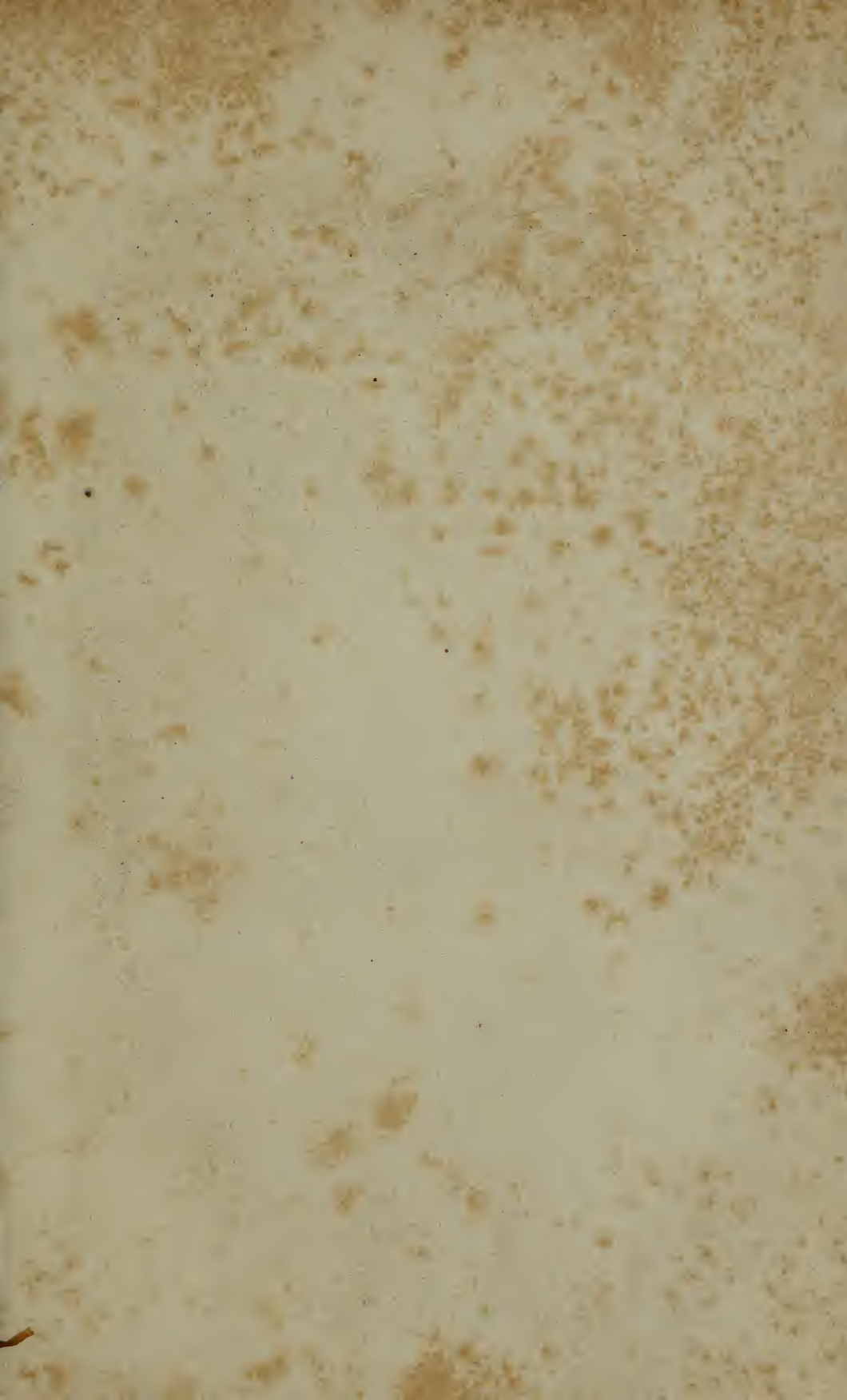
"'But what would be your conduct,' was the next inquiry, 'if the king should give you a free pardon?' 'What would be my conduct?' returned the candidate with surprise; 'I should say to his majesty, You have done well, Sire, and you ought to feel grateful to me, that I have consented to accept my life at your hands; for the gallows would have made my proposition be viewed in a serious light, and such an opportunity I shall not easily meet with again.'

"At the close of this interrogatory, the candidate was requested to withdraw. 'This is good,' cried the judges in a breath; 'here is a rogue that may be rated at two ordinary fools at least. There are none here of the same stamp; and it were only to be wished he had a little sprinkling more of the facetious in his sayings. But he will improve with time, and the foundation of his knowledge is excellent.' He was again ordered to appear, and the pages of the lord chamberlain then presented to him a cushion of rich blue cloth, worked with the fleur de lis, upon which were placed a fool's bauble, a large riding coat for the winter season, and for the summer, a little leather cap, tied with a hoop, a

robe, trimmed with lace of various colours, and a girdle with two empty purses attached to it.*”

It was quite evident that the Sire Bureau de la Rivière, and his umpires, had taken the fool for the wise man, and the wise man for the fool; but, notwithstanding the ill impression which such a choice was calculated to produce, as to their judgment, there was a sort of good faith evident in the determination they had come to, of admitting into the office a man, who had both skill and courage enough to speak truth to a king; for better is it, that it should come from the mouth of a fool, than from nobody. Perhaps, however, the time will come, if we may judge from the decline of old principles and manners at court, when truth, forsaken of all, will no longer be tolerated, even from the lips of a fool, nor find refuge under the wing of his honest bauble; and when the fools who may happen to be fool-hardy and chivalrous enough to make it known, will be hunted out of society, and persecuted, on every side, as the disturbers of the royal “dance, and feast, and revelry,” and the enemies of public tranquillity.

* These various articles, forming the costume of a regular official fool, are also found inscribed upon the tomb of the court fool of Charles the Fifth.





Drawn by J.D. Harding.

Engraved by J.L. Wallmore.

L E P U Y .

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DISTANT VIEW OF LE PUY.

Montagnes du Forez, solitudes heureuses,
Où les traits de l'Amour se forgeaient autrefois,
Où le Lignon traînait ses ondes langoureuses,
Où pour vaincre une amante il fallait plus d'une mois
A ce vallon fameuse, salut, paix, et constance.

L'ANACHARSIS.

OF the approaches to Le Puy, we shall describe the most picturesque and interesting to a stranger's eye. Some miles from Monistrol, the tourist beholds, on his right, the river Loire, whose deep, broad valley presents a majestic view, strikingly contrasted with that on his left, of the narrow, indented vale, where he crosses the river near its confluence, over a lofty bridge. Enclosed within rocks of massy strength, wild, abrupt, and fearfully steep,—and in most parts, thickly wooded, the aspect of this vale has something startling, as well as picturesque, which strongly impresses the imagination. Deep solitude, and unvarying shade, seem to throw an unwonted stillness over the scene, nor can it be contemplated without a feeling partaking of their gloomy sway. The waters of the Lignon are only observable by glimpses through the nearly impervious foliage which overshadows it. Its banks, indeed, cannot boast the same agreeable views which distinguish those of the admired Lignon d'Urfe, but they are more bold and romantic.

The descent into this wilderness of wood and vale is long and precipitous, and its embankments are reached by an outlet still more rugged and protracted. The ground you pass over before entering Issengeaux, a little village with some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, is volcanic throughout. The roofs of the houses, for the chief part covered with basalt, have a curious appearance. It possesses a sub-prefecture. At the entrance, the tourist leaves the road towards Montfaucon to the left, another small town, which embraces only about 1,500 people, having a trade and influence upon the same diminutive scale.

Proceeding a distance of two leagues upon the lava, and next over veins of granite, till he gain the vicinity of Le Puy, a portion of the town presents itself to the tourist's eye in a sudden and picturesque manner. Towering above the scene, appear the singular rocks of Corneille, and St. Michel, which astonish the beholder. About a mile before entering the town, there branches to the left the road leading by Saint Agrève, a small place in the department of l'Ardèche, to Tournon, a considerable town in the same department, situated upon the right bank of the Rhone. It is on this side that the traveller generally crosses the river, half a league from Le Puy. The town is built in the form of an amphitheatre, upon the eastern declivity of a hill, the summit of which is crowned with the vertical rock of Corneille. Viewed from a distance, it has a striking effect, but the interior has little to recommend it. There are no noble streets or squares; no handsome houses, nor even splendid churches. The streets and

walks are well planned and laid out, but have nothing remarkable; and it is the same with the fountains and other public places.

The greatest height of the grand Puy de Dome has been calculated at 4920 feet above the level of the sea. By the natives it is usually designated as the giant surrounded by his children—the lesser hills,—over which he towers in patriarchal grandeur, one of which, close at his side, is distinguished as the *petit Puy*, and is more than 504 feet inferior in height. It was upon the flat plain which forms the summit of this hugest of granite hills, where the admirable Pascal, a native of Clermont, conducted his ingenious, scientific observations on the weight of the air. The experiments, however, were chiefly made, according to M. Legrand, by his brother-in-law, M. Perrier, to whom he sent written instructions from Paris.

“It is something to ascend the Puy de Dome,” says the author of the *Voyage Gastronomique*, “but it is, first of all, a pleasanter operation to stop at the shop of Messrs. Chastellut, or M. Girard, and pay your respects to those apricot patties, which will afford a sweet relief—a gentle coolness to your oppressed bosom, when you climb those sharp, savage, perpendicular rocks.”

From the *rue des Tables*, the stranger commences his ascent towards the cathedral, a huge structure, but which can boast nothing in point of elegance. It is, however, original, as well as strong and massy in its architecture, and, what is more strange, one half of the edifice appears as if suspended in the air. Its site is

one of the loftiest in the place, and to arrive at it you must surmount a long succession of inclined planes ; having done which, you reach an immense vault, over which a great portion of the church is thrown forward. From this, a slope of 118 steps brings the weary adventurer into the vault below, or more properly, the back space under the church, till he reaches a portal with two wings of sculptured bronze, decorated with columns and pilasters of porphyry. Through these he walks into the interior of the cathedral ; and it is difficult to describe the singular effect produced by issuing at once from under ground, into the centre of the solemn aisle. A number of excellent paintings suddenly burst upon the eye ; and there is a very curious image, cut in cedar, representing a woman seated, and giving an infant the breast. The rude workmanship, the little bands of coloured cloth, with which, in the Egyptian style, it is wrapt from head to foot, with the wood of which it is formed, seem to favour the supposition of its being the work of the first christians of Mount Libya, and that some crusader most probably presented it to the church. The belfry, built like the rest of the structure, of lava, is raised about 200 feet, ending in a pyramid, almost rivaling the highest point of the steeple of Corneille.

Several Roman medals discovered upon the mountain, have led to the idea that this edifice was formerly a temple of the goddess *Isis* ; though it must be confessed that the origin both of the cathedral and the place itself, is involved in considerable doubt. However it may have first arisen, we are assured that Le

Puy was indebted for its growth to the frequent visits paid no less by the people, than by their sovereigns, to the holy reliques enshrined within the place, and among which were remarked the mitre of Aaron, and a few of the wax candles which had been lighted at the period of the Holy Virgin's death.

Le Puy, like so many towns of the south, sustained strange disasters in earlier times, but was not exposed to all the severity of those ferocious persecutions, which reduced so many towns and villages into heaps of ashes. The bitter enmities which sprung up between its bishops and the counts of Polignac, marked the epochs, we believe, which proved most fatal to its interests and its repose.

With respect to its manufactures, especially of lace, stuffs, and woollens, once so sought after, they have now ceased to confer on it any exclusive sort of prosperity. The trade in these received a severe check from the English, in 1780, and subsequently, from the rival products of Flanders and Normandy, boasting patterns of greater taste and delicacy, which threw them considerably into the shade. Its woollen trade, too, was almost ruined by the dreadful plague which broke out in the sixteenth century, and left so many traces of its fatal career.

There is much to interest the traveller, especially if attached to scientific pursuits, in the vicinity of Le Puy. To the north-east, appears the rock of Aiguille, on the top of which is erected a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, and surrounded by a parapet, upon which, we are requested to believe, that there are still visible the foot-marks of a young maiden, who flung herself

headlong down the precipice, to refute the charge of those who had dared to suspect her innocence. Espaly is seen towards the west, near which, we must as little question, that the stream of Rieupezeuillous rolls along its balls of gold, its granites, its sapphires, and other precious stones. A number of little spots, like these, and sites of old castles, surround the mountain, on which appears the town of Le Puy. In the lower ground the soil is rich and productive, and its mode of cultivation well worth the attention of the agricultural, no less than the scientific traveller; but the mountainous district presents another aspect. Snow is to be seen upon the summits, during eight or nine months of the year. At Fay le Froid and the Estables, the houses continue covered with it during three or four months, and the only means of communication among the inhabitants is by a sort of tunnel, bored through the surrounding masses of frozen snow. When a mountaineer at this season dies, they frequently have to commit his remains, not to the earth, but to the *snow*, till a more favourable period for performing the last duties to his remains shall arrive. In parts of this mountain region the wretchedness of the people is extreme; poverty assumes its most fearful forms; and in the villages are to be perceived heaps of wretched cabins, consisting of mere clay and straw, in which the shivering inmates indiscriminately shelter along with their beasts. They rely indeed, for preserving their vital warmth, upon the breath of their domestic animals; for light, they employ a piece of resined wood; their food consists of radishes, potatoes, and the coarsest species of barley

and rye bread. A glass of wine would there be esteemed a luxury; and, at times, even a morsel of bacon or cheese. With this stern and hardy character of life, many of the social virtues, usually considered the fruit of civilization, yet too seldom found, seem to flourish the more vigorously, like the northern fir, in the seasoning blast:—and a strong sense of religion, filial piety, hospitality, and an insurmountable affection for their desert homes, are not the least characteristics of the simple-hearted, bold mountaineers of Auvergne. From sire to son, for many ages past, they have borne the same frank, intrepid character; nor is the religious feeling, and the deep-rooted attachment to their native hills, productive only of advantage within the confined sphere of their humble abodes:

“A hardy peasantry, their country’s pride,”

often and again, have they resisted the tide of battle, and thrown it back upon the foreign invader; formed the last hope of freedom, headed by the chivalrous Duguesclin and his successors; and the last sanctuary of loyalty and religion, when an English king was crowned in Paris, and fierce civil strife and persecution laid waste their unhappy country from end to end.

Then how many a weary and belated traveller, lost amidst the solitary hills, or wilder woodlands, and, unable to distinguish even the rude-piled stones that mark the shepherd-paths in the snow-storm and the dark night, has owed his safety to the glowing torch, seen from the distant cottage. Imagine his joy, for he had begun to despair! the storm was loose among the

hills, darkness gathering fast around him, and the sweeping snow-drifts whirling at his feet, seemed preparing for him a bed, from which he would no more arise! Imagine him seated under the peasant's roof, full of gratitude to heaven and his poor host, while he breathes a blessing upon the heads of the children, as he recurs, with mingled feelings of delight and pain, to thoughts of his own distant home!

The simple habits, the rude, inclement seasons, with the sudden changes and deprivations, all of which form the character of these patriarchal dwellers of the hills, tend also to produce a degree of kindly feeling, of mutual support and benefit, between man and the domestic animals around him, such as is little known in more peopled and refined districts. Some curious examples of it are related, particularly in the villages of St. Arcons and St. Paul-de-Tartas; and one or two of these, while alluding to the subject, may not be uninteresting to the reader, given in the dress we find them. In the year 1771, a certain brazier and tinker from Pradelles, repaired to St. Arcons, to be present at the baptism of one of his neighbour's children. The ceremony over, the social meeting was prolonged with feast and dance, until the approach of night. His friends tried to persuade the patron of tins and kettles to set up his tent with them for the night; but—a mountaineer,—and relying on the sagacity of his horse, he insisted on returning to Pradelles at all events. He set out, but never lived to reach his own homestead, nor did his horse appear, either there or at the place he had left. His wife and children were in despair; the

neighbours, to a man, assisted in the search ; and two days afterwards, the horse was found at the verge of a cliff, standing over the dead body of his master. There he had continued his faithful watch, spite of cold and hunger, for the last eight and forty hours ; sleep must have overpowered the unfortunate man on his way, and he lay half buried in snow. The bridle still lay across the arm of the corpse, and for some time the horse shewed symptoms of anger when they offered to approach, and at length galloped away. Wishing to take him with them, the men retired to a little distance, when they saw the poor animal make his way back, and resume his old station. They at length captured him, and he grew perfectly gentle when he once more felt the weight of his dead master.

During the year 1776 several mendicants came from different parts, to take their chance at a distribution of alms to be made at St. Paul-de-Tartas. They arrived early, and were shewn into a wretched barn, where they were to wait till four in the afternoon, destitute alike of warmth and nutriment. The delay, however, helped to warm their hearts for the important moment ; and at length the golden shower began to fall, and they soon set off as quickly as they had come, eager to compare their funds, and to celebrate the event in a social and becoming manner. They had scarcely gone a mile among the hills, when a violent storm overtook them, and in the drifts of snow which came sweeping down from the heights, enveloped in clouds of fog and sleet, eight of these unfortunate alms-adventurers perished.

The village of Pradelles being only a few miles distant from St. Paul, tidings of the calamity very speedily spread abroad. A poor man, who knew that his only boy had gone to be at the distribution, now trembled for his life ; nothing could dissuade him from venturing forth ; he seized his staff and his torch, and took his way towards the village. He made the hills echo with the name of his lost boy ; and at length, when returning home in despair, he saw an object nearly within a stone's throw of his dwelling, on the descent of the hill ; he held the light closer to it, and recognized the dead body of his son. With that sudden strength which often proceeds from surprise and horror, he threw the lifeless body upon his shoulders, and, bringing it into the wretched mother's presence, he laid it at her feet, observing, " Here, I have brought you your only child !"

The view of the church and rock of St. Michel, seen on the approach to the town of Le Puy, is striking and remarkable. Though less imposing, as represented in the accompanying plate, than some of the other views, it has much in the detail which is bold and picturesque. The rock of St. Michel presents the appearance of a lofty tower, rising in the form of a cone. Its greatest height is stated to be 600 feet, and upon its summit is erected the church of the same name ; which, beheld from a distance, gives to the whole mass the shape of an immense obelisk. Through the solid rock has been cut a sort of staircase, consisting of a vast flight of steps, exceeding two hundred and sixty paces. It would seem as if this distinguished saint had indulged a taste for very lofty sites ; for it is a singular coincidence, that so



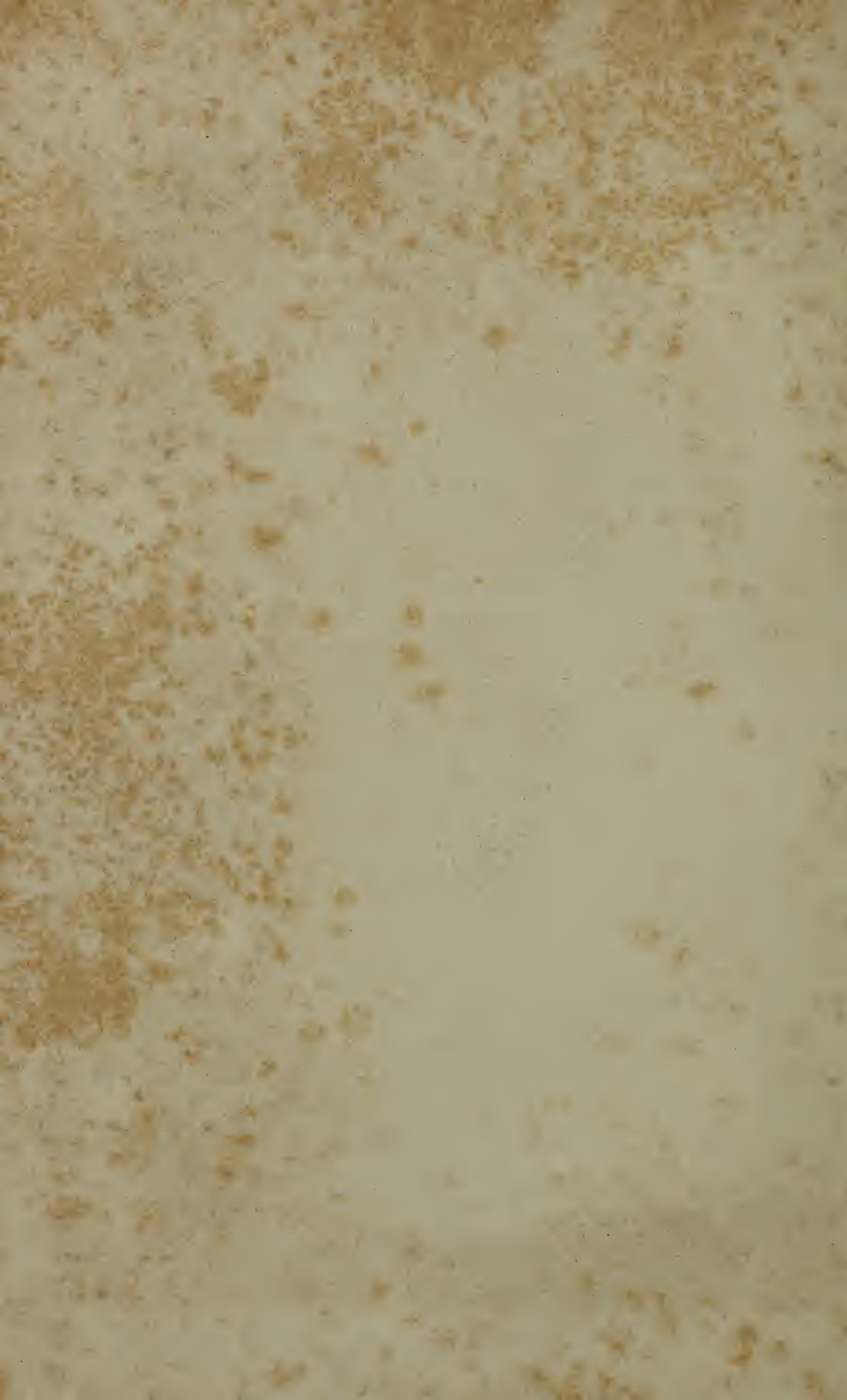
Engraved by W. Radcliffe.

THE PUXX WITH MONT ST MICHELLE.

London, Published Oct 26. 1833, by Jennings & Chapman, 82, Cheapside.

Printed by J. & W. G. Smith.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.



many of the temples dedicated to his honour, should invariably be found, piercing as it were the clouds from almost pyramidal rocks, and summits of lofty eminences. Among these may be mentioned the celebrated Mount St. Michel in Brittany, which, like the two great rocks of St. Michel and of Corneille, is formed of mineral material; and, doubtless, owes its origin to the same cause. They are vast eruptions of the earth, found to be composed of a species of volcanic marble, filled with lines and fragments of basalt, granite, quartz, &c.

At the foot of Mount St. Michel, is seen a curiously formed Rotunda, very small, but which has nothing remarkable in its history, though regarded by many as an ancient temple, and honoured with the title of having once belonged to the goddess Diana.

The miracles attributed by the good people of Le Puy to their image of the Virgin, and the relics of saints and martyrs, in earlier times, are too numerous for mention, and too well recorded to be lightly questioned. Our *Lady of Puy*, already described, and so long the boast of its pious inhabitants of every rank, was accustomed to bring royal and noble votaries, from all sides, to lay their offerings at her shrine. Even popes and kings are to be ranked among her pilgrims; and among the latter, we find Louis VII., Philip Augustus, Philip the Hardy, Le Bel, Charles VI., and VII., Louis XI., Charles VIII. and Francis I. M. Faujas de Saint Fond has gone into a very precise and particular account of the Lady of Puy's origin, dress, and achievements;—sometimes in a tone of *good faith*, which must have been not a little edifying to her world of votaries some four

centuries ago. Unfortunately, it is observed, that this venerable image has lost much of her credit since the period of the revolution; that she has even failed in working additional miracles; that, in short, she is no longer the same she was,—the original, most probably, having been either exchanged or destroyed. Her priests and devotées, however, have stoutly maintained, that this individual image, now the representative of our Lady, is the one indisputable performer of those recorded and well-attested miracles, which still throw a lustre round the ecclesiastical annals, and the cathedral, of famed Le Puy. Nor is the church of St. Michel without its religious honours,—its miraculous representatives of the saints, its relics, and its curious, well authenticated traditions. To all these it would here be impossible to do justice; and we can barely afford to take a glimpse of its history, as connected with an odd adventure of one of its priors, in the good old times, when Christians made crusades against Turks and heathens, instead of persecuting each other. We have just mentioned that Louis XI., that most wily, cruel, and craven-hearted of royal personages,—the great patron of man-cages,—an ingrate and rebel to his father,—a task-master to his people,—in short, a stain to France and his royal lineage, is to be found among the pilgrims to the famed Lady of Le Puy.

It was there, we presume, in one of those superstitious fits to which he was singularly prone, he was first introduced to the prior of St. Michel, a man of rare piety, even in times when religion held far stronger sway over the mind. To seal his reputation, he resolved to pay a

visit to the Holy Land; nor could a prince, who had himself come upon a pilgrimage as far as St. Michel, refuse to grant the good prior so reasonable a request. He set out, but, whether from the annoyance given him by the infidels, or by a fit of the gout, such was his tardy progress, that both the court and the people began to despair of his safety, concluding that he had either died for want of medical aid, or been condemned by the Saracens, under some new christian-bill, to solitary imprisonment till the end of time. There was no one at the French court who more zealously inculcated this opinion, or more devoutly prayed it might come true, than one of the king's own chaplains, who, since the period of his visit to the Lady of Le Puy, and partaking the jolly cheer of the good monks of St. Michel, had, as the great Dante justly observes,—

—————“Sharpened up his brows,
Like an old tailor at his needle's eye ;”*—

setting both eye and heart indeed upon that which he pronounced, and gladly persuaded himself, was now the vacant priory.

By dint of unremitted perseverance, and endless repetition, he so far impressed the belief of this pleasing notion upon his royal master, as well as upon all who approached him, that he must have been very hard of conviction, who could fail to pin his faith upon the honest chaplain's sleeve, in reference to the death of the worthy prior. It was natural, therefore, for the king to supply the vacant priory, and for the chaplain to occupy

* Wright's Translation.

it. He had hardly, however, had time to make himself at ease in his new dignity, when one morning there came limping in, supported on his pilgrim's staff, and looking no younger for his eastern tour, the identical old prior. Great was the surprise testified on his appearance at the royal levée ; and it was as awkward as it was surprising to the present incumbent, and the great patron who had promoted him. But the latter had too high notions of the royal infallibility to think of allowing it to be questioned, by recalling any act to which he had once given his assent ; and though he received the ancient prior with every mark of royal condescension, he touched, as little as possible, upon the subject nearest to the pilgrim's heart. The king inquired much concerning his travels, the adventures he had met, the appearance of the grand Turk, and how he felt his gout. Then beckoning to him his secretary, Philip de Commines, with a royal shake of the hand, and winking at his minister, he consigned the ex-prior to his good keeping.

Great was the pilgrim's indignation upon hearing from Philip, that he was no longer prior of St. Michel ; but being secretary of the redoubtable monarch, the minister promised the old man that, upon the first opportunity, his claims to something at least as good should not be forgotten. Unluckily for one or other of the parties, the ex-prior was a great stickler for what he conceived to be a churchman's just rights and privileges ; and he flatly declared, that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to enter into any sort of compromise—that prior of St. Michel he had set out,

prior he had returned—prior he was, and he would live and die the prior of St. Michel.

Agreeably to this doctrine, the old prior lost no occasion of appearing in the presence of King Louis;—at all hours and at all seasons; in the levée and out of the levée, there stood the worthy old man, often in respectful terms beseeching that his former priory might be restored to him. It was in vain; the king's supremacy was not to be called in question; but when he no longer dared to press his suit, he stood there as before; and his looks and very silence were a more eloquent appeal than words could make it. It annoyed Louis; he at last grew angry, and the scowl that hung upon his brow announced that the rash petitioner's days were numbered. That morning, on quitting the levée, the king called to him Master Tristan,—not Tristan the traveller, but the most faithful and dreaded minister of his secret pleasure:—"Friend Tristan!" quoth the king, "canst thou not dispose, without delay, of this prior of St. Michel, so that I be no longer troubled with him?" Even a hint to Tristan, as it usually was, would have been sufficient; but this broad and marked denunciation was equivalent to at least a score of ordinary death-warrants; for seldom had he seen the black spot, which portended a rising storm, more distinctly dark upon his master's brow. It was fate—the will of heaven, and the certainty of unalterable doom to the eye of Tristan; and the quicker, perhaps, he executed it, the better for himself. At least so reasoned Tristan; and accordingly, that same evening, he paid a visit to the prior, whom to his surprise he found, little

dreaming of approaching fate, engaged in spending a festive hour in the society of a few of his most particular friends.

Being well known as a favourite at court, Tristan was received with the utmost politeness, and requested by the host to take a seat, and pledge him to the health of their excellent sovereign. Tristan could not but assent; and having sat and chatted a little while, he requested a minute's conversation with the good prior in another apartment. The moment they were alone, Tristan opened his commission, presenting the royal order and a large sack, into which he invited the prior to step without delay, in order that he might have the honour of speedily throwing him into the Seine. He was not even allowed time to send an apology for his involuntary absence to his guests; for, bagging his game, Tristan took the shortest path to the river.

The ensuing morning, as the king was employed in taking the air in his palace gardens, with the faithful Tristan at his side, consulting upon matters appertaining to the welfare of his realm, and chatting over the little affair of the prior—whom, thanks to friend Tristan, he hoped never more to behold;—what was the king's horror, on turning an alley, to meet face to face the identical old prior himself! Was it, indeed, the apparition of the old bearded suitor risen from the waves? “Ah, traitor!” cried the king, turning to Tristan, “didst thou not assure me thou hadst rid me of this eternal plague, and here he confronts me again?” “Sire!” answered the alarmed favourite, “you charged me to rid you of the prior of St. Michel, and I drowned

him only yesterday evening in the river ; this is the ex-prior. But if there be any mistake, I will put it right ; there are plenty of priors, and this night you shall complain no more of the old one here." "Is it so, indeed ?" cried the king, laughing, for he had much legitimate merriment in his disposition ; "then all is right. One prior is enough at a time, and let him live now as long as it may please heaven. Go, old man," he added, "you will now find your priory vacant, but to have two priors at once, there was no bearing that."

It has been observed that, when dauphin, Louis XI. unfurled the standard of rebellion against his father, retiring into the south of France, where, in conjunction with the duke of Savoy, he exercised an almost unlimited sway. He ruled the province of Dauphiné with a rod of iron ; and, instead of uniting with the loyal subjects of the king to dispossess the English of their possessions, he threw every impediment in their way. In vain Charles commanded—conjured him to return to his obedience, till, irritated with his continued misconduct, he commissioned the count de Dammartin to secure his person. But Louis, having received notice of it, speedily withdrew into Franche-comté, and thence he continued his retreat into Brabant. The duke of Burgundy, espousing his cause, refused to deliver him up, although warned by the king that he was nursing a serpent in his bosom. Charles VII. then resolved to settle the crown upon his younger son, the duke of Berri ; but it was too late. Having withdrawn to the castle of Meun-sur-Yeure, in the province of Berri, he received information that his own domestics

had been bribed to destroy him. Afraid of poison, and no longer knowing upon whom to rely, he refused to partake of any thing set before him. Worn down with grief and watching, he at last attempted to take nourishment, but was already too far exhausted, and soon after died, it may be said, of a broken heart.

Having ascended the throne, the first acts of Louis displayed the horrible motives, and the ferocious disposition by which he was actuated. The friends and ministers of the late king were disgraced and persecuted; the duke of Alençon, who had been convicted of treasonable practices, was set at liberty; and the count de Dammartin, his father's firmest supporter, committed to the Bastile. The nobility were deprived of their just power and influence; the people were loaded with fresh taxes; he invaded the dominions of the duke of Brittany, and even stripped his brother Charles, duke of Berri, of the establishment granted by the late king, his father.

To such an extreme did Louis carry his violence and oppression, that, stung by repeated indignities, some of the chief nobility, headed by the aged count de Dunois, who had so greatly distinguished himself in the wars against the English, flew to arms. They were soon joined by the count de St. Pol, and Dammartin, who had effected his escape from the Bastile, an event which probably induced Louis to adopt the refined cruelty of carrying his state prisoners along with him, confined in iron cages. The duke of Bretagne entered into the coalition, and prepared to follow Charles, prince of Burgundy, so celebrated for his military prowess, who had passed the

frontiers with a large force, marching directly upon Paris. In this exigency, the wily monarch had recourse at once to stratagem and to force; he fell upon the feeblers leaders of the league, and, reducing them to submission, he came to an action with the rest of the confederates at Montlhery, which ended in a drawn battle. He now affected to offer pardon to the leaders of the insurrection, temporized with the confederates, and, breaking up his camp, returned by forced marches to the capital. There he assumed the utmost courtesy of demeanour, entered into all the public amusements with the most engaging frankness, paid great respect to the citizens, and made presents to their wives, at the same time assuring them, that they should receive instantaneous relief from the most heavy and obnoxious taxes, the moment the campaign should be brought to a close. He also performed many acts of clemency; appeared clad in a plain, coarse dress, wearing a leaden image of the Virgin in his bonnet; called himself their father, Paris his good city, and his soldiers, his trainbands, emissaries, spies, &c., his dear children.

It is no way surprising, therefore, that, when the leaders of the league, having formed a junction, laid siege to Paris, they should meet with a hot reception. They in vain attacked the city, and at length offered terms of accommodation which were accepted by the king. He ceded the duchy of Normandy to his brother, conferred the dignity of constable of France upon the Count St. Pol, and restored to the other chiefs of the confederacy their respective estates and offices. They gave into the snare, dissolved the league, and withdrew

to their territories or castles, while Louis, having succeeded beyond expectation, reserved himself for the moment when he could secretly surprise and cut them off in succession.

Slow and cautious as the serpent in his approach, but sudden in his spring when near his enemy, Louis first reduced the duke of Bretagne to his terms, and next deprived his own brother of the newly-ceded duchy. When threatened with an invasion of the English, in conjunction with some of the confederates, he contrived to dissolve the alliance ; and when Charles of Burgundy, who had succeeded to the dukedom, prepared to march an army to attack him, he purchased peace by the payment of one hundred and twenty thousand crowns. He invited the duke to a personal conference in one of his own towns ; and, to shew the confidence he reposed in his honour, he repaired to the spot with only a few attendants. The king was received with every mark of distinction, and at his own request had apartments assigned him in the castle of Peronne. But it so happened, that, while affording this marked proof of reliance upon the duke, the secret emissaries whom he had despatched to foment disturbances at Liege, succeeded earlier than the king had calculated upon ; the people rose, and, killing their governors, proceeded to acts of the utmost violence and desperation.

Aware at whose instigation this had been done, Charles, stung with indignation, ordered the castle gates to be immediately closed upon his perfidious guest. He even considered for some time, whether he should not rid the world of so faithless a wretch,

by putting him instantly to death. Here, indeed, was the fox taken in his own snares ; he had invited himself to the interview, forgetting, at the moment, the secret mines he had laid to destroy the man for whom he affected so much friendship. He lay shut up in a chamber, close to the tower where Hebert, count de Vermandois, had caused his predecessor, Charles the Simple, to be assassinated ; and, during three days, he anticipated all the horrors of being put privately to death. But his natural cunning did not forsake him ; by bribes and flattery, he engaged those who attended upon him to espouse his interests ; and, influencing others higher in station, they at length induced Charles to set him at liberty,—which was granted only on the most humiliating terms. The duke obliged Louis to accompany him to the siege of the city of Liege, attended by three hundred men at arms. He took the city by storm, inflicting summary vengeance for its disobedience, of which he compelled the king to be a witness ; and then attending him about half a league on his way, bade him a cold and haughty farewell. Both princes swore to maintain the agreement which had been entered into, by kissing a crucifix, which was considered more peculiarly sacred, as having been worn by Charlemagne. One of the conditions was, that Louis should cede the provinces of Champagne and Brie to Charles, his brother. But he never complied with it ; artfully persuading his brother to accept the province of Guyenne in exchange ; and when that weak prince found too late that he had committed an error, and sought to renew his alliance with the

duke of Burgundy, he was suddenly carried off by poison.

Too many circumstances, besides the personal hatred borne him by the king, caused Louis to be generally suspected of the crime. The king's interest, at that moment, rendered the supposition still more probable. The death of his brother was attended by more tragical acts than one. The immediate author of the deed is known to have been the prince's own confessor, and the circumstances attending it are altogether of a singular nature.

Alternately the slave of superstition and of love, Charles was governed by his confessor or his mistress, according to his vacillating inclination. The latter, however, prevailed; and the lady of Montsoreau triumphed over the abbot of St. John d'Angeli, Favre Vesois, of the order of St. Benedict. Jealous of this pre-eminence, and bent upon revenge, the monk caused a peach to be poisoned, which he presented to the lady while sitting at supper with the duke himself. She divided it with a knife, and giving half of it to her lover, ate the rest herself; the consequence was immediately fatal to her, and she expired in great agonies. The duke, from the strength of his constitution, resisted the poison for some time:—though he lost his hair and nails by its force and subtlety, he lingered nearly six months from its effects, and died at Bourdeaux. The abbot fled; but being seized and carried into Bretagne, by order of Francis II, the then reigning duke, he was conducted to Nantes. It was intended to bring him to a public trial, in the hope of his accusing Louis XI.

as his accomplice or abettor. But, on the morning appointed to conduct him before the judges, he was found dead in his cell, having been strangled on the previous night. As by this catastrophe a veil was drawn over the deed, it was commonly believed that the king had not hesitated to conceal the first crime, by the perpetration of a second.* Voltaire, who usually rejects and ridicules the imputations of poison, admits the unquestionable certainty of this particular crime. He even more than suspects Louis XI. to have been the real author of it: "he who, when dauphin, had taught his own father, Charles VII. to fear him as a parricide."

Upon learning the tragical end of his ally, the duke of Guyenne, Charles of Burgundy marched an army into Picardy, putting every inhabitant who fell into his power to death, in the idea of avenging his fate. But failing in an attempt to take the city of Beauvois, and having exhausted his forces in other vain efforts, he found himself compelled to accept the truce offered him by Louis, who having rid himself of this enemy, seized on the territories of the count d'Armagnac, one of the great feudal vassals; threw the duke of Alençon, a prince of the blood, into captivity, and held the duke of Bretagne in complete terror and subjection.

In 1475, Edward IV., invited by the continued importunities of Charles the Bold, landed with an army at Calais, and marched into Picardy, expecting to be supported both by the duke and the count de St. Pol, constable of France, who had promised to betray the town of St. Quentin into his hands. With a refinement

* Philip de Commynes.—*Wraxall's History of France.*

of treachery, however, which proved his ruin, the constable broke his faith with his allies, and apprized Louis of the impending danger. The wary monarch, instead of meeting Edward in the field, had recourse to his usual arts, and offered such terms as completely met the wishes of his indolent and voluptuous invader. A speedy peace was signed at Amiens, which was followed by an interview, held at the bridge of Pecquigni, near that city. For their respective security, a grated barrier was erected half way over it, and two boxes, from which they conversed. Louis, by the most abject flattery and rich presents, soon conciliated the favour of the English king and his nobility ; and thus another powerful combination, which threatened to overturn his throne, was dissolved.

Soon afterwards, the constable de St. Pol was seized at Mons by the duke of Burgundy, and delivered up to the commissioners, sent by Louis to receive him. He was instantly conducted to Paris, where he was tried, and being condemned for treason, beheaded. It is stated by Commynes, that only three hours after the constable had been given up, counter orders arrived from the duke, but that it was then too late. The fate of the duke himself was speedily decided. While engaged in the siege of Nancy, he was attacked by the duke of Lorraine with a superior force. Early in the engagement, the count de Campobasso, a Neapolitan, on whom the duke of Burgundy had conferred many favours, basely withdrew, carrying off four hundred horse, which he commanded. At the same time, with a degree of ingratitude almost unparalleled, he placed

twelve or fifteen men about the duke's person, with a strict command to assassinate him in his flight. The foul deed was executed, and the unhappy duke was found dead, pierced with numerous wounds. The motive which influenced Campobasso to commit so heinous a crime as the murder of his greatest benefactor, remains involved in doubt. It was rumoured, that Charles had once given him a blow, and that he had been instigated by the insult to take this deadly revenge. The Burgundian dynasty had already lasted near a hundred and twenty years, under four successive princes, when it thus expired in the person of Charles.*

His young and unhappy duchess was subsequently compelled by Louis, after every effort to assert her independence, to accept the hand of Maximilian, archduke of Austria, whom he ultimately stripped of his dominions, annexing Burgundy, together with the province of Artois, to the crown of France. As he extended his power, his cruelty and despotism appeared also to increase.

Among the prisoners of state, whom he confined in iron-cages, chained with immense fetters, was the count de Perche, a nobleman of the highest rank, son to the duke of Alençon, and himself a prince of the blood, who remained in one of these engines for three months, though not guilty of the offence imputed to him. He was permitted to receive his allowance of food only through the grate. The cardinal de la Balue was enclosed in one for many years, at the castle of Loches in Touraine. It was customary with the king to place

* Wraxall, *passim*.

himself behind a skreen, while criminals were examined and put to the torture. Gibbets were usually erected round the castles where he resided, and these marks of cruelty served to distinguish his temporary residences, as he made his tour of blood.

Having formed designs upon the life of the duke of Nemours, from the period of "the League of the Public Good," he was now determined to satiate his vengeance to the utmost. The unfortunate nobleman, dreading his sovereign's resentment, had retired to the fortress of Carlat, among the mountains of Auvergne. Louis despatched Peter of Bourbon, seigneur of Beaujeu, whom he had married to his daughter, the princess Anne, with orders to besiege him in Carlat: but the peculiar and almost inaccessible situation of the castle rendering it very difficult to obtain possession of it by force, the duke of Nemours received the most solemn assurances of safety, if he would surrender himself. Relying on the honour of his enemy, he complied; but the king, who sported with all the ties of good faith held sacred by others, caused the duke, in violation of his compact, to be carried prisoner to the Bastile. Louis then compelled the judges, though with difficulty, to condemn him, and ordered him to be beheaded. By a refinement of cruelty, scarcely to be exceeded in the worst periods of ancient Rome, he commanded the two sons of the duke, yet in early childhood, to be placed directly under the scaffold, so as to be covered with the blood of their unfortunate father, which descended on their heads. During the siege of Carlat, the duchess, then confined in childbed, died of terror and distress.

The king, being informed on his trial, that the judges had permitted him to come out of his cage during the time that he was interrogated, remanded him back into it, ordered him to be put to the rack, and even prescribed, himself, the exact form of his examination. The execution was performed with unusual solemnity. Having been conducted to the place appointed for it, on a horse covered with black, he was afterwards confessed previous to his death, in a chamber hung in the same manner. The head and body, after his decapitation, were delivered to the Cordeliers of Paris, who came, to the number of one hundred and forty, to receive his remains with all possible respect, and interred them with funeral honours in their chapel. His confiscated estates were all divided among the king's ministers and favourites.*

“ The concluding scenes of Louis's life,” says Wraxall, “ hold up one of the most awful, as well as instructive lessons, which can be submitted to the human mind. He underwent, by anticipation, all the horrors of a slow and progressive dissolution, aggravated by the remorse of a guilty conscience. Terrified at the near approach of futurity, he exhausted every power of medicine, or devotion, or artifice, to prolong a miserable existence. In order to inspire him with gaiety, the most beautiful country girls were brought to dance round his house, and bands of men who played on flutes accompanied them. To intercede with heaven in his behalf, processions were ordered throughout the whole kingdom for his recovery; and public prayers

* Wraxall, *passim*.

were offered to avert the ‘bize,’ a cold piercing north-wind, which incommoded him extremely whenever it predominated. A vast collection of relics was brought from the various monasteries of his dominion, to secure him by their influence from the stroke of death.”—His physician, the better doubtless to insure his own safety, treated his horrible patient with a degree of boldness and arrogance which no other individual had dared to display. His name was Jacques Coctier, a native of Poligny, in Franche-comté. Conscious of the ascendancy which he had gained, he tyrannized over Louis himself, frequently addressing him in an insolent tone : “I know your majesty will send for me, some morning, to put me to death, as you have done others ; but I vow to God you shall not survive it eight days.” Louis, regarding him as the arbiter of his fate, neither dared to reply to him, nor to refuse him any demands, however exorbitant. . . . He thought that he heard enemies in the passing wind. Every thing terrified and alarmed his guilty mind. Only one wicket afforded entrance into the castle, and scarcely any one approached his person, except the lady of Beaujeu, his favourite daughter, and her husband. He endeavoured to persuade himself and others, that he might yet regain his health. In this flattering delusion, he sent to the farthest extremity of Italy, in order to seek a Calabrian hermit, eminent for sanctity, named Francisco da Paolo. Throwing himself on his knees before the monk on his arrival, Louis besought, with humble supplications, his interest with the Deity for the prolongation of his life.

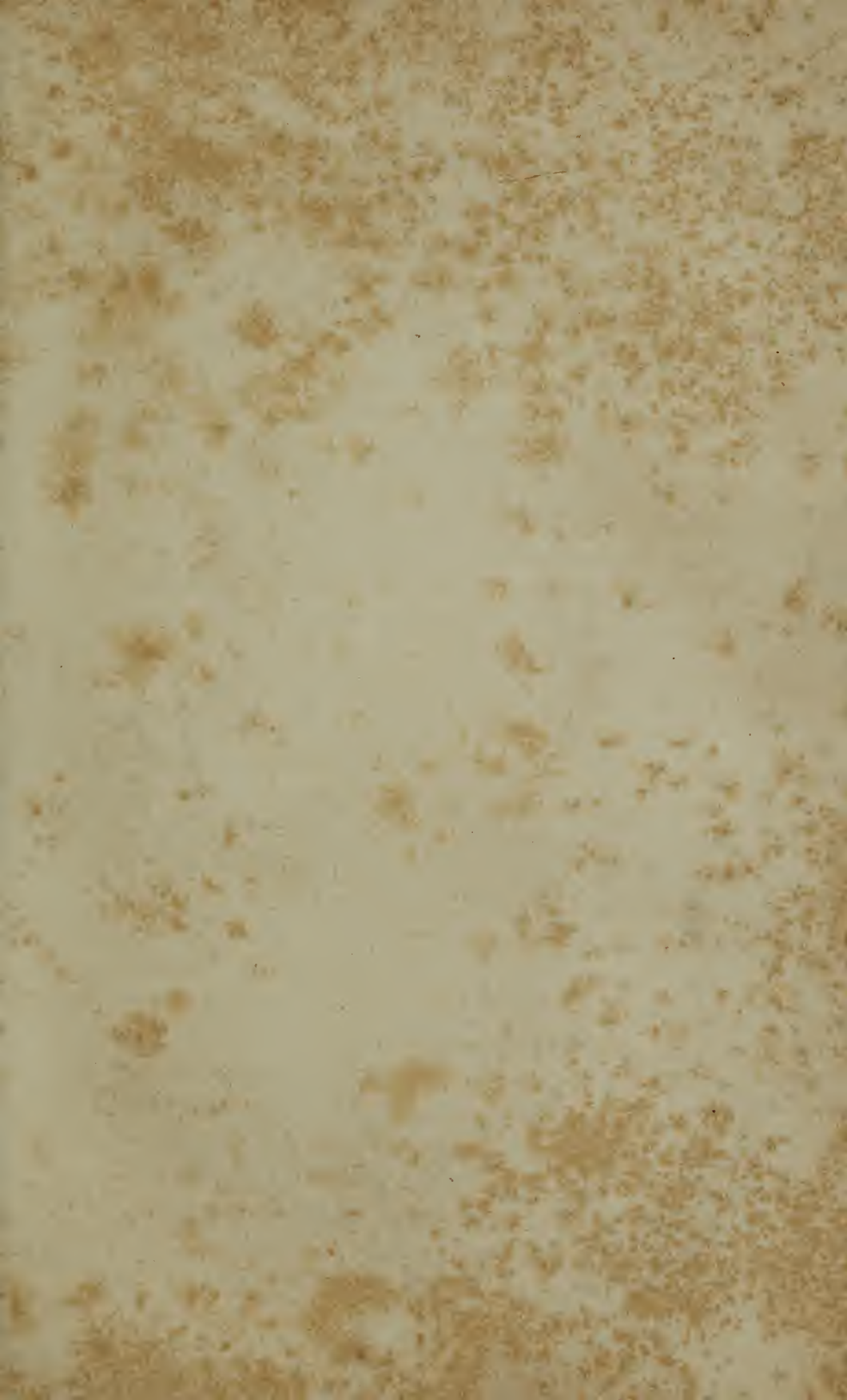
CHATEAU DE POLIGNAC.

ONE of the principal points of interest attaching to the town and vicinity of Le Puy, is the extraordinary character of those volcanic rocks which seem to surround the place on all sides. That of Corneille, which directly overhangs it, assumes the singular cubic form, which prevails so generally, and has a very picturesque appearance. The adjacent one of Polignac rises about half a league from the town; it is of an oblong sort of square, cut perpendicularly in three sides, and presents one large flat surface above, which was once the site of the castle bearing the same name. It is now only a broken mass, or rather a hedge of ruins, of which the strangely wild, yet picturesque, aspect, at once arrests the eye of the beholder. So much was Arthur Young, in his agricultural tour, struck with its romantic appearance, that, losing sight of fat soils and heavy produce, for a moment, he declared with enthusiasm, that, were it his, he would not part with it for a whole province.

The lofty and singularly situated position of this ancient castle, is seen to great advantage from the spot

which the artist selected for his sketch. The mountainous character, and the general sterility of the country, give to its ruins an additional air of wildness and desertion; and the same heavy and mournful aspect extends over the surrounding scenery, which is no way relieved by the rude monumental relique displayed, in the accompanying view, in its executive character of the cross. In the immediate neighbourhood, however, are several little villages, which, with their castles or churches erected upon the summit of the hills, give relief to the eye of the traveller; and, in many respects, if we allow for the prevailing want of foliage, remind him of some parts of Italy, from which the style of architecture, and the decoration of the houses, sometimes appear to have been borrowed.

After long research amidst the various relics of the decayed chateau, was discovered that celebrated head of Apollo, often mentioned by M. de Faujas, and other writers. It is a piece of rude sculpture, round and massy; the mouth is open, as if in the act of speech; "and, doubtless, for this reason," says a French writer, "it must have belonged to some divinity which gave forth oracles." The nose has been partially mutilated, as is the case with most part of the ancient statues. The beard, the hair, and the eyes, are in tolerably good preservation. The head is supposed to have belonged to a temple of Apollo, of which the site, rather than the ruins, is pointed out near the antique castle; and, on this authority, etymologists ventured to give the Latin words *Apollinis sacrum* to the family name of Polignac—a name now so vividly impressed upon the page of history,





Drawn by J. H. B. B. B.

CHATEAU DE POLIGNAC.

Engraved by Lloyd & Sons.

Engraved by James H. Allen.

as to call for no adventitious aid from heathen deities to perpetuate it. Instead, however, of the foregoing, M. de Faujas, with laudable zeal, has substituted the reading of *Pod-omniacus*, conformably with the Latin name given to the castle by Sidoine Apollinaire, whose words are exactly,—*nam vetus nomen arcis Podomniacus*.^{*} Now M. de Faujas ingeniously extracts the *pod* out of *podium*, which signifies *hauteur*, and *omniacus* from *omniacus*, deriving it from the word *omen*, an *oracle*. This last explanation, we conceive, renders the etymology of the house of Polignac the most satisfactory and edifying of the whole. Sidoine, more than once, makes mention of it, as if he considered it were his own peculiar patronymic. When chosen bishop of Clermont, it is pretended that he caused his brother to be elected viscount of Velai, and from that noble stem have sprung the successive counts of Polignac; whose name, observes another French writer, ought, strictly speaking, to have been formed of two Latin words, *Apollinaris arx*, (or read, *crux*) a new etymology which we willingly refer to the taste of amateurs. In the same castle was born the cardinal of Polignac, a celebrated diplomatist, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth,—more fortunate than his descendant, and the author of a Latin poem, entitled the *Anti-Lucrèce*; though it seems no way to have emanated from the *Arx Apollinaris* before mentioned. Nor do the early historical allusions to other members of the family, tend to create a favourable opinion of its good fortune. In the reign of

* For the benefit of antiquarian etymologists, see p. 43, Quarto Edition.

Charles VI., we find mention of a gentleman of the court, called the bastard of Polignac, and in connexion with an event of a tragical nature, both as regarded his own fate, and that of his royal master. He died by the king's hand as they were passing through a forest between the towns of Mons and La Fleche, at noon day; and so curious are the details of the fact, as given by French writers with that simplicity and vividness peculiar to the early historians, that we shall relate it nearly in the words of the author of "The Anonymous History of Charles the Sixth."

It appears that the king was on his march to invade the duchy of Bretagne, which had afforded protection to the assassin of Oliver de Clisson, constable of France. The culprit, sieur de Craon, had been in the service of the king's brother, Louis of Orleans, but an imprudent expression relative to the prince's amours, having escaped him in the hearing of Valentina, his consort, it came in turn to the ear of his master, who, not content with dismissing him, prevailed on his brother the king to banish him from the court. Craon having, before this, quarrelled with the constable, was led to attribute the whole of his disgrace to the influence of the latter, and determined to have a bitter revenge. As the constable was returning from the hotel de St. Pol, where Charles then held his court, he was set upon by his enemy at the head of twenty soldiers. The seigneur de Clisson made a desperate defence, and succeeded, though covered with wounds, in reaching the shop of a tradesman, at the door of which he dropped down exhausted with the loss of blood. Concluding that he

was slain, Craon, with the rest of the assassins, made his escape, and sought refuge in Bretagne.*

Incensed at the loss of the constable, the king demanded that the criminal should be delivered up to him, and, on the duke's refusal, prepared to enforce his demand at the head of a powerful army. It was early in the autumn; the heat of the weather was intense; but, bent upon his purpose, the king set out on his march to the confines of Brittany. As he was proceeding at some little distance from his attendants, through a large forest, there suddenly sprung up in his path, a gaunt, black figure, horrible and ragged in his attire, who ran directly towards the king. Seizing his horse's bridle he exclaimed, "Stop, stop, king! whither go you! you are betrayed!" having said which, the wild man as instantly disappeared in the recesses of the forest.

Although much surprised and agitated, the king did not lose his courage. He held on his way undismayed; but very soon afterwards, while still pondering on the occurrence, another accident, which, without the previous one, might have produced no ill consequence, wrought a strange and sudden effect upon the king's already excited mind. One of his followers, whose duty it was to bear the royal lance, overpowered by the sultry air, fell fast asleep upon his horse, and dropping the weapon, it struck upon the helmet which was also

* Ten years subsequent to his flight, the assassin obtained a pardon from the same monarch who had declared war, and prepared an army to obtain possession of his person. It was granted at the interview which took place between Charles VI. and Richard II. king of England, near Calais.

borne by another page. At the clashing sound thus suddenly made, and catching a glimpse of the falling lance, the ominous words of the strange man recurred so forcibly to the king's mind, that, supposing himself, betrayed to the enemy, he was seized with a sudden fit of phrenzy, and grasping his sword, indiscriminately attacked all around him. Besides the page who dropped his lance, he killed three persons, one of whom was a gentleman from Guyenne, by name the bastard of Polignac. He continued to slay and wound, till the sword by good chance breaking in the king's hand, he was at last, with extreme care and difficulty, disarmed and secured. So great was the violence of the fit, that on leaving him, he sunk down motionless and senseless, as if he were dead. There was only a feeble pulse to be felt about his heart, and slight remains of warmth which gave signs that he yet lived. Upon recovering his senses towards the third day, the king heard with horror of the misfortune which had befallen him. He implored pardon and absolution for the homicides which he had unwillingly committed on the person of M. de Polignac and others ;—nay, he solemnly vowed, as a greater expiation of his involuntary trespass, to pay a visit to the churches of our lady of Chartres and of St. Denis. Both of these promises he kept, with religious care, after his recovery.

Though ceremonies, like these, were of no utility to poor M. de Polignac and the other attendants who had fallen victims to the *Orlando furioso* exploit of their royal master, they seem to have produced a beneficial effect upon the monarch's mind.

He again joined in the entertainments of the court, when a fresh occurrence threw him into a still severer paroxysm than before. While dancing, at the celebration of the marriage of one of the queen's favourite ladies, a party of masques, linked together with chains, and counterfeiting a set of dancing bears, entered the ball-room. The duke of Orleans held out a torch to inspect them more nearly; and in so doing, a spark caught one of their dresses, which being rubbed with pitch was instantly in a flame, and spreading to the rest, the whole room, with its inflammable ornaments, became a mass of smoke and fire. The shrieks of the unhappy individuals so linked together were horrible; several were burnt to death, and the king was on the point of perishing, when the duchess of Berri, with admirable fortitude, threw her mantle over him, and succeeded in withdrawing him from peril.

From this period the king continued subject to repeated attacks of his disorder until the close of his life; and a strong belief in sorcery then prevailing, his renewed illnesses were attributed by the people to some evil agency, over which the incident of the forest-spectre threw a still darker and more superstitious shade. The arts of medicine being exhausted, Charles had recourse to all kinds of magicians, processions, and fasts, a resource, perhaps not without advantage, as far as such means may have influenced the imagination and calmed the mind.

It may be remarked, as somewhat singular, that while one king of France with his own hand deprived a Polognac of his life, an individual of the latter name should,

by his counsels—an odd sort of retributive justice—have deprived another king of France of his crown and kingdom. It is not less strange, that the successor of Charles VI. should have been residing at the time of the king's death within the precincts of the village of Polignac. The ruins of the chateau d'Espailly still recall to mind the retreat of Charles VII., when almost the whole of France lay subjected to the yoke imposed by the victorious arms of England. It was here he received the account of the death of his afflicted and unfortunate father, to whom we have already alluded; and it was here that he was crowned king in the year 1422, by the little knot of friends and retainers who had followed him. "The dauphin," observes the historian Mezerai, "was staying at the castle of Espailly, near Puy, when he received tidings of his father's death. On the first day he wore mourning; but on the ensuing morning he dressed himself in scarlet, and after attending mass, ordered the banner of France to be elevated in the chapel. The nobles who adhered to him then saluted him sovereign, with loud acclamations of "Vive le Roi."

Such, however, were the difficulties with which Charles VII. had to contend, that he was barely able to support his household by the sale of the queen's jewels and plate; and so great was the distress of the government, as well as the entire country, as to offer only a feeble opposition to the triumphant progress of the English. In a condition so desperate—scarcely surpassed by the unhappy fortunes of Maria de Medici, or the consort of Charles I., the king succeeded in

bringing over to his party the count of Richemont, so celebrated, at that period, for his military skill. But he found in him both a governor and a general ; for no sooner was he invested with command, than his rudeness of manners, and his ferocious disposition, set at defiance the feelings and wishes of the king. As grand constable of France, he presumed to extend his authority to other matters of state ; he proceeded in the most summary manner, ordering the king's nearest friends and favourites to be banished, or even drowned and stabbed in their unhappy master's presence. The two assassins of the duke of Burgundy, who had fled, he condemned to perpetual exile, and when he found that the seigneur de Gyac had succeeded them in the king's favour, he caused him to be seized by force at Issendun in Berri, and, after a mere mockery of trial, sentenced him to be drowned. His displeasure next fell upon a gentleman who stood equally high in his master's regard, the count de Beaulieu, who underwent a similar fate. The mareschal de Boussac, — the court being then at Poitiers, — obeyed the order of the savage Richemont, and killed the unfortunate courtier in the open streets, almost within sight of the insulted monarch.

It was less, however, to such an ally, than to the angry feuds of the English nobles, and the sudden appearance of that admirable and high-souled heroine, alike the glory and the shame of France, — the Maid of Orleans, that Charles owed the recovery of his dominions. Up to this period, fortune had, on all sides, declared in favour of his enemies ; and the disappointed

and insulted monarch was on the eve of sounding a retreat into the remoter provinces of Dauphiny and Auvergne, when the genius and courage of an enthusiastic girl gave a new aspect to the war. From the affection and noble-minded devotedness of woman, he may indeed be said to have received not only his crown, but all that was most estimable in his character; and the appearance, at the dawn of chivalry and romance, of two such exalted beings—however opposite in their peculiar sphere,—as Joan of Arc and Agnes de Soreille, engaged in the heroic task of rescuing their country from all the horrors of a foreign yoke, confers an imperishable lustre upon the character of their sex. The life and achievements of the Maid of Orleans, have been celebrated both in verse and prose, and, by the efforts of such gifted writers as Southey, have assumed their appropriate rank in the estimation of the world.

The fame of Agnes is less pure and lofty, but she had naturally a beautiful and noble mind. Her style of education, the times in which she lived, and her early introduction at a French court, may plead for her in mitigation of too harsh a judgment upon the single error of her life. She was of a noble family, which had been long in possession of the seignory of St. Geran and Coudun; and she first joined the court of Isabella, wife to René, of Anjou, and queen of Naples and Sicily. She next entered the train of Mary, the consort of Charles VII.; but while she failed to resist the allurements of a court, and the assiduities of a princely lover, she did not, with her fair maiden fame, sacrifice all better and nobler qualities of mind—her

elevation of character—her warm affection for those around her, and a disinterested devotion to the happiness and liberty of the French people. Nearly all writers of the time unite in extolling the firmness and patriotism with which, though tenderly attached, she sought to incite her royal lover to acts of greatness and courage. When Charles, one day in her presence, asked an astrologer respecting his future fortunes, and the result of the war against the English, Agnes followed his example, requesting to know her future fate. “You, madam,” replied the man of stars, “are destined to be long beloved by a mighty monarch.” “Will you permit me then, sire,” said Agnes to the king, “to retire from your court, and seek that of the English monarch, in order not to oppose my destiny? Doubtless that is the meaning of the prediction, since you are on the eve of losing your crown, which Henry seems about to unite with his own.”

It is believed that the French monarch was prudent enough to improve upon the hint thus delicately, yet reproachfully given; and it was requisite for him to summon all his fortitude, and hurry to the field, Henry VI. having at this period, (in the year 1432,) been solemnly crowned king of France and England, in the good city of Paris. Francis I., who in his calmer hours shewed an excellent judgment in appreciating merit, was known to express his admiration of the character and conduct of this accomplished and patriotic, yet gentle-hearted woman:—a sentiment which he sought to embody in four lines of fair poetry, and which shew the opinion then generally entertained of her.

“Gentille Agnes ! plus d’honneur tu merite,
La cause étant de France recouvrer,
Que ce qui peut dans un cloître ouvrir
Clause nonain, ou bien devote hermite.”

“Yes, thou fair Agnes ! brighter honour far
Was thine,—thy cause, loved France to reinstate—
Than aught that sad recluse within harsh grate,
Or hermit hoar, did gain ’neath humbler star.”

The view of the castle and village of this ancient and celebrated spot—rendered more interesting from the fortunes of the very old and distinguished family to which it belonged—was sketched from the old church porch. The village, indeed, is here but partially seen, extending out of sight much lower down to the left than it appears in the accompanying plate, and also behind the castle. It consists of a great number of buildings, similar in style and aspect with those we see chiefly erected round the base and acclivities of the rock on which the castle stands. The magnificent square tower here also introduced, is of very large dimensions, and, placed as it is, on the very edge of the precipitous rock, has a startling and imposing effect. Its bold and lofty, not to say perilous site, while it forms a singular contrast to the humbler edifices which it overlooks, combines admirably with the wild, romantic character of the surrounding scenery.

It is delightful to contemplate France and her gallant people in those happier days, before the rage of religious persecutions withered their energies, and distorted the spirit of her rulers ; when she shone in her native character of frank sociability, courtesy, and chivalrous exploit, united with a loyal-heartedness, whether as



CHATEAU, & VILLAGE OF POLIGNAC.



regarded her princes, or devotion to honour and to beauty ; in all which she was excelled by no country of the earth. The picture of her domestic habits and manners was also, at that chivalrous period, no less engaging, as it has been drawn by an imaginary traveller of the fourteenth century, with whose narrative we have often had occasion to enrich our pages.

“The count d’Etampes next invited me,” says our old French tourist, “to come and join in the festivities which were in active preparation at his residence, the mere rumours of which had spread abundance of expectation and delight, not only through the castle, but the adjacent hamlets and farms of old Polignac. Shrove Tuesday was about to be celebrated with all due religious fervour and holiday animation, suiting with such a festival, and I resorted to the scene in the sweet hope also of encountering the eyes of one, of whose too seducing presence I was almost afraid. Of a truth I found she was come, dressed in a most fascinating manner ;—a short blue robe, without ruffles, under which she wore a pink-coloured petticoat with fringes, reaching down as low as her pretty foot. Her fair tresses were gathered up into a golden fold, and her fairer brow was crowned with a small hoop of precious stones. From her girdle hung the almoner’s bag, embroidered in silk of a thousand hues, and representing in the midst of a forest of arabesques, two young girls engaged in the cruel sport of sawing in two a lover’s heart.* There was already assembled a pretty large

* See “Les Monumens du XIV. Siècle,” as represented in the noble work of M. Willemin.

group of chevaliers and ladies, and I found that I had just arrived in time to take part in a new kind of entertainment; I allude to the celebration of the mysteries which have since become public, but which made their first début at this period of the fourteenth century. After a variety of preliminary arrangements had been made, they afforded the following exhibition.

“The count stepping forward, now addressed the company: ‘You, good citizens, villagers, and people, both lay and church; — the breath of fervent piety hath inspired in us the design of representing for the edification of the faithful, and the conversion of poor sinners, some certain mysteries in which will appear exposed to your view the martyrdoms and the miracles of our saints. You, good citizens, villagers, and servitors of the state, whom God preserve in his holy keeping, you are met to celebrate the good shrove-tide in this venerable church of Polignac, by representing to the life the persons of the famous saints, while others will play the part of the accursed Saracens—recreant, vile, and cruel;—and a few more, that of the Father Eternal, the Virgin mother, the angels, and the whole of the plenary court of Paradise. And the better to be heard and seen, they will appear upon trestles, which they will call a *theatre*, and in a costume agreeable to the times. At the foot of this stage there will be stationed a body of musicians, to accompany with their instruments the holy song, and the acts. The *Brothers of the Passion*, as the said citizens and villagers will be designated, did humbly petition the good king for letters-patent to play these excellent mysteries at the

pilgrimage of St. Maur, and our lady of Le Puy, and in the church of the ancient village of Polignac. At each and all of these good places, they will cheerfully bear the burden of the charges for raising the said theatre for representing such mysteries of the church, and which shall be entitled, 'The Theatre of the Holy Trinity.'

“‘The *Brothers of the Passion*, having solicited us for our best influence to obtain the benevolent patronage of the king, we have admitted them into our presence, to judge of the merit and utility of these spectacles, which it is proposed to bring before the public. They have consented to exhibit to us not only the subject of their mysteries, but have made ready in our servants' hall their trestles and other machinery, in order to give us an ocular demonstration of their *savoir faire*.’

“After having thus spoken, to the infinite satisfaction of the audience, the count gave orders for the said brethren to be admitted. They appeared, six in number, dressed in little pourpoints, with leathern girdles; their hair was tied up, ending in a little tuft over the temples, and on their hands they wore mittens, made of the chamois leather. They brought along with them a certain cordelier, who had prepared a learned discourse, for the special purpose of explaining the importance, no less than the holiness, of the aforesaid mysteries. This good ecclesiastic, nothing doubting but that the authorization which had been solicited by the brethren would be granted, had already taken measures with the official agents and the bishop of Paris, to have the hour of vespers anticipated, so as to

give more time to pious people to go and see the exhibition, between the church and the supper hours.

“The cordelier having requested permission to speak, which was readily granted, he opened his address, in the name of the *Brothers of the Passion*,—not without having first made the sign of the cross, in the following manner :—

“‘ You, noble lords, and fair ladies, here present ;— Saint Thomas the Apostle refused to believe in the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, unless he were permitted to put his fingers into those divine wounds ; and this teaches us that the unbelievers will give faith only to what they see with their own eyes. It is, therefore, to leave infidelity without excuse, that the Brethren of the Passion have resolved, with the good pleasure of the king, to exhibit the sufferings, the martyrdom, and the death of saints, the better to rouse and enliven the faith of the lukewarm and the back-sliding, and that there may accrue a little larger portion of glory and honour to the blessed men, the blood of whom caused to flourish the sacred tree of the church.

“‘ Perhaps you may have some curiosity to know, my noble lords and fair dames, whether it be by way of revelation, or by force of natural intelligence, that the Brethren of the Passion hit upon so blessed a design. I will tell you, then, that a number of their body having gone to the *pardons* (absolutions) in the churches of Polignac and Ville Juy, whither the pilgrims resort in great solemnity and respect, on the first day of May, to salute the shrines of St. Cyr and St. Juliette, with the blessed relics, they saw under the shadow of this

church, certain four pilgrims, with their poor tent, their scrips, and the cape of their robes and bonnets well and duly tricked out with cockle shells. They were singing canticles to the sound of the rebecque; and when, by their thrilling music, they had gathered around them a sufficient assemblage, they began in the most lamentable voice to celebrate the passion of our Lord, in such lugubrious strain, indeed, as they had been taught it, by the father-guardians of his blessed tomb.*

“The auditory now melted into tears, and never had they been heard to pray more devoutly. The citizens conceived that it would be a marvellous good thing to bring into action the lives of the saints, and all the holy mysteries, in place of the old sports of the *jeux partis*, and the *fableaux à personnages* with which the jongleurs, for these two centuries, have gone about amusing the castles in the country, and the cross-ways of the cities.

“‘England has already conceived this most edifying design; and Geoffrey, abbé of Saint Alban, introduced into that noble isle, so emulous of chivalry and song, the excellent representation of those mysteries and miracles, which are at this time the delight of the London citizens.

“‘And next, in order that you may not accuse the

* The same custom was observed, likewise, by the pilgrims who returned from the tomb of St. James de Compostella; from the Sainte Beaume, in Provence; from Mount St. Michael, and our Lady of Puy, &c. &c. They composed canticles during their pilgrimages, in which they introduced recitals of the life and death of the saints, of whom they had visited the different shrines.

good Brothers of the Passion, of having promised more than they will be able to perform, you must know that they have already gotten by heart fifteen *mysteries* and twelve *miracles*. Moreover, they have made a number of machines, pullies, wild-beast jackets, and instruments of martyrdom, all very rare and ingenious, and of which I shall give part of the inventory :—

“ ‘ *Imprimis*.—A paradise exhibited upon a throne, with golden rays shining all around it ; and above it a learned picture, shewing the nine orders of the angels in rows one above another.

“ ‘ *Second*.—A hell, in the shape of an immense dragon’s jaws, which shut and open of themselves by help of invisible cords and pullies, and through which the demons make their exits and their entrances.

“ ‘ *Third*.—A large wheelbarrow, in which Satan is accustomed to wheel away the souls of unfortunate sinners.

“ ‘ *Fourth*.—Large iron combs, with which to card the flesh of the martyrs ; mallets, whips, thumb-screws, and other instruments of torture at the discretion of the executioners.

“ ‘ *Fifth*.—The skins of lions, tigers, and bears, to give a natural appearance to those savage beasts, whose office it was to devour the martyrs alive.

“ ‘ *Sixth*.—And, lastly, the band of musicians, with their *citrens*, cornets, trumpets, violins, micamons, psalteries, flageolets, with other instruments, to be blown by all the children of the choir, who will have the honour of representing the lesser angels and cherubs.’

“After the reading of this strange inventory, the cor-delier added, ‘Noble lords, and you, fair dames, are now invited to pass into the interior of the church, where the Brethren of the Passion will have the honour of giving you the mystery of St. Andrew.’ We accordingly passed into the place, where the brothers to the number of one hundred were in readiness. On the two sides of the scene of representation were arranged seats, on which the actors might rest after the pains of martyrdom, and while so seated, they were presumed to be absent; and above these again were seen the seats and the noble galleries, assigned for the convenience of the spectators. In this we first behold the prefect, Egeas, whom his relatives and friends are trying to dissuade from putting Andrew to death. At first, he appears inclined to yield to their remonstrances, upon the simple condition, that the object of his lenity should bow down and worship the idols. There were sent two lovely nymphs to tempt him farther to abjure the self-denying religion of Jesus. These fair daughters of frailty were in complete deshabelle, in the manner of the penitents when they proceed on the expiatory processions, and of the adulterers in the progresses they are condemned to make through the town upon a market day; or such, as on occasion of the entrances of our kings, we see at the fountain of Ponceau—fair girls, without any incumbrances of art—playing the part of sirens, and reciting anthems and pretty pastoral strains.

“This exhibition having caused some to laugh, and others to murmur, one of the brethren advanced with a grave step towards the spectators, and implored their

indulgence upon the score of economy in their costume.* Andrew now invokes St. Antony, who had shewn his prowess in this line upon a like occasion, and very soon the two ladies of pleasure were metamorphosed into the like number of beasts. The transformation was most adroitly performed by flinging over their fair shoulders some formidable-looking sheep skins.

“The prefect having exhausted his persuasive arts to induce Andrew to deny the true God, abandoned him to the care of the executioners. Armed with whips, pincers, and clubs, these gentry began to torment the good saint in right earnest; he appeared to be bleeding in many parts without uttering a complaint; and the best actor of the part was he who bore these singular assaults with the most exemplary indifference. Often, indeed, these rascally perpetrators of martyrdom seemed to do their best to extort a remonstrance, giving the saints ample opportunity to do themselves honour by being tortured in good style, and acquitting themselves of their infernal duty most conscientiously. Soon, however, they were enabled to aspire to the same honour they had inflicted; for when they had quite finished the martyrdom of Andrew, they were struck with sudden blindness, and began to lay about them with their clubs, hitting each other hard knocks, as if fearful of compromising their character if they at all minced the matter, in the eyes of the spectators. Upon taking their seats of absence, all breathless, wounded, and smashed, they complimented each other with singular sincerity and modesty; and it was perhaps the only species of success which excited

* *Vita vel Tragœdia beatæ Barbaræ.*

no kind of envy in their companions. The prefect had remained upon the stage ; his body about half changed into that of a huge pasteboard horse upon which he rode ; but hardly had Andrew uttered the last sigh than the animal reared up, and cutting the wildest capers in the world, dislodged the unlucky pagan from his seat, who died of the pagan horse's kick in a few moments. It was then the pious brethren drew forward upon the stage two huge machines, constructed upon wheels, the one representing the *easy arm-chair of paradise*, and the other, the vast maw of the great dragon of the deep. In the arm-chair of paradise sat a figure, meant to represent the Father Eternal, arrayed in a figured robe, with coat of arms, and a crown upon his head ; upon his right stood Peace and Mercy, and on his left hand were Hope and Truth. The Father ordered two angels, who were playing *à la Merelle*,* at the foot of the throne, to go and look out for the soul of St. Andrew, in order that it might be placed in the green of delights. On the other side, the great gules of the dragon opened wide and fiery, like an oven or large lime-kiln ; and from the bottom of this smoky abyss came the hoarse and terrible voice of Satan, who on receiving intelligence of the death of Andrew, exclaimed, '*J'enrage de joie !*' But a demon informing him farther, that the prefect, Egeas, had likewise given up the ghost, he instantly despatched two of his police, to take possession of his soul. The angels and the demons meet to decide the question upon the stage ; and the champions of heaven having sung a long *benedicamus* in rhyme, the emissaries

* A game of old times, in France, called " five-penny morris."

of the other side forthwith took to flight, but carried along with them the soul of the prefect, while they howled forth in chorus the following infernal strain,—thus plainly, if not congenially, *done* into English :—

“ More he has, the more he burns for,
Lucifer, our *grand diable*;
Come in showers, yet he has horns for
All ye mortal, sinning rabble !

“ Ever will he seek for more,
He loves a full, high-flavoured table,
When full, he’s hungry as before,
Lucifer, our *grand diable*.”

“ After the close of the piece, a brother came forward to recite some verses, in honour of the assembly ; and the count d’Etampes ordered a rich robe, with a crown of artificial flowers, to be presented to him, as a token of the lively approbation of the assembly.

“ When the fraternity of the Passion had withdrawn to their respective domiciles, every one began to descant upon the nature of their new undertaking. Some said that it was praiseworthy, and that it opened nobler paths to human intellect and human improvement, which would one day confer equal honour and applause upon the originators of it ;—others again were of opinion, that from taking upon them the part of heaven and its angels, they would learn to play the actor before human beings, so as to excite the passions by the too warm recital of love, temptations, and trials of the senses. That if these exhibitions were permitted upon the work days, it would prove too onerous a thing for the occupations of the citizens ; and that if they were to be given on the

festivals and Sundays, it would be directing into a mere worldly, if not a corrupt and sinful channel, that zeal which should be employed in contrite prayer. In every point of view, indeed, they maintained that good family customs would suffer in consequence; for that, instead of assembling every evening round the social hearth, which keeps alive hereditary traditions, customs, and recollections hallowed by time, whole families would be running here and there in search of public exhibitions and pleasures, which are never to be partaken of without alloy. ‘Hold, hold,’ cried the Sire de Savoisy; ‘my good lords, this is too thick a shower of reason for this good Shrove Tuesday. All I have got to say respecting the pleasant farce of the Brethren of the Passion, is, that they have been much better amused in possessing this ingenious novelty, than we ourselves. We must not permit these geniuses to boast of a pleasure, which we can so easily lay our *lay* claim to. I propose, then, that we should represent among us the ‘Procession of Renard,’ or the ‘Ballet of the Beasts.’ The idea was relished, and the young lords and gentry of my acquaintance drew me aside, that we might confer, and fix upon the different characters and dresses.”

VIC.

Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field.

POPE.

Vic, a little town situated upon the river Cere, in the department of Mont Cantal, in high Auvergne, boasts little in its modern appearance to attract our notice. The approach to it, however, is striking and pleasing, from the views in the vicinity, its very appropriate site, and its neat, well-constructed buildings. At one period it grew into high repute for the efficacy of its waters; and numbers, both of the French themselves and of strangers, were accustomed to resort to the spot. Doctor Antoine, a native of Murat, who had first the merit of making them celebrated, had the satisfaction at once of witnessing their good effects, and acquiring a host of patients, among whom many a *malade imaginaire* is said to have taken leave of him with gratitude, congratulating himself upon an almost miraculous cure.

After passing the mountains of the Cantal, the traveller descends into a beautiful valley, which conducts him, at its termination, to the town of Aurillac. Besides

that of Vic, which is one of the most curious and considerable, there are other villages interspersed through the valley, of which the style of building is very remarkable, — presenting, as it does, a combination of the Swiss, the French, and the Italian. Proceeding in a southerly direction from the summit of the mountain, the eye of the tourist is gladdened by a remarkably striking and agreeable contrast to the ascent on the north side; affording, at each step, a picture of almost every intermediate variety between a northern and a southern climate. The road, however, it should be remarked, is broken and even dangerous in some parts, doubtless from want of sufficient communication between this and the adjacent places. But it is not so much in itself, as for its historical associations, its connexion with early poetry and letters, and the terrific wars of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, that Vic and its vicinity claim at once a proud and a mournful interest in the traveller's mind. The sufferings inflicted upon it by the English in the days of our Edwards, and especially by the Black Prince, are still unforgotten, contrasting strangely with its more agreeable recollections of the gay troubadour, the fame of its learned monks, and the union, in the thirteenth century, of monk and minstrel, in the person of the admired Montaudon; — the reputation of the advocate, William Consul; John of Lestrieres; and, in particular, the academician, Louis de Boissy, the poet, who died in the year 1785.

Persecution is possessed of a very catholic spirit, its faith in the sword has stood the test of ages; it has

every where usurped the empire of true religion ; is the only doctrine which has not made room for a successor ; and of which the authority could not be shaken. The experience of the slave lays the surest foundation for the cruelty of the future master ; and it was thus, that the Christian religion, after undergoing the fiery ordeal of the heathen, turned its triumphant arms against its enemies, and taught a tremendous lesson, in succession, to the Heathen, the Jew, the Saracen, and the Reformer. The same spirit which dictated the crusades to the East, gave rise to the persecutions of the West ; and they who called themselves Christians, having exhausted the blood and treasure of the infidel, began to deluge their native lands with christian and kindred blood. Such was the terrific scene so long displayed by almost every European country, and by none more than France, when she once seized the fire-brands of religious wrath, and vied with Spain herself in zeal for an established church, with its exclusive system of law and doctrine, outstripping every other nation in its fierce and sanguinary career.

Philip II., surnamed Augustus, from the month in which he was born, was educated by priests, and had scarcely mounted the throne, when he resolved to put their maxims into execution, and signalize his ardour in the cause of Christianity, by destroying all his fellow-creatures whom he deemed inimical to its faith. On the same day, and at the same hour, while his Jewish subjects were peaceably assembled in their synagogues, offering up adoration to their common Father, they were suddenly surrounded by bands of soldiers, cast into

dungeons, and deprived of their entire property. He at the same time issued an edict relieving from responsibility all persons who owed any thing to Jews, upon the condition that they paid one-fifth of the sum so due into the king's treasury. The synagogues were ordered to be converted into churches, and, after the approaching festival of St. John, the whole tribe were to be expelled the kingdom. It was in vain they addressed themselves to the nobility and clergy; they departed from the land with their wives and children, in sorrow and desolation, with only a small pittance from the sale of their effects. The Jews of Toulouse alone were enabled to remain and keep possession of their privileges, the great vassals of the crown shewing no disposition to enforce the king's ordinances.

One of his next edicts went to suppress the utterance of oaths, and all kinds of swearing; for which purpose, spies and informers were sent on all sides to seize on the offender, who, in a moment of passion or intoxication, should be overheard by them. The better ranks were condemned in the penalty of twenty sols, and the poor to be thrown into the river; "for the king held in horror and abomination," say the Chronicles of St. Denis, "those fearful oaths which vile gamblers and other idle people are apt to utter over their dice, or their cups, in taverns." He renewed the persecutions against the Paterins, who, carrying reform into their moral life, as well as their doctrine, were remarkable for the extreme austerity of their habits, refusing even to indulge in the state of marriage. To Philip,—deciding, at fifteen, upon questions which had occupied sages during their lives,

the infliction of death did not seem too severe for any departure from his own doctrine. "He tore them from their places of concealment," and, according to the same chronicle, "he made them pass through short, temporary flames, in order to forward them to those eternal flames which awaited them."

The ready instrument of priestly domination, he soon directed its wrath against some refractory barons who had given umbrage to several churchmen, either by actual pillage, or too strict an exercise of their privileges. Three of the most powerful of them were compelled to restore to the ecclesiastics the entire property of which, the latter boldly asserted, they had been despoiled. Having thus signalized his fanatical zeal, Philip displayed the same haughty and domineering character both towards the nobles and the people, and the same oppressive conduct as regarded his own family. By his marriage with Isabel of Hainault, he had united, on the female side, the house of Capet with that of Charlemagne; yet it gave rise to general discontent. A convocation of the nobles protested against the undue precipitation in regard to the whole proceeding, and even declared, that Isabel of Hainault was not of rank and lineage sufficiently distinguished to wear the crown of France.

In addition to the evils of religious persecution and civil faction, we learn from the Abbé St. Geneviève, sent about the same period on his mission to the south, "that he was in constant danger of his life from bands of robbers, — Cotereaux, Basques, and Arragonese; that ravaged towns everywhere met the eye, — villages,

hamlets, and houses, consumed by fire,—so that the image of death and desolation rose on all sides upon the startled sight.”

Even peace added to the numbers of these marauders, their service being no longer required, though preferred to that of the feudal militia in time of war,—for, being destitute of all moral or social ties, they obeyed their chiefs with more sanguinary zeal. France became a prey to rapine, and neither the general nor local governments subjected these adventurers to the control of the laws. The people, however, did not remain passive victims; deserted by their kings and magistrates, they determined to act in their own defence. A poor man, a carpenter of Auvergne, named Durand, believed that he had seen a vision of the Holy Virgin; she exhorted him to go forth, and preach a league in defence of peace, and the banishment of the Brabançons, and all other robbers. He was joined by the bishop of Puy-de-Velay, at the head of twelve leading citizens belonging to the town, who aided the visionary in the establishment of rules for the society of pacificators, or *capuchons*, a name derived from a sort of woollen cap worn by them as a distinctive badge. They were further designated by little lead or pewter images of the Virgin attached to the breast. In becoming members of this society they renounced neither their order nor their dress; bound themselves by no vows of obedience or abstinence, not even abstaining from marriage. They simply promised to devote themselves manfully to the maintenance of peace, and to hasten at the first summons to repress and to punish every species of

injury. A society, thus founded on courage and wisdom, soon spread its branches on all sides ; it became disciplined, and, on the 20th of July, 1183, it surrounded at Chateau-dun, a body of more than 7,000 adventurers, not one of whom escaped. The credit of this exploit was in part given to King Philip, on account of his having sent a reinforcement of soldiers in aid of the society. But the priests took the chief merit to themselves, for if they did nothing to achieve the victory, they did all they could to excite the conquerors to slaughter when it was won. They also required that the prisoners who had escaped the first fury of the battle, should be delivered into their hands ; among whom were found fifteen hundred women of loose character. These they put to the torture, and then burnt them as heretics, by a slow fire ; for the adventurers whom the women accompanied, "had been in the habit of burning churches, and dragging away the priests and pious men, whom they termed *cantadors*, by way of derision, and after beating and tormenting them, the *cantadors cantets*."

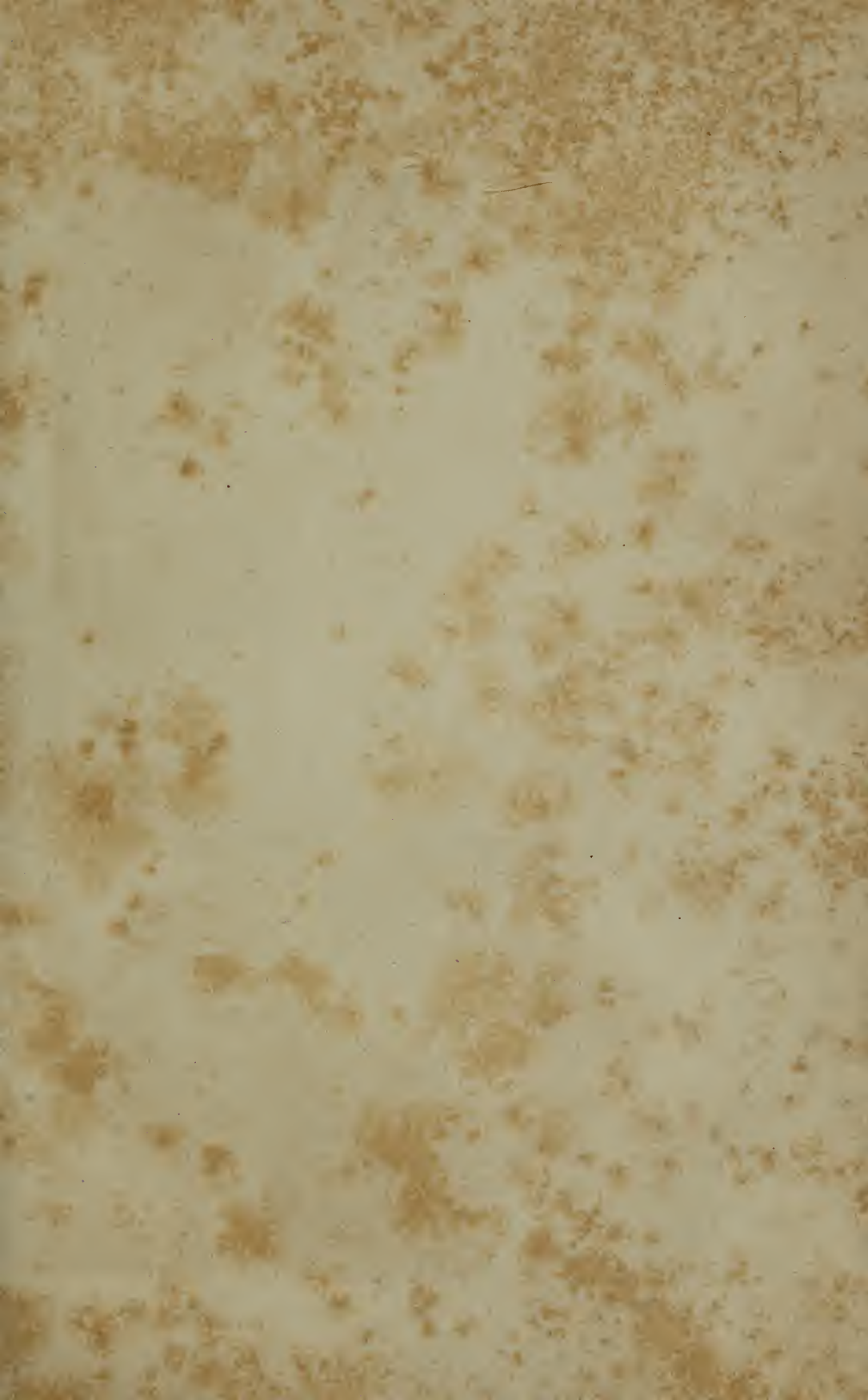
The priests, however, while they fulminated their edicts against men in arms, reserved the full power of the ecclesiastical arm to fall upon the humbled sectarians,—the poor *paterins*, who had only their simple virtues and austerities of life to recommend them. More respected by the people for their excellent precepts, they daily gained ground in the provinces, to the disadvantage of the monks. William, archbishop of Rheims, and Count Philip of Flanders, holding a meeting at Arras, in 1183, "numbers of heretics were

accused before them, both noble and plebeian, clerks, chevaliers, peasants, virgins, widows, and married women." By a decree of the archbishop and the count, the whole of them were seized, committed to the flames, and their property divided between the prelate and the prince. Henry II. of England was almost the only monarch who, resisting the fanatical plague that raged throughout so many countries of Europe, refused "to convert his kingdom into one vast slaughter-house, and diffuse the light of learning and religion by the faggot and the burning ploughshare." It was to punish what the church called this crime, that heaven, it was declared, struck him in the person of his own son.

The war continued with unabated vigour throughout the south of France. Raymond V. had entered into an alliance with the younger Henry, in preference to conciliating his father; and thus, on the death of that prince, he found himself engaged with two powerful enemies, Alphonso II. of Arragon, and Henry II. of England. He sought a refuge from the storm in a stricter alliance with Hugh III. duke of Burgundy; he gave him in marriage Beatrice, the widow of his son, and heiress of the count of Albon. It was by this alliance that Dauphiny passed into a branch of the house of Burgundy. He found support likewise from the lords of Aquitania, who had shewn great attachment to Henry-au-Court-Mantel; — Bertrand de Born, sire of Hautefort; the counts of Perigord and Angoulême; the viscounts of Vendalour and Limoges. He could not, however, protect Bertrand de Born, the instigator of

all the revolts of the young English prince. Henry II. laid siege to Hautefort, and took from him his castle so named. It was subsequently restored, in consideration of the memory of his unfortunate son ; while Bertrand de Born, the bravest of all the troubadours of this romantic epoch, sung the fame of these exploits in those *sirventes* which still survive.

Bertrand was not only a faithful adherent of Henry-au-Court-Mantel ; he was remarkable as the most constant and irreconcilable enemy of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by his brutal excesses, had alienated from him the whole body of Aquitanian nobles. It is stated, that he carried from their homes the wives and daughters of the first gentlemen of the province, and, after dishonouring them, cast them, as a present, to his no less brutal soldiery. Bertrand, whom no scruples of delicacy prevented from consigning such actions to the execration of the world, through the medium of his poetry, might easily excite the popular mind to some fresh insurrection ; and it was the knowledge of this which induced Henry II. to wish for Richard's quitting the province. He, in fact, proposed to him, that he should yield it up in favour of his fourth brother, John, surnamed Lackland, from the circumstance of his not then having received any territorial allotment. The sword was then the great arbiter of princely differences. Henry commissioned his younger sons to lead an army against their brother ; but the expedition produced no results.





Engraved by W. R. R. R. R.

AURILLAC.

Drawn by L. L. L.

AURILLAC.

Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

GOLDSMITH.

THE town of Aurillac is entitled, for many reasons, to be considered the little capital of its department ; it is one of the most spacious, populous, and pleasing in its aspect, of any in the region of Cantal. No traveller can view, without interest, the ancient chateau of St. Stephen, nor without approbation, the Hotel de Ville, to say nothing of the prefecture, the exhibition room, college, hospital, the barracks, the baths, courts of justice, and the churches. Many writers pretend to trace the origin of Aurillac to Marcus Aurelius Antoninus ; and this certainly tends to raise its pretensions in the eyes of posterity ; others again maintain, that it was founded by St. Gerand, towards the close of the ninth century ; and this, on the other hand, shews a little too much modesty, as the following will make clear. Odillon, a contemporary of the said St. Gerand, declares, that he is a native of Aurillac, and that his father was interred in the church of the same town. It would not be worth while, therefore, to insist longer upon its claims to antiquity. It is with towns as with men ; their pretensions to remote beginning are seldom

advanced by those that have other and better titles to our respect or admiration; but Aurillac is not to be included in this exclusive circle.

“Faithful among the faithless ever found,” and always the victim of her fidelity and truth, this lovely town has rendered itself but too celebrated. Like the mother of the Gracchi, she might point confidently to her children, as the richest ornament which she possessed. Each successive age presented her with sons, emulative of the true nobility of their sires;—great men, who flourished in their respective career,—in the church, at the bar, on the tented field,—in every region in which genius could open a path, or worth adorn it.

As early as the tenth century, before the light of learning shone upon Italy, Gerbert became distinguished as an orator, theologian, poet, physician, musician, and the greatest astronomer of his age. He was the preceptor of Robert, son of Hugh Capet, and of two of the emperors, one of whom was Otho III., who afterwards became pope, under the name of Silvester II. It is to him we owe the employment of the Arabic characters which he brought from Spain, and also the improved principle of clocks with balance-wheels. Next to Gerbert ranks William, the seventy-fifth bishop of Paris; John de Cinq-Arbres, professor of the Hebrew language; Pierre de Cambe-fort, called the learned; Geraud Vigier, the marshal, and the cardinal of Noailles, Peganiol de la Force; Fontanges de Velzic, de la Rode, and the architect, William Trapezat.

Aurillac, likewise, boasts the honour of having had a poet, the graceful Maynard, to preside within its walls

as president; and M. de Monthion, as its lord-lieutenant, or *intendant*. The latter, in a year of extreme dearth, generously expended large sums for the relief of the unhappy people, employing great numbers in the completion of a noble promenade, which bears his name. An obelisk formerly bore record of his benefactions; and the following lines, written by the academician, Thomas, in honour of a public benefactor, were inscribed upon it. So rare a kind of fame, acquired by public men in these or in any times, merits all the popularity that can be conferred upon it; and no apology need be advanced for giving such an eulogy insertion here. Happy for humanity were it to be inscribed over every palace, official department, and court of justice, throughout modern European governments, in letters of gold:—

Nourrir un peuple entier, de famine expirant,
 Par les mains de ce peuple embellir cette ville,
 Rendre le malheur même utile,
 Enfin par ces vertus faire adorer son rang,
 De Monthion ce fut l'ouvrage;
 Puisse ce monument à jamais respecté
 Transmettre à la postérité
 Nos maux et ses bienfaits, sa gloire et notre hommage.

To snatch a suffering people from despair,
 With their own works t' adorn their native sphere;
 Turning to use e'en misery's tear;
 To make rank loved by wisdom's, virtue's care,
 Was the good Monthion's glad employ;
 And may this monument, dear to our eyes,
 Teach future times to prize
 Acts bright as his, and mark our grateful joy.

The obelisk, however, was subsequently replaced by a public fountain and column, and the same tribute to

his virtues was deposited also in a glass case, at the base of the foundation, to perpetuate, as far as may be, the memory of his good deeds.

Hours may be pleasantly spent by the stranger in a town which, somewhat too rarely, contains evidences on every side of the union of talents, courage and virtue; and the tourist cannot take leave of Aurillac, without entertaining a higher opinion of human nature, and a feeling of mingled approbation and regret.

At a little distance to the left, appears Crandelles, formerly known for its society, called *de Chinon* and *Naval Carnerous*;—a commercial association, remarkable for the wisdom of its regulations, but which was nearly destroyed in the wars with Spain. It possessed magazines in all the leading towns of the kingdom, and established credits and correspondence with almost the whole of trading Europe.

There is much to interest the eye of the traveller as he passes along the high road from Clermont to Aurillac; and more particularly from the village of Royat, where he observes, at a little distance, the baths and mountains of Mont Dore, once so frequently visited by the more illustrious patients of the French capital, and about to be sought at the moment this is written for their healing properties, by one of the first ministers and marshals of France. There are few excursions more agreeable, during a visit to the chief city of Auvergne, than may be made to these spots, abounding as they do with a variety of objects, worthy the attention of the man of science, or of letters, and inferior only in attraction to the grand Puy, which is seen at five or six

leagues' distance, looking "from his throne of clouds" over half his subject regions below.

Upon the same route from Clermont to Aurillac, is another branch road, of more recent construction, and approaching it more directly by several leagues, besides opening a second communication between Clermont and Limoges, and uniting also with that already formed through Aubusson.

In early times, Aurillac and its dependencies were subjected, like many other towns of Auvergne and Languedoc, to sudden incursions of the same wild bands, called *routiers*, who made their campaigns, and levied contributions, upon THEIR OWN ACCOUNT, like the mightier bandits, in whose armies they often served.

Not unfrequently, also, they were engaged by the English kings who invaded France; and under one of them, in 1183, they laid waste the whole Limousin, and extended their inroads as far as Lower Languedoc. In the ensuing year, they passed into the province of Auvergne, where they placed the old abbey of Aurillac* under heavy contribution. Raymond, son of Count Raymond V. of Toulouse, and who subsequently became both so celebrated and so unfortunate, putting himself at the head of these fierce *routiers*, attacked the French provinces, under the sway of the kings of England, and materially assisted in restoring the ancient limits of the kingdom.

* "Do not forget," says the Gourmand's Guide, "to secure a treat of that fine succulent cheese of Mont d'Or; and if they tell you it came from M. Chapsal at Aurillac,—then bless your stars."

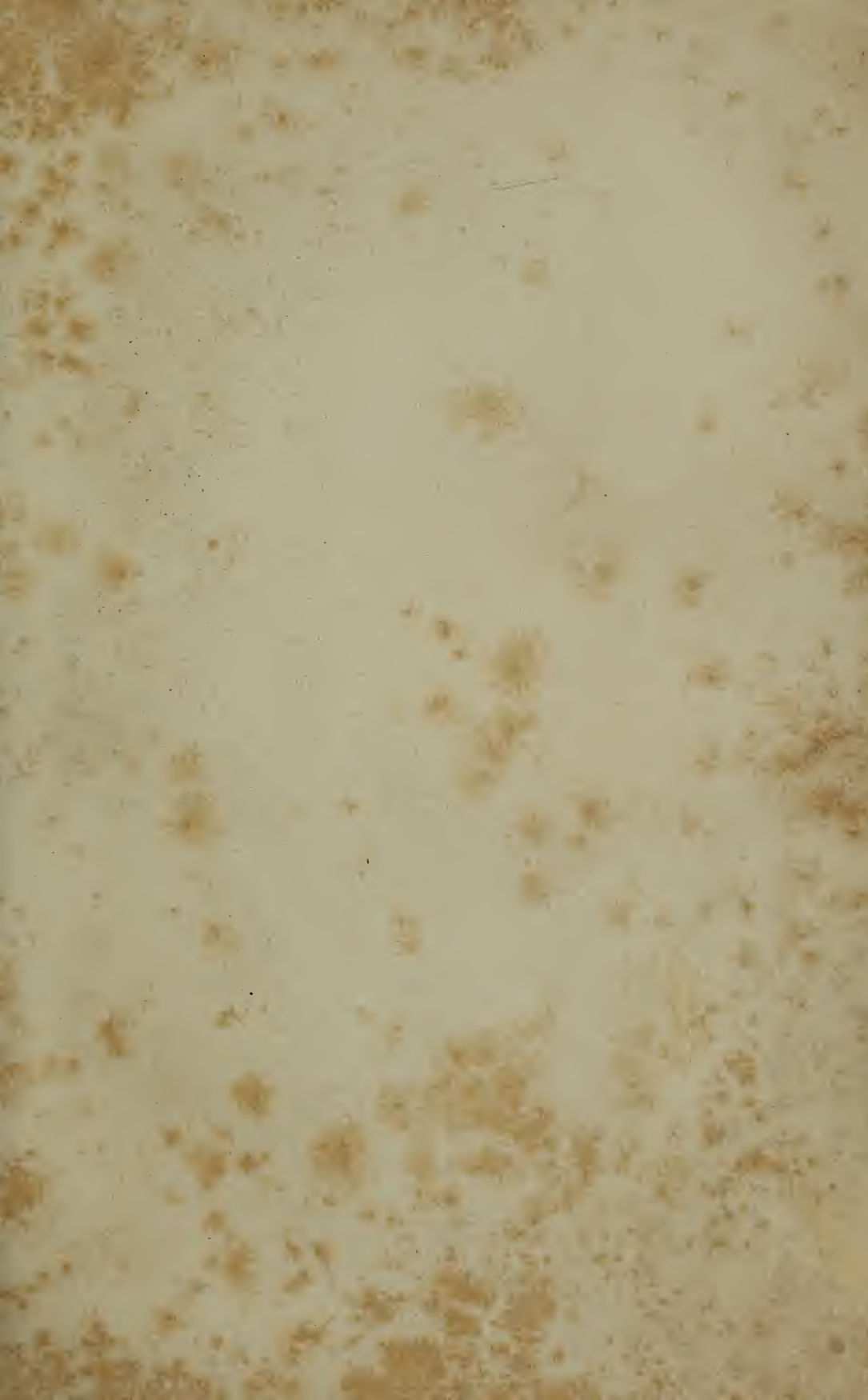
MONTPELLIER.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !

SCOTT.

MANY a melancholy feeling is associated with the name of Montpellier. The young and beautiful have made their graves beneath its shades ;—hopes, which have revived at the prospect of its bright skies, have been cruelly blighted even while those skies retained all their glory ; and this out-lying garden of the brilliant south,—this first sojourn of perennial spring, has deceived more affectionate and anxious souls, than the chilliest of northern climes.

All sad as are the recollections with which the eye may at first wander over the flattering beauty of its sunny scenes, Montpellier is not itself a place to nourish melancholy ;—nature seems as if there beginning to assume her immortality :—clouds, those ever returning emblems of terrestrial change in other lands, never there cast a darker shadow upon the eye ;—the vallies that are green one day, are green the next, and the next ; and if the gay tints of the orange groves partake of change, it is only as their unnumbered blossoms cluster into the rich fruitage which again gives





Drawn by J. D. Harding.

MONTPELIER.

Engraved by T. Milne.

Printed by Lloyd & Parnidge.

way for an understore of the same sweet verdure to spring forth.

The city, the climate, and surrounding scenery, of which so much has been said, cannot boast of antiquity among its other claims to our regard. It owed its original foundation to the destruction of the town of Maguelone, from which the celebrated Charles Martel found he could only expel the Saracens by levelling its walls with the ground. The eminence on which the new town arose, was consecrated by religious tradition, and had been long known as the *Mons Puellarum*—the hill of the virgins. Of the two pious women, who, it is said, long resided in undisturbed solitude on this spot, little is known; but prospects like those presented on all sides from the *Mons Puellarum*, lose nothing of their interest from such recollections, though dim and uncertain, of female meekness and devotion. The natural advantages presented by the situation of the town, combined with the circumstances under which it was erected, led to its speedy enlargement; and Montpellier, as it was called by an easy change of the original appellation of the mountain, became one of the most important of southern France.

It has been observed by the French themselves, that Montpellier is as badly planned as it is well built. The streets are narrow and tortuous; but the houses are nearly all constructed of chiseled stone. No edifices, however, remarkable either for antiquity or grandeur, attract the eye. The cathedral itself has little beauty; and the ancient amphitheatre at Como, acknowledged to be the most interesting and elegant structure in the

town, loses somewhat of its dignity, perhaps, by being transformed into a Bourse. Near the Place de la Canourgue, stands La Maison-Coquille, celebrated for some eccentricities of architecture ; and the neighbourhood itself is rendered attractive by the beautiful terrace it presents, forming the chief promenade of the people of this quarter, and celebrated as having been the favourite resort of Rousseau, during his visit to this city.

But it is on the Promenade du Peyrou, that the stranger becomes conscious of all the loveliness of Montpellier. Art has employed its best resources in the construction of this magnificent walk. The square which it forms is surrounded by an elegant balustrade ; and at its extremity stands a chateau d'eau, built with all the beauty and fancy which such a structure requires ; and perpetually pouring forth from its secret chambers the clearest water. Having been received into a basin, which, with its cupola, forms the interior of the building, this copious stream overflows the sides of the terrace, composed of artificial rocks, and is then received into another basin, whence it passes for two leagues along a splendid stone aqueduct, consisting of three ranks of arcades, placed one above the other, and built of stone, in imitation of the best ancient models. From all sides of the square, the eye is gratified with scenery of the most refreshing kind. The Mediterranean is beheld lying blue and calm, at the extremity of rich landscapes to which its placid expanse seems to form a soft and natural boundary, while on the other side the prospect is terminated by a line of mountains almost lost in the distance.

Near this superb promenade is a botanic garden, which receives some interest from having been the first that was formed in the kingdom. But it is beyond the walls of the garden that general visitors discover the most singular spectacle. On the summit of a tower, which is thence called the tower of the Pine, grows a considerable tree of that kind; and so well does it flourish, that it is, season after season, putting forth new branches. This the people of Montpellier are reported to observe with the highest satisfaction; there being a prophecy of Nostradamus which states, that so long as the pine flourishes, their city shall remain safe.

Montpellier has shared sufficiently in the troubles of different periods to possess a history; and her records number many men of high character, both for talents and virtue. Her school of medicine gave birth to Chicoyneau, Peyronie, founder of the school of surgery at Paris, and the Jesuit Castel, known to fame by the *Clavecin Oculaire*. Among her literary men are the two priests, Rosset and Roucher, the latter of whom perished on the scaffold during the Revolution. He shared his prison with the painter, Suvée; and the unfortunate captives found mutual comfort in each other's society and conversation. Roucher, on the evening before his execution, sat for his portrait, and at the bottom of the picture, wrote these lines, addressed to his wife and children :—

Ne vous étonnez pas, objets sacrés et doux,
Si quelque air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage;
Quand un savant crayon dessinait cette image,
J'attendais l'échafaud, et je pensait à vous.

Be not surprised, oh sacred and beloved,
If with some grief my weary soul seems proved ;
When the skilled painter here my image drew,
The scaffold called me, and I thought on you.

France, during her feudal periods, instead of forming one vast monarchy, bowed to the simultaneous sway of four kings, each of whom boasted his grand vassals. In the north there arose what was termed Walloon France, a name which extended not only to the French Flemings, but was given to the very language spoken by her kings : — in the west appeared Anglican France ; the east had its Germanic France ; and to the south lay the France ruled by Spain and Arragon. The first of these, up to the reign of Philip Augustus, was the least extensive, the least wealthy and powerful. That monarch, by a happy combination of circumstances, was enabled at once to enlarge his dominions, and throw a lustre round his throne. Still the distinction continued to exist ; he retook the greater part of the English provinces, but he could never recover Aquitania ; while Germanic France always preserved the same limits, composed of three divisions, of which Lorraine and Burgundy were more intimately connected with the empire, and bore little part in the history of France proper.

The land of Provence, on the other hand, had so far relaxed its bonds with the imperial crown, that its grand vassals were regarded as absolutely independent ; and the most powerful of its states, the county of Provence, in the hands of the king of Arragon, was considered as almost constituting a part of his kingdom.

In short, these elder rulers of France may be numbered in the rank of French princes; the dominions of the king of Arragon, even beyond the Alps, and to the banks of the Ebro, were looked upon as a portion of the ancient monarchy of Charlemagne, and owed homage to the crown of France. Like the English kings, he had acquired by means of treaties, marriages, or feudal tenures, a large number of French seigneuries, some of which depended upon the French king, and others upon the emperor. The scene of our descriptions refers, as regards these, only to the south. The counts of Bearn, of Bigorre, of Cominges, de Foix, and de Roussillon, governed under the king's protection, and assumed rank in his armies. The viscounts of Narbonne, of Beziers, and Carcassonne, beheld in him their count, and the lord of Montpellier also submitted to Spain. It was with difficulty even the count of Toulouse, powerful as he was, maintained perfect independence; the counts of Provence and Forcalquier were feudatories of the same master; and other vassals of the district of Arles hastened to acknowledge him their liege lord and protector.

Languedoc, Provence, Catalonia, and the surrounding districts, all depending upon the king of Arragon, were peopled by a race of men, industrious, animated, attached to commerce and the arts, and yet more so to poetry. To them was owing the formation of the Provençal language, which dropping the Roman Walloon, or French, took different forms, marked by more harmonious sounds, greater richness of words, picturesque turns of expression, and more flexibility.

Becoming the favourite study of the finest intellects of the age, it was devoted to the celebration of feats of love and war, and promised to become the most elegant, as well as the first in the list of modern European languages. Its votaries, renouncing the name of French, took that of Provençals; they sought by their language to separate themselves wholly from the French, to whom, though inferior in the art of war, they set an example in the culture of intellect and civilization.

It was thus the numerous courts of those little princes who swayed the southern provinces, came to vie with each other in the career of letters, courtesy, and elegant tastes, instead of low political intrigues, brute power, and cruelty. The only real power they wielded, was that of Supreme Judges in the High Courts of Love, their only intrigues were with Platonic questions and the *gaye science*; and all the cruelty they either suffered or inflicted, was a matter which might soon be adjusted between their mistresses and themselves; it was merely to be permitted to speak a few words to the prosecutor in court. But these governments of true love, confining their legislation to the province of the imagination and the heart, were too good to be imitated on a larger scale, and, like the little German free towns, were doomed to be swallowed up in the vortex of politics around them. In the brief, radiant days of their chivalrous institutes, and learned, refining influence over society and manners, we trace the germs of future reforms, and a richer development of the liberal sciences and the arts. It was then, in "the palmy state" of chivalry and love, that the

amiable monarch, Charles the Wise, who, as the conqueror of English conquests, well deserves, we think, the name, presiding in his southern court, gave fresh tone and vigour to the genius of improvement, and threw a charm and lustre round his age, strangely contrasted with the ferocious and fanatical reigns of many of his successors. In attempting a picture of the prevailing spirit of these times, and the fine, festive spirit, and social usages of France in her buoyant and golden age, ere withered by the demons of civil strife and superstition, we recur with pleasure to the wanderings of the Sire Tristan, surrounded with all her by-gone chivalry, her beauty, and her minstrelsy. He has bent his steps through all the variety of her romantic scenery, visiting her old castles, mingling with knights and minstrels on his way, taking up the pilgrim's staff, the *trouveur's* garb, or the chevalier's sword, till by dint of prayer, and song, and battle, he hails the environs of Charles's famed and joyous court. His narrative is quaint and characteristic, and to read his book, is to mix with all the heroic and mighty of the land, fair dames and lover-poets,—and all the bold and stirring events of a great and chivalrous people, such as they were, and might long have been.

“Despite,” he says, “of such varied occupations, I languished in extreme anxiety, and my knees began to shake like aspen leaves, owing to the respectful fear which came over me at the moment I was going to behold the Lord's anointed and temporal vicar upon the earth. Soon I heard a charming concert

of delicious flutes, which told me that the king was seated at his dessert, and in the lapse of fifteen minutes I saw the musicians pass by. Forthwith the chamberlain, Savois, young and brilliant as the star which ushers in the beauteous day, opened a wing of the stately doors, and cried, 'Sire Tristan Ronchaut, approach!' him I followed with troubled heart, and found myself, unwitting how I got there, in the audience chamber, and face to face with the king, surrounded by his court.

"The monarch was seated in one corner of the hall, in an easy chair, of which the arms were covered with red leather, decorated with silken fringe, and on either side, along the wainscot, stood ranged at respectful distance, ranks of the high and puissant lords, tricked out in their state attire. From the centre of the spacious ceiling there hung by its silken cord, the cage of the king's perroquet. I soon recovered my composure on seeing the face of this good and affable king, for the least of his vassals be less in dread of his eye and voice, than of that of his poorest servitor. Yet withal, was I pierced with a pang of sorrow, the pain of which leaves me not, to behold the subdued, suffering looks, of this high-souled monarch, whom heaven permitted, in a brief period, to do so many noble and gracious actions, in order to take him the sooner from this bad world. He was now hardly thirty-eight years old, and his life, already full and perfected, fitted him to turn his thoughts from a throne, of which it had been the honour and the ornament. He had nearly died of poison in his youth, administered to him by the hands of Charles the Bad. It so happened that the physician

of his uncle, the German emperor, was able to save his life; relieving him greatly by an issue in his arm, by which the malignant, empoisoned humours might escape; and on leaving him, the doctor was heard to say: ‘Sire, when this little fistula shall close up, you must prepare for death: no art will avail you; you will have but fifteen days at the most to think of your soul.’ Sixteen years had the king borne this open wound; at times it would much threaten to heal up, and it was then,—bidding farewell to the world and its concerns, he resigned himself to his fate, and on recovering, he would observe:—‘No, I am not called away to-day; let it be to-morrow, if such shall be God’s will!’

“ Though he walked with death at his side, he ever wore a calm aspect; and a clear, sweet smile sat on his features, as if struggling to rise above the funeral shadows which overhung them, and re-assure his sorrowing friends, and a grateful people whom he rescued from the stranger’s yoke. O King! O Sage! O Christian! well have I set down in many a place the fortunate day on which I first beheld your sacred person; for there was sacredness in your noble presence, and true majesty in the bright deeds that adorned your life. It was the festival of St. Romuald, at a quarter after twelve precisely. And when, six years afterwards, there came tidings to me, in Poitou, of his decease,—then great and little wept together, as they would weep over a father,—it seemed unto me as if I had yet greater reason than any to lament over the best and most accomplished of kings.

“ His look and manner are to this day as much

engraven on my memory, as if he were living before my eyes. He was lofty of carriage, well knit, and proportioned in all his limbs, and of noble, yet gentle, presence. He had a handsome oval countenance, and his fine expanded forehead was the mirror of his admirable virtue. His eye-brows were thick and arched; the colour of his eyes, chesnut, and they had a fascinating expression which had as much fire as sweetness in it. His lips at once shewed the benevolence and calm dignity of his character; and, when compressed above the marked and prominent chin, told the extent of his resolution and will. His complexion was a pale brown; his voice rich and sonorous, and its tone, as well as the language it conveyed, went at once to the heart.

“The king wore a small coif, or bonnet, which tied under the chin, but left the whole of his ample forehead, and the shape of his head, to be seen. He was arrayed in a full, flowing robe of crimson velvet, bound with a girdle round the waist, enriched with an agraffe of diamonds.

“After I had been presented, he fixed his eye upon me for some moments, without speaking; then beckoning for me to approach nearer him, he inquired of me from whence I came, whither I was going, and whether, during my wanderings, I had been ever-so-little annoyed by the officers or people under his authority? Having learnt from me that I was travelling for improvement, he addressed me in these memorable words: ‘May the blessing of God attend your endeavour! it is a painful path, but it is highly laudable, and cannot but be profitable to yourself and those

around you. So long as wisdom shall thus find honour in this my kingdom, so long will it go on and prosper ; but when *that* shall cease to attract regard, from that time forth would I date its fall.' I replied, that, if indeed my enterprise were painful, yet far greater labour might be lightly esteemed, which should be crowned with the delight of hearing and contemplating in a king's person, the rare, pure source of all wisdom ; that the writing of my tour would be doubly pleasant, coming recommended by the honour which I that day received ; that every one would be eager to read it, if only to study the sayings and actions of one already called the Wise ; that the most valuable of my pages would relate to the now happy and flourishing condition, under its great defender, of that France, whose monarchs were descended from François, who was the son of Hector, who was the son of Priam, who was the duke, or chief, of Troy.

“ The king, at these words, gave me a gracious smile, and all the great lords of the court reflected it from one to another so well, that, of a surety, that day was the most joyous and honourable of my life. ‘ Fair cousin,’ said the king to the count d’Etampes, ‘ have care of this gentle knight, and hold him in your good company ;’ saying which, his majesty gave me a kind nod ; and the count, one of the most engaging and courteous gentlemen who did honour to the Catholic nobility, having received his master’s directions, told me, that I could remain, if I so pleased, in the chamber of audience, until after the departure of the king ; — esteemed no trivial honour for a wanderer through the land, like myself.

“Taking my station on one side, along with the officers of the court, I could observe, at my ease, all that passed during the two hours of the familiar conversation which the king devoted at once to business, to science, and to pleasure.

“For some time past, Charles had been desirous of beholding at his court a certain wise man, of whom miraculous things were spoken. Report gave out that he laboured hard and curiously in the art of alchymy ; and some people had gone so far, as to lay heavy bets that, within a given time, he would have hold of the philosopher’s stone. This knowing clerk, a disciple of Master Arnault de Villeneuve, had long resisted the wishes and pressing invitations of the king, and came only on conditions of being allowed to take his departure in a few days. I saw him enter the saloon, presented by Master Gervais ; he was very bald, hunched, and crooked ; he was wrinkled, white as a sheet ; and his face as deeply ploughed as a new-furrowed field, with the little pox. But withal this, his eyes sparkled as if they were two live coals, and one would have said that life and death had divided equally his erudite person between them ; to death was allotted his thin, double, dried, and trembling limbs ; and life seemed for her share, to claim the wondrous smile that lit up his pallid features, and those eyes in which she shone proud and sarcastic.

“The king having inquired if he were pleased with Paris, the little hunchback made answer ; ‘ Sir, I am a solitary man, and one of strange manners ;’ adding, that he was unaccustomed to wear upon his lips the

courtier's simper, or his false blandishments upon his tongue ; that such a life became great lords and people of the world,—but, for his part, he was better left to his poor yet pleasant life ; that he liked peace, though partaken with herbs, and water from the spring, better than fretting out his soul after wealth and honours. The king bade him be under no fear ; he was not going to disturb his repose by heaping any of those hateful things upon him ; and that *he* as little wished to hear silly flatteries from his lips. ‘ It is my desire,’ he continued, ‘ to compare notes a little with you learned clerks, upon points of sapience, truth, and virtue.’

“ After this strange being had taken his departure, Bureau de la Rivière observed, that the animal had rude manners of his own, and he little merited the patronage of such a king. The latter replied in these words :—‘ Aristippus, observing Diogenes at the fountain, washing his cabbages for dinner, remarked to him, If thou wouldst flatter Dionysius, thou need'st not to be here browsing upon thy potherbs. But the other answered him, If this lettuce were as agreeable to thy puling stomach as it is to mine, thou wouldst flatter Dionysius less, nor wouldst thou become so huge-bellied at the expense of thy conscience.’

“ The whole of the courtiers, and the Sire Bureau de la Rivière at their head, now praised with one accord the maxims of the learned clerk ; one of them adding, that they ought to bear him no ill-will, though he had spoken the truth, inasmuch as dissimulation itself might be said to be a little branch—or at least a twig of treason. To which the king replied, laughing at the

conceit :— ‘ Certes, it is but the circumstances which make things good or bad ; to dissemble, when necessary, to guard against the violence of wicked people, is a virtue ; but to dissemble, in order to get an opportunity of deceiving others, is as much a vice. As regards our learned alchymist, he is no way to blame, because he loves better to be a philosopher than a prince.’ To this some of the courtiers rejoined, that it was nevertheless an extremely pleasant thing to be a prince. ‘ But certes,’ replied the king, ‘ he hath more charge than profit. I know of no happiness in the use of power,—if it be not in reference to one point ;’—and here the king cast an involuntary glance on high, musing for some moments, till, on being asked to what point it was he had referred : ‘ It is the power of doing good,’ was his answer ; after which, methought that he bent his head, as if to conceal a tear. One of the courtiers, as if the king cared he should chime in with his every humour, began mightily to extol the wisdom of the remark, and then set himself to cry something too loudly for the place and tune, sobbing out, ‘ It is very affecting to hear any one talk so wisely !’— ‘ And of a truth,’ said the king, ‘ it is no less a virtue to know when to hold one’s tongue.’

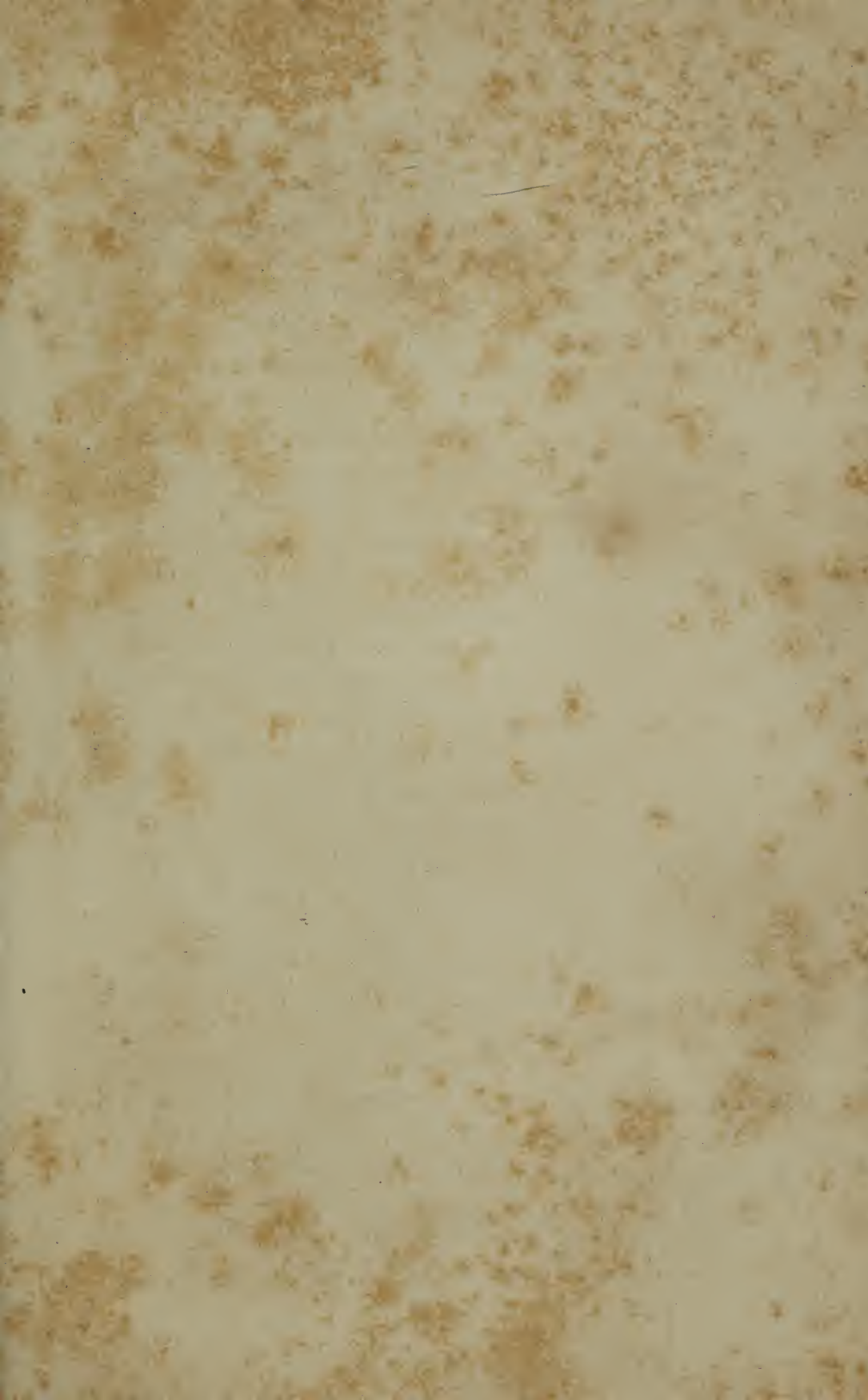
“ There was next introduced a person, named Peter Scatice, who came to solicit for his nephew the place of treasurer of Nismes, and laid much weight upon a letter, written by the duke of Anjou to the king his father, in order to accomplish his wishes. But Charles had made the due inquiries ; and learning that the nephew of the said Peter was a young man of small sense, and greatly

addicted to the dice, he had resolved to select another individual, with some recommendations of sense and honour. Now Peter, who was quite aware of the king's design, thought to pick a hole in the other's reputation, and had the hardihood to observe, that he was but a poor man, and that his father actually drove the plough; to which the good king returned, 'That the poor wise man ought to be far more highly estimated than a rich, unprincipled man.'

"The chamberlain, Savoisy, here stepped forward, and told the king that a famous alchymist was at the door, applying for justice against one of his majesty's household officers. He was told to give him admittance; and the complainant, approaching near to the royal presence, thus spoke: 'I made a bargain, my liege, with one of your cup-bearers; namely, that, in consideration of receiving one hundred francs, I would teach him the secret of making *lapis lazuli*, or azure.' The king made answer to him; 'My friend, if thou hast not taught my cup-bearer thy grand secret, thou art not entitled to be paid.' This being proved, the king ordered him to be shewn the door. Hardly had the alchymist departed, when Charles casting his eye around to ascertain if there were not some one or other not known to the cup-bearer, he perceived me, and made signal for me to approach. He whispered some words in my ear, and I instantly set off to find the identical cup-bearer, whom I found in his pantry. 'I am a stranger,' said I, addressing him, 'and travelling to find out some secrets in alchymy. I heard, but the other day, that you knew how to make *lapis lazuli*; if

you please to let me have the secret, I will give you two hundred francs.' The bargain was soon struck ; the cup-bearer gave me a *recipe* in his own hand, and I took it to the king, who ordered that the alchymist should be paid his demand out of the wages of the disloyal servitor, who was forthwith dismissed from his employ.

" Now as every one present extolled the wisdom of this prince, asserting that he merited to bear the palm even from Solomon, he narrated the following little history : ' In the time of the seven wise men, a fisherman was casting his net in the sea. An eccentric gentleman passing by, agreed to purchase his first draught at a certain sum, to which the other acceded. He threw, and hauled up a little table made of pure gold, and it was now a question to which of the two claimants it should belong ? To settle the matter, they went to the Apollonian oracle, and putting the question, there was made answer ; " To the most wise." They, therefore, carried it straightway to Thales, one of the seven sages ; but Thales forwarded it by the same bearers to Bias, and Bias again to another of the wise men. In this way it went the round of the sages till it reached Solon, and he it was who commanded that the golden table should be dedicated to the supreme wisdom of God.' At the name of God, the courtiers all made the sign of the cross ; and I remarked, how these new apostles, who, in the king's absence, gave the rein to their appetites and inclinations, as their fancy inspired, were each and every one foremost to display their excellent devotion to wisdom of speech, and acts the most beneficent.





Engraved by J. G. Hardy del.

MONT FERRIER.

Drawn by J. G. Hardy del.

Montferrier, too, with its now time-worn castle and lost dominion, ought not to be passed over in describing times like these. Sharing in fame, as well as in name, with various other towns in the south of France, it did not, perhaps, always rest in the peaceful obscurity which has since shrouded it, even, it would appear, from the view of historians and romancers of different periods. Probably it bore a part in the gallant and chivalrous scenes which threw lustre round names like those of Duguesclin and Gaston de Foix ; though, in the present day, it is contemplated, we think, with most pleasure, from the very circumstance of knowing nothing distinctly respecting incidents and events, which may once have conferred a different kind of interest upon the spot. There are, indeed, no features in the landscape which we feel impelled to wish were inspired by the bold visions of history, or the wilder ones of tradition ; the free, open scenery spreads healthily before us, and we are content to gaze and wander with no higher sensations of delight, than are inspired by a prospect of great beauty, extent, and variety. The balmy air, which makes the orange-groves bloom at Montpellier,* diffuses its fragrant influence over the hills of Montferrier, around which other antique castles, rural seats, and hamlets, serve to embellish its territory, while they tend to recall the memory of days long passed away.

* " When a tourist of any taste enters Montpellier," says the Gastronomic Guide, " let him resort to the establishment of Messrs. Blanc, fils, & Co., and try the flavour of their preserved olives ! ! "

AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

Par des degrés obscurs, sous des voûtes antiques,
Nous montons avec peine au sommet des portiques ;
Là, nos yeux étonnés promènent leurs regards
Sur les restes pompeux du faste des Césars.

LE FRANC DE POMPIGNAN.

It is in Nismes the traveller may best, perhaps, prepare himself for the associations which are to fill his mind when he finds himself in the land of the Romans and the Cæsars. Their footsteps are left on the soil of this venerable city; the sound of their triumphs and victories still linger around its walls. It was here they marked their progress in civilizing the conquered Gaul;—that they displayed to the wondering barbarians the magic of wealth and power, bidding to rise before them the sumptuous structures and proud memorials, which it belonged only to their own mighty nation to call into existence.

Nismes was like the noblest captive in a triumphal pageant; it was decked with the golden collar; the ensigns of royalty, and the ruins of her amphitheatre, of her temples and columns, remain to mark the rank she held among the cities of Rome's noblest and most favoured colonies.

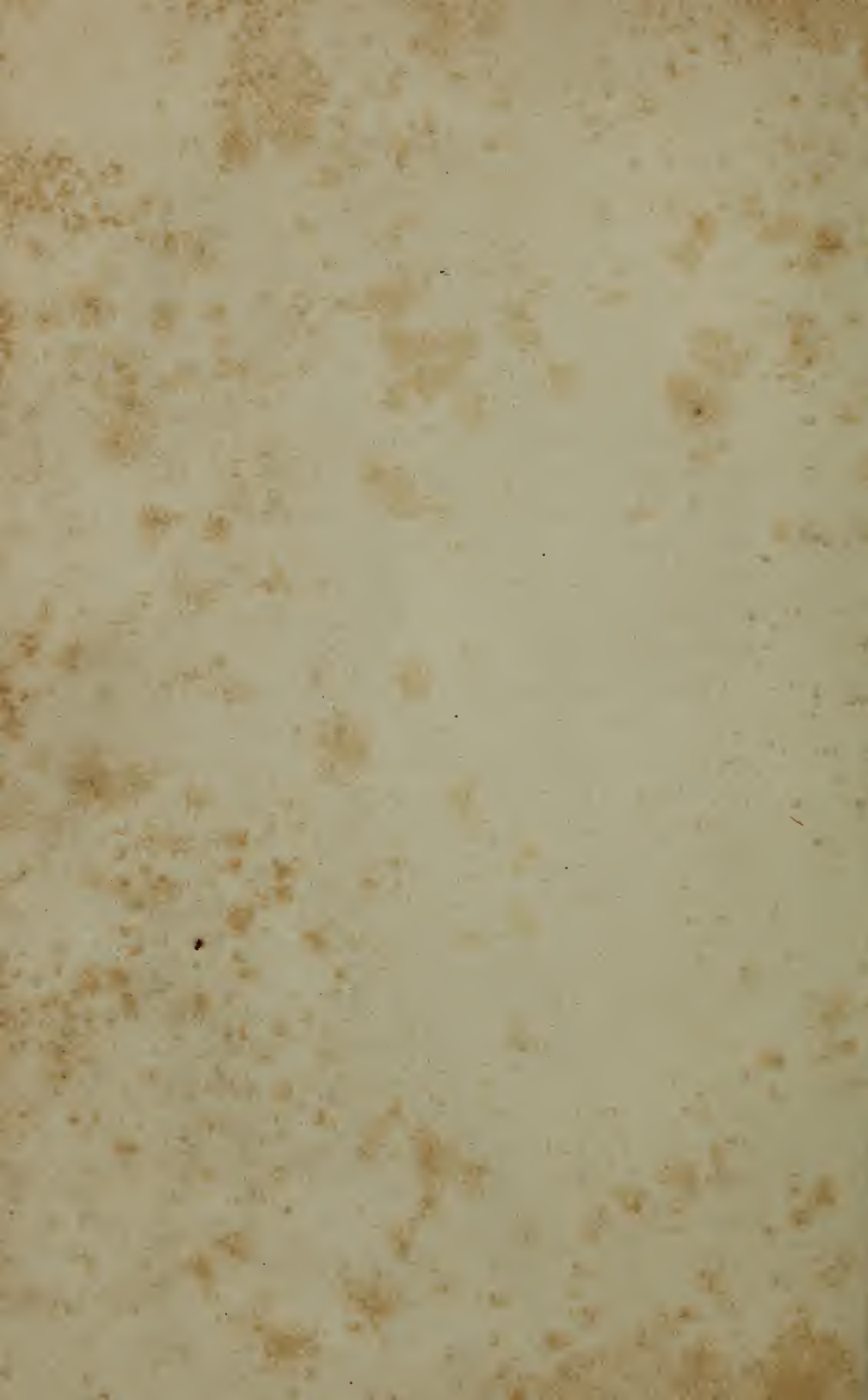
With the decay of the empire, the spirit fled which had raised her to importance; the amphitheatre was at the same time deserted by the victors and the



Drawn by J. Howard

AN PUBLISHED BY A. NISBET

Engraved by James B. Allen



vanquished ; a holier foundation was laid for morals, for faith and worship, and a new people appeared, created by the gradual advances of Christianity. But they were pressed on all sides by difficulties and persecutions ; and the necessities and sedate dispositions thence engendered, made them turn with disgust from the pomps and turbulent pleasures which had delighted their heathen predecessors. Then began the walls of the amphitheatre to moulder ; the temples lost their names ; the heroes, who had been venerated as gods, had no arts or virtues for commemoration, equal to those with which the Christian soil was everywhere redolent ; and Nismes, in a few centuries, was forgotten as the once proud seat of Roman magnificence.

Though dating the period of her grandeur from the Cæsars, Nismes traces her origin to the earlier Phocians, or, as some writers observe, to the *Volsques Arecomiques*, and retains considerable remnants of the ancient *Nemausus*. Ranking next to Rome in abundance of antiquities, she approaches “ the mistress of the world ” still more nearly in the beautiful and imposing ruins of her amphitheatre, inferior only to the Roman Coliseum, and less injured by the hand of time. The first impression of this majestic and colossal structure on the mind of a stranger, is a feeling of astonishment that it exists ; the next, that of admiration at the extent of Roman power and grandeur. What more than human efforts—it strikes him, what arms, what engines, were capable of moving those immense masses, moulding them, and adapting them, at the loftiest points, to their specific purpose ! Time,

and the ravages of human spoilers, in depriving the edifice of its decorations, exhibit its native strength and massiveness more strikingly to view ; and its distinct parts appear formed of huge blocks of stone, almost like rocks piled upon each other. The idea of a race of giants, or the labours of the Titans, recurs to the imagination, and the dusky hue given to most parts of these vast blocks, when the fury of Charles Martel fired the amphitheatre to expel the Saracens, conveys a deeper and gloomier feeling, with a belief in some lost and unknown power.

When we reflect on acts of barbarism like this, and the previous assaults of the Visigoths, we shall no longer be astonished at the dilapidations of this stupendous edifice, but, rather, at the degree of entireness it has preserved up to the nineteenth century. More perfect than the Coliseum, and more majestic than the other amphitheatres of Italy, its exterior form and character, as well as its pilasters, the columns, the porticoes, and many of the ornaments, have escaped destruction, and confer upon the amphitheatre of Nismes a comparative splendour and beauty amidst its ruins.

On examination of its site and structure, though of an oval figure, it is found to resemble its Roman predecessor in its circular exterior sweep ; for it is a fact that the eye embraces only a segment of its circumference. It is in the interior that its true elliptic form is observable, more particularly since the arena has been cleared of the shops and houses which had begun to encroach upon it, intersected by streets, till the whole began to wear the appearance of a regular *faubourg*. For some period, it

had been resolved to arrest the progress of profanation like this; but consideration for the occupiers, and a want of funds, were the repeated excuses assigned for the delay. Nor was it only the exterior portions of the grand edifice which thus suffered; the nearest and most convenient points of the interior itself had become appropriated in a similar manner, till not only isolated houses, but entire rows, united with the walls of the amphitheatre, and stretching into streets and alleys, began to deform the whole aspect and character of the building. Several of the prefects held out threats, and a few even exerted themselves to arrest the progress of the evil; but it was to Napoleon—always a liberal patron of the arts—that France was indebted for the preservation, it might be said, of the noblest specimen of her Roman antiquities,—the admiration of the strangers and tourists in her land. He it was who, after passing through Nismes, sent his imperial orders to the authorities, not merely to put a stop to the mischief that was going on, but to restore everything, as far as possible, to its original condition, before these despicable encroachments on its sacred precincts had been committed.

Another prince, illustrious by title, may also be said to be indebted, no less than the people, to the celebrated emperor of the French for his regard to the antiquities of his country, inasmuch as it afforded the inhabitants of Nismes an opportunity of honouring his arrival among them, by aiming at some display, or rather some illusion of its ancient magnificence.

Not many years back, a fête was given at the amphitheatre, in honour of the duke of Orleans, who paid a visit to the city, and was requested to be present at the exhibition of a chariot race, in the old Roman manner. The ancient costume was adhered to; and the *toille*, or covering, as was customary, drawn across to form a temporary roof, and screen the spectators from the scorching sun and the sand. The throng on this occasion was immense; and notwithstanding the different appearance and the fallen glory of the spot, contrasted with the time when such scenes were represented in their antique splendour, it was a spectacle as imposing and as animated, in its way, as forty thousand persons assembled to witness so singular an exhibition could make it. It is under these circumstances that the amphitheatre is depicted as it appears in the accompanying plate, presenting features of a mixed character, which, in the eyes of many, may give it an additional attraction, however lost upon the few who cannot so easily reconcile it to their ideas of ancient Roman ruins, and strictly classical taste.

Various measurements have been made of this colossal edifice; its largest diameter, it is found, extends to 405 feet; its smaller one, to 317, its shape forming an ellipsis;—and the circumference to 1,040 feet, French.* The stones composing the main walls were ascertained to be 17 feet in length, 2 feet 10 inches wide, and 1 foot 5 inches deep; “and yet one of these great stones,” says Mr. Thicknesse in his *Tour*, “cannot be considered more in comparison to the whole building,

* A French foot is thirteen inches English.

than a single brick would be in the construction of Hampton Court." The exterior exhibits two ranges of porticoes, which, extending entirely round, form two galleries, one above the other, embracing numerous arcades in each, and which are separated by an equal number of Tuscan pilasters in the first range, and of Doric columns in the second. The entrance into the arena of the amphitheatre is by four principal gates, which, it is observed, bear relation to the four points of the compass. That on the north side is the most noble of all; and it is known to have been the most frequented. It opened also directly upon the town. Its portico, surmounted with two bulls' heads, admirably wrought, is of a majestic character. They appear as if in the act of springing from the summit of the pediment, producing the impression that the body is only being concealed from the spectator's eye. The other ornaments on this side are few; but among them are two gladiators, several Priapi in bas-relief, and a she-wolf, in the act of giving nurture to the infant founders of Rome.

The interior retains few traces of its ancient decorations. Of the ranges of seats, which were said to have extended to thirty-two, only seventeen can now be numbered; in some of the divisions are only twelve, and still fewer in the others. Many, doubtless, with much of its splendid ornaments, have been mingled with the ruins; and it is to be regretted, that when the arena was cleared, and the progress of wanton dilapidations arrested, by command of Buonaparte, farther researches into the surrounding parts were not prosecuted.

Even while the workmen were engaged on opening a

way into the interior, and to the seats, for the purpose of modern exhibitions, they came to several tunnels, running a distance under ground, and which led to the conjecture, that the arena had, at one period, been adapted to the purpose of sea-fights; but M. Millin, who notices the fact, seems to consider them merely as large public sewers.

The amphitheatre is stated to have afforded accommodation for seventeen thousand spectators. The seats are from eighteen to twenty inches broad; they are placed very high, and approached by a succession of lofty staircases in stone. The material employed indeed throughout the entire edifice is stone, and that of enormous size, more particularly the parts which project from the exterior wall, in the form of corbels, each having a round hole through the middle, intended for the support of the poles of the tents, for the protection of the public, as before alluded to, from the sun or the rain. The ends of these immense poles, or rather masts, were brought to a level with the cornice itself.

M. de Villiers gives an account of his being present at an exhibition of one of the modern bull-fights, which may be considered a sort of libel upon the character and splendour of the ancient games. He describes the spectators of this wretched show, as seated at a greater distance from the scene, and more exposed to the effects of the weather, than their mightier predecessors; and he had full leisure, in the immense throng by which he was surrounded,—occupying the seats of Roman ladies, knights and citizens mingled with the Gallic youth of both sexes and all ranks,—to contemplate that

antique arena, consecrated to the still more ferocious spectacles of other days. But it was in vain he sought to yield to the illusion of the scene, or to imagine himself seated side-by-side with Roman conquerors and beauties; while the association of modern dress and manners, and of a village bull-bait, with all its vulgar accompaniments, still clung to him.

“Vainly,” he says, “did I gaze around me for a glimpse of the manly toga, or the tunic; and as vainly bent my ear to catch the accent of the language of Cicero and Virgil, or the names of Quintus, Marcus, Lucius, Fulvius, Livius, Plautus, uttered in lofty and familiar tones. Instead of the solemn and terrific spectacles calculated to foster the love of war and a contempt for death, I saw a ridiculous bull-fight, every way inferior to those you meet with in Spain, and even to such as I have seen in Italy. The animal brought into the arena was a very diminutive one, without the least appearance of strength or ferocity, being far more alarmed than those around him. If wild, he was, assuredly, a tame wild-bull; and it was found necessary frequently to bring a fresh hero upon the scene; but they all appeared to have degenerated as greatly from the famous Roman bulls, as the sports themselves, in which they were doomed to play so wretched a part, from the character of the antique games.”

Before the revolution, the town of Nismes contained nearly 50,000 inhabitants, and was considered increasing in wealth and prosperity; but, more recently, it scarcely numbered 40,000. Though small in itself, its suburbs are very extended, comprehending nearly half

the entire population in their precincts. The streets, also, are here wider, and better constructed ; the houses more lofty and uniform, with fine gardens attached.

The old town forms a sort of parallelogram, described by its fine boulevards, which are decorated with new edifices, daily increasing, built in a superior style. On the *esplanade** appears the palace of justice, of modern structure, in which there is an evident aim, on a small scale, at the dignity of the antique. The columns of the façade, as well as of the porch, are of the Tuscan order, and planned on the model of the celebrated ones of Pæstum. The cornice, the frieze, and the pediment, like the building itself, all display an air of elegance, and are executed in a chaste Greek style. The hospital, the theatre, and other public edifices, are likewise worthy of attention ; but, perhaps, the object most interesting, next to the amphitheatre, is another Roman relic of a temple, said to be dedicated to Augustus, and now called La Maison Carrée. It has stood nearly eighteen hundred years, without receiving other injuries than the darker hue and character imprinted upon it by time. It is entered by a magnificent portico, composed of six columns for the façade, and three on either side, belonging to the Corinthian order, and disposed in such a manner as to open an access to the portico on three sides. It is entered by a noble flight of steps ; the gate is situated at the end of the vestibule ; and the colonnade extends the entire length of the edifice, and along both sides of the portico. Though exciting admiration by its state of preservation and the

* What we call the *parade* ; or, technically, the *glacis*.

elegance of its proportions, it produces little of the imposing effect felt on viewing the grander dimensions of the Pont du Gard, and its magnificent ruins scattered around.

In the vicinity, the TOUR-MAGNE, (Turris Magna) presents another striking ruin, and at the foot of the hill upon which it is erected is another edifice, called the Temple of Diana ; not far from which are to be seen the celebrated fountain, and the no less beautiful promenades, which give an agreeable air and aspect to the environs of Nismes. Without these, and its wealth in Roman antiquities and curiosities of various kinds, this ancient and celebrated city would long since have sunk into the neglect and insignificance which have been the lot of most third and fourth rate towns.

AVIGNON.

Nature hath assigned
Two sovereign remedies for human grief ;
Religion surest, firmest, first, and best,
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm ;
And strenuous action next.

SOUTHEY.

AVIGNON was for centuries the great theatre of ambition, the cradle of luxury, and the common mart for talent. In the history of Europe, during the latter part of the middle ages, it appears with its head raised above the still proud but sunken spirit of consular Rome ; its form clad in robes of deeper dye than the emperor's purple, and its forehead bound with a loftier crown than that which Rome displayed in the time of her first Cæsars. The schism which so long disgraced the church, and kept Christendom in a state of perpetual irritation ; which gave birth to the anomalous power of two popes, and all the attendant evils of religious warfare, was the foundation of the fortune, the splendour, and the vice which so long distinguished Avignon from every other city in the world. By the operation of all those ministers of licentiousness which wait on courts, where intrigue is the recognized arbiter of right and wrong, she was filled with the most desperate of bold, bad men ; by the opportunities she afforded for the display of learning and eloquence, she





Engraved by J. J. Harding

ANTIGNON.

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Printed by J. J. Harding.

became the sojourn of the greatest geniuses of the age; and by the means and support which she alone presented to the patient and humbler scholar, she saw around her talent of every grade, and could have sent forth from her gates an army of intellectual crusaders, furnished with full ranks, and commanded by minds rising above each other in the most perfect order. But Avignon was contented to remain the mere hostelry of talent; and men of genius, like the Punic legions among the baths of Capua, degenerated amid her luxuries into the mere slaves of pomp and power. Hence it was that with the first change in the condition of the church, she sunk from her lofty eminence; and hence it is that Avignon now only retains the dim shadow of what she was in the days when France gave birth to more popes than Italy.

So numerous, however, are the descriptions of this once queenly city of the south, and so familiarly known to most English readers, as well as tourists, that no apology need be advanced for no longer dwelling upon the oft-told tale which connects the name of Avignon with the shades of Vaucluse, and the loves of the poet "of all times." For more delightful delineations of these than could here be introduced, the reader is referred to the works of the Abbé de Sade, of Ugo Foscolo, and the excellent lives of the Italian poets, in which the character of Petrarch, as well as the scenes he loved, have been so admirably dwelt upon by the pen of Mr. Stebbing.

Connected as Avignon has been for so long a period with the religious affairs of Christendom, it will be

more agreeable to the reader, as well as to the plan hitherto pursued, if we here take a brief view of the rise and progress of protestantism as it developed itself in the French provinces.

The history of the French Protestants is richly deserving of study, and was recommended to Robertson by the historian of the Decline and Fall, as one of the best subjects on which he could employ his genius.

Lutheranism is supposed to have owed its first appearance in France to the encouragement given by Francis I. to several learned Germans, whose heretical opinions were embraced by numerous French scholars and divines. Among the earliest converts to the reformed doctrines was the bishop of Meaux, William Briçonnet, who instructed the people of his diocese in the opinions he had himself embraced, and nourished a close intimacy with Farel, Roussel, and other protestants, who subsequently rendered themselves conspicuous by the success of their preaching. Whatever the bishop of Meaux or his friends, however, did towards diffusing their opinions among the people of that city, was done secretly; and the first preacher whom they recognized as their regular pastor, was Peter le Clerc, a wool-comber.

The exertions of this zealous advocate of the new opinions were speedily crowned with success; and in a brief period, the number of persons professing themselves converts to Lutheranism, amounted to between three and four hundred. The nature of the sentiments they upheld, as well as their number, prevented their remaining unobserved by the public authorities; and

occasion being taken from the preacher's openly declaring that the pope was Antichrist, a persecution was commenced, in which the pastor was the first sufferer. He, however, escaped with being branded and whipped, and fled to Mentz, where he continued to preach, till his labours were finally put a period to by his martyrdom.

With Le Clerc, fled Farel and other learned men, who had engaged themselves in the same work; and the extermination of the protestants of Meaux, by the sword of the executioner, was only prevented by the mild disposition of the king, who desired the processes commenced against them to be stopped. Francis, however, was rather merciful by nature than tolerant by principle, and he allowed himself to be persuaded by his clergy, that the heretics ought to be punished as criminals of the most dangerous character. The representations which they made to him respecting the facility with which they diffused their opinions, were seconded by the circumstance of his sister's being an acknowledged advocate for the Reformation. As she was queen of Navarre, she possessed numerous opportunities of befriending the protestants, and so zealous was she in her exertions, that she converted her husband to their opinions, and obtained his consent to the measures she pursued for their protection. At the court of Navarre, consequently, were to be found the most distinguished of the men who had embraced the principles of the Reformation; and, to the great offence of the catholic prelates, who considered themselves solely entitled to the spiritual government

of the king and queen, Gerhard Roussel was taken under their special protection, and was allowed to dictate to them the reform which he thought necessary to the improvement of public worship. Among those who felt the greatest indignation at these circumstances, were the cardinals Foix and Grandmont, who, seeing no hope of bringing back the queen to better counsels by their own persuasions, hastened to Paris in order to inform Francis of the dangerous errors into which his sister was every day falling deeper.

Whatever were the original feelings of the monarch on the subject, he now expressed the strongest concern for the situation of the queen of Navarre, and immediately wrote to her, desiring her attendance in the capital. The summons was obeyed; and, on her appearing at court, Francis declared his disapprobation of her proceedings, by which she had endeavoured to abolish the mass, and introduce novelties into the public services which ought not to be allowed. From this charge, however, she skilfully defended herself; and Gerhard Roussel, whom she had brought with her, and two reformed Augustine monks, were allowed to lay before the king a set of propositions under which were included the heads of the alterations which they wished to introduce. These were, that the mass should be performed as usual, but that the sacrament should be given at every mass; that there should be no elevating of the host; that no act of adoration should be performed towards it; that the laity, as well as clergy, should receive both the bread and wine at the sacrament; that neither the Virgin nor the saints should

be commemorated in its administration; that common bread should be used in it; and that the priest should break it, and distribute it to the people; and, lastly, that priests should not be compelled to live in a state of celibacy.

These propositions, though apparently directed only against certain practices in the public worship, implied, in fact, a reformation in many of the most important points of doctrine; and Francis not only rejected their introduction with disdain, but ordered Roussel and his companions into temporary confinement. Not long after this affair, the attention of the monarch was again attracted to the subject by the discourses of Nicholas Cocke, a divine of great eminence, who had the boldness, when preaching in the royal presence, to dilate on the error of those who worshipped the elements in the sacrament, instead of raising their thoughts to heaven, which should be the sole object of their care. He repeated the same sentiments in a private conversation with Francis, and was, in consequence, subjected to the sentence of his ecclesiastical superiors; but while they were preparing the necessary formalities for his trial, Francis, in the true spirit of an enlightened monarch, as well as a good christian, directed that he should not be interrupted, if he could defend his doctrines by scripture. "This," says the learned doctor of the Sorbonne, Dupin, "led to a dispute which might have been of ill consequence, and made a thing most certain to be looked upon as dubious, had not the cardinals of Lorraine and Tournon, to ward the blow, taken care that Cocke, being convinced by private disputes with

the divines, yielded, and delivered from the pulpit the contrary doctrine." So fearful, it would seem, were the cardinals of Lorraine and Tournon, lest the opinions and arguments of their opponent should become known to the public ; and so irresolute, at present, were those who opposed the established religion in France.

But the mild and tolerant spirit which Francis had hitherto exhibited, gave way, at length, to the representations of his bigoted and interested councillors. In the year 1529, Lewis Berquin, a Flemish gentleman, whose character has been described as a model of charity and benevolence, and whose only offence was that he gave umbrage to the priests, was condemned to have his tongue bored through, and to be imprisoned for life ; but, on his appealing from his judges to the king and the pope, the former, in another assembly, sentenced him to be forthwith burnt alive.

The utter barbarity of this execution would have awakened a desire of reform in the minds of all just and enlightened men, had it been much less ready to break forth than it now was in France. There is, happily, in human nature, a deeply-seated hatred of oppression, and the greater the violence used to force down the spring of human thought and activity, the more violent is its recoil. After the event above mentioned, the number of the Protestants was found rapidly to increase ; and in the year 1534, their enthusiasm, and opposition to the established religion were arrived at such a height, that they uttered the boldest invectives against the priests, attacked their corruptions both by ridicule and argument, and, at last, affixed

placards on the doors of the churches, and even on those of the Louvre and the royal apartments, exposing the errors committed in the popish masses.

Francis was greatly irritated at perceiving this rapid growth of Protestantism in his capital, and it is difficult to say whether his feelings as a monarch, or a Catholic, were the more outraged by the proceedings of the reformers. When the obnoxious placards were published, he was just on the eve of setting out on an expedition against the duke of Milan; and it is not improbable but that the excitement into which his mind was thrown by that circumstance, might have some share in leading him to commit the violences of which he was now guilty. To avert the resentment of heaven, which he was persuaded had been provoked by the placards in question, he ordered a strict inquiry to be made after the persons who had been guilty of the offence, and six of them being discovered, they were immediately thrown into close confinement. The next step he took, was to order the bishop of Paris, Bellai, to proclaim a general procession; to be present at which, he hastened from Blois to St. Germain; from which place, on the day appointed, the solemn cortège set out on the road to Paris. First went the bishop, carrying the host, and followed by the dauphine, the dukes of Orleans, of Angoulême and Vendome, who bore the canopy. Next came Francis himself, who walked bare-foot and bare-headed, carrying a lighted torch. After him proceeded other princes of the blood royal, troops of courtiers, the foreign ambassadors, and all the dignitaries of the French church. The procession having terminated at Notre Dame, the king and the rest of the

assembly went to the bishop's palace, where the monarch mounted a pulpit prepared for the purpose, and addressed the persons present in an eloquent discourse, the object of which was to prove to them the duty of exerting themselves in support of the ancient worship, and of using every means they could devise to bring those who had been guilty of any offence against its rites to condign punishment. The climax of the royal preacher's arguments was, that if his own arm were infected with the pestilence of heresy, he would cut it off; and that if any of his children even were so unhappy as to favour the new reform, he would not spare them. As a proper conclusion to the solemnities of this memorable day, the six Protestants were taken from their cells in the evening and burnt alive.

No exertion was spared by the parliament or the clergy to follow up the measures which had thus been commenced; and, among the Protestants, whose only chance of safety lay in immediate flight, was the celebrated Calvin, who had two or three years before rendered himself conspicuous by the avowal of his attachment to the reformed doctrines. This highly distinguished man was born at Noyon, in Picardy, July 10, 1509; his proper name being Jean Cauvin, afterwards latinized into Johannes Calvinus. He was at first intended for the church, and received in his youth the grant of some small benefices; but becoming somewhat unsettled in his religious opinions, he turned his attention to the study of the civil law. Having completed his education, and acquired a knowledge of Greek from the professor at Bourges, Melchior Wolman, who confirmed him in his attachment to Lutheranism,

he took up his residence at Paris, and there speedily distinguished himself among the Protestants, by his spirit and erudition. In 1532, however, he was obliged to flee, having provoked the resentment of the parliament against both himself and the rector of the university, who having a speech to make in public, obtained the assistance of Calvin in its composition, and allowed him to insert some observations in favour of the reformers. After about two years' absence from Paris, he returned; but the events above described happening soon after, he was a second time obliged to fly; and proceeding to Geneva, established himself, in a few years, as the head of the Protestant church in that city, and the director, in fact, of half the reformed churches in Europe.

The violence with which Francis had allowed his parliament to prosecute the Protestants in his dominions, induced the German princes, who befriended the Reformation, to remonstrate with him on the occasion. In the year 1536, also, Calvin dedicated to him his famous work, intitled, "Christian Institutes;" and in the prefatory epistle, set it forth as an apology for his unjustly persecuted faith. Self-interest, and a temper naturally averse to cruelty, induced Francis to listen to the complaints made by the Protestant princes, assembled at Smalkalde, and he manifested a strong inclination to bring about an accommodation which might heal the schism existing among his subjects, and induce the German potentates to become his allies. To forward this desirable object, he conceived the design of inviting some one of the most learned and temperate of the reformers to his court, that he might have an opportunity

of conversing with him on the points in dispute, and consulting what measures would be most likely to restore tranquillity. Erasmus at first presented himself to the king's mind as the most proper person he could choose for the proposed conference ; but strong objections having been made by his advisers to that scourge of priests and prelates, he next turned his thoughts to Melancthon, a man whose learning and moderation, and the general amiableness of his character, rendered him in reality more fitted than almost any other person that could have been mentioned for the design which Francis had in view. But Melancthon, unfortunately, wanted a quality essentially necessary to his situation, as one of the chiefs of the new sect. Though firm in his convictions, and too profound a scholar to fear any antagonist in disputation, he was deficient in resolution, or rather, perhaps, that vigour of animal spirits, which supported his great master in all his undertakings. Instead, therefore, of seizing upon the opportunity which the invitation of Francis afforded him, to defend the principles of the Reformation in France, he contented himself with endeavouring to do by letter what there was no chance of effecting but by personal and unceasing exertion. The consequence was, that those of the monarch's counsellors, whose interest it was to oppose any measure of conciliation, again employed their accustomed arguments with so much effect, that Francis suffered himself to be convinced, that no intercourse ought to be held with heretics, and that the sword of the magistrate might be made much more conducive to the preservation of unity in the church than reason or learning.





Drawn by J.D. Harding.

PONT BENETZE, AND VILLENEUVE.

from Avignon.

Engraved by J.E. Kerne.

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PONT BENÉZE AND VILLENEUVE,

FROM AVIGNON.

Such were those prime of days ;
But now those white unblemished manners, whence
The fabling poets took the golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times.

THOMSON.

IN the landscape before us,—rich, varied, and romantic as it is,—the eye embraces only a segment of a vast and beautiful amphitheatric view. The spot whence it was taken is called the capitol, consisting of a high rock, which commands a wide-spread prospect over the plains, besides a general view of the town of Avignon. Far beyond, it appears skirted by mountains, stretching an immense distance, including that of the celebrated mountain of Ventoux. From the same point, likewise, the spectator beholds, on their rushing career, the waters of the blue, arrowy Rhone, pursuing its many-winding and rapid course through the richly-cultivated country which it laves and beautifies. The bridge, which is here seen, formerly connected the town of Avignon with that of Villeneuve, which appears, also, in the distance ; giving to the whole landscape a full and picturesque effect.

Nor is it only in combinations of natural scenery, that this romantic portion of southern France arrests the eye of the traveller. In the days of the early monarchy, amid the feudal and chivalrous exploits of

the middle ages,—in the tented field, or presiding in the festive hall, listening to the pilgrim's tale, or the song of the troubadour,—the lords of Villeneuve made themselves loved by their retainers, and dreaded by their enemies. Their names have been alike celebrated in the strains of the wandering minstrel, and in the historic annals of their country.

Of the old counts of Villeneuve we meet with some curious details, and none more amusing than from the pen of our favourite tourist, in his perambulations, during the fourteenth century. "It was here," he observes, "I found, seated under the broad shadow of three noble oaks, the venerable Arnold IV., lord of Villeneuve, who was reposing himself after the fatigues of his journey. His attendants stood in guard of his horses, his hawks, and his dogs, at some distance from him; while standing, also, nearer their illustrious master, were seen his squire and two pages engaged in recounting to him the most singular adventures of the last fair of Beaucaire, and, from time to time, filling into a golden cup the claret of Die, or presenting Maluessan figs, upon a plate richly enamelled with his arms. Arnold IV. is one of those patriarchs of the feudal age,—models of the antique nobility,—whose benign character of patrons, faithful and pious, and whose pure and loyal blood are fast wearing away, in proportion as the great crown encroaches upon the domains and prerogatives of its lords-paramount.

"The nobility of the Villeneuve is a sort of *property* of Provence; as proper to it, indeed, as is the thyme to the hill-side, the violet to the shadow of the woods, and

the lilies to the valley. The famous Romée de Villeneuve, who, to avoid envy, appeared at the court of Raimond de Bérenger in the disguise of a pilgrim, and who, becoming his minister, made marriage-alliances for four of the count's daughters with four of the greatest monarchs in Christendom, is the proud patriarchal name of the Villeneuve. Such was his policy and wisdom, as to merit well the title of chief of this distinguished family, uniting prudence and valour in so high a degree. Roseline of Villeneuve, whose modesty was equal to her beauty, and whose more than human virtues have conferred the gift of working miracles upon her tomb, is also another of those nobly majestic stems from which the family sprung. After conferring lustre upon the name, Arnold IV., wearied of honours and of courts, had exchanged with Queen Joan, his sovereign, the principality of Saint Georges, in Calabria, conferred upon him by King Robert, for his signal exploits, and, no longer wishing to leave the land of his fathers, he closed his honourable career in his favourite castle of Trans, situated between the towns of Aix and of Nice. It was there, during the four national festivals of each year, he called around him the seventy good seneschals of his territories ; it was there he gave hospitable entertainment to the pilgrims on their way to the hermitage of Saint Roseline of Villeneuve.

“ Such was the noble Arnold, whom I saw, resting from his glorious fatigues, under the shade of his paternal trees ; and approaching within a half-arrow's flight, I saluted him as the stranger who had seen him

at the apostolic palace of Avignon. He instantly recognized, and asked me if I were not one of the Bretons whom he had met at the holy pontiff's; when I briefly recounted to him my history, and he engaged me farther to continue my route in his company. Having travelled together till we had passed the confines of Venaissin, he took off his hat, and said, 'Hail, at length, to the dominion of my well-beloved sovereign!'

"As he was speaking, we heard the sound of a mule's amble, just behind us, and, on turning round, beheld one of the most notable citizens of Aix, namely, Francis Gaufridy, then on his way home from the fair of Beaucaire, and my lord of Villeneuve beckoned to him, thinking that we might chance to hear some news.

"The good citizen, having emptied his budget of all he had got, began to question Arnold in his turn, especially as to the health and well-being of the excellent Queen Joan. Having been satisfied on this point, he cried out, 'May the good Lord long preserve her for us!'—'And you might add,' observed Arnold, 'give her strength to overcome all her adversaries!' 'O yes,' replied Gaufridy, 'take my word, noble Sir, those hollow, two-faced subjects of her's, the Italians, have no real love in their hearts; and just to vent their spite, because the good people of Avignon regret they are no longer under the pastoral sway of the suzerains of Provence, they attack our dear princess, and even dare to say that she strangled' but seeing me, he suddenly stopped, as if dreading to repeat any thing derogating from her excellence in the ear of a stranger.

“ The lord of Villeneuve tarried no time at Aix, for he abhorred the very idea of living in a town. As regards myself, I went to lodge in the street of the Three Elms, faubourg St. Sauveur, the entrance to which bears the name of the *Gate of the Flagellants*, from the circumstance of those who are sentenced to receive the scourge passing through it to the place of punishment. But scarcely had I descended into the hostelry, before the notable Gaufridy came to seek me, declaring he would be affronted if I took up my tent in any quarter but with him, especially since he had set me down for a good Provençal, by speaking in the favour of our beloved countess. This truly honest citizen had left my side only for a moment, while he changed his dress, that he might urge his invitation with a finer grace, agreeably to the rules of antiquated ceremony and city politeness. I followed him ; and as we went, he proposed to me to salute the syndics of the town of Aix, who for the time being, were the Damoiseau Fouque Isnard, Isnard de Segreiris, and Pierre Benedicte ; but we could not meet with them in their chambers, they being gone to add their weight to a grand procession of the clergy made by the good people of Aix, to the fountain of Lignana, to obtain the blessing of a fall of rain ; the earth for the last two months having been nearly dried up. It is there the pilgrims cause to enter into the fountain a gentle maiden, the most lovely and the most discreet that is to be found within the town or its vicinity, if we are to believe the old chronicles of the place. Very soon the water rises in a vapour or mist round the body of

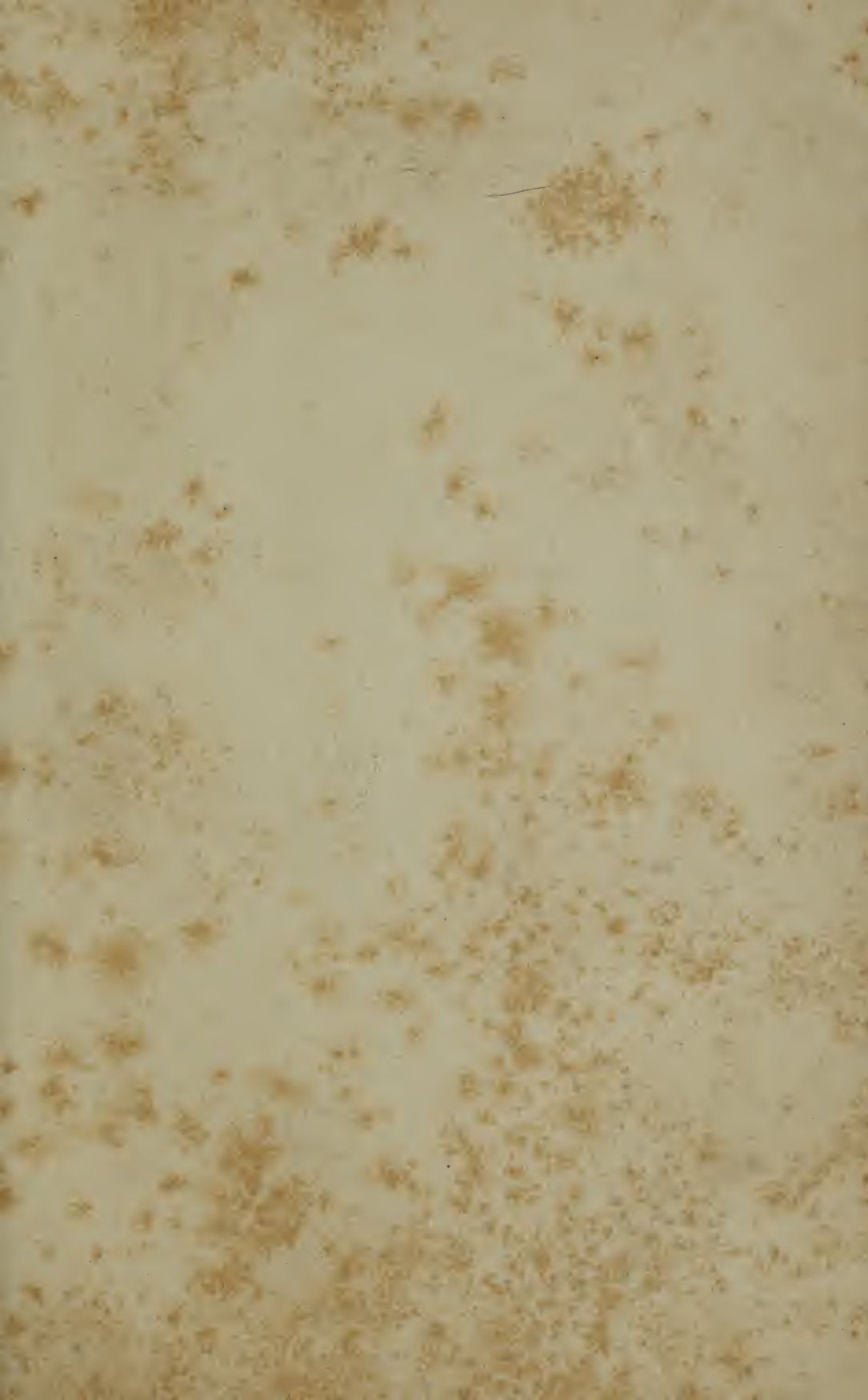
the fair girl, who amuses herself by singing songs, while her companions strew flowers over her, till the source of the fountain dries gradually up, its waters mounting into the air, and forming clouds, from which, the same evening, there come several refreshing showers. The young sister of miracles then issues forth with dry foot, and a few glittering drops only are to be seen, like dew upon the flowers with which the side of the fountain is covered. The procession being finished, I saw several of the members and orders which composed it, pass under the casement of mine host, in particular the nuns of the monastery of Nazareth, who were all sprung of noble sires and gentle ladies. Gaufridy named them to me as they passed, and of a verity there did seem something miraculous in their looks; and the young men did openly lament that the flower of Provençal beauty should be ravished from them, as it were, by the cold and cruel laws of religious penance. But what if the roses do indeed shed their perfume upon the altars, doth that hinder that the sweet spring no longer nestles in the cradle of the sheltered hill-side, and the leafy wood?

“Citizen Gaufridy was very anxious to walk with me through the entire town of Aix; for in his city quality he was vastly proud of all that was curious,—himself not the least curious, to be met with in a place famous for the vivacious conversation and singular courtesy of its inhabitants. They seemed to possess an instinct for pleasure and social festivals, over which they presided with an elegance and grace, a love of magnificence, and a wit — along with a gallant and

chivalrous bearing, which brought back to mind the brightest and the best days of the Alphonsos, the Raimond Berengers, and the Roberts, so beloved by the people, for the extreme mildness of their sway. They were exempted from subsidies on the simple condition of entertaining among them a *respectable troubadour*. Then, indeed, were the rulers most beloved along the banks of the Durance, and the Rhone, where the virgins and wedded dames united in the sweet task of gathering the amaranth and laurel to weave into a crown of honour, during those brilliant festivals, for the brows of these favourites of the Muses.

“ Mine host, François Gaufridy, had invited, purposely to do me honour, several notables and gentlemen of the place. The party went off with excellent spirit; and after dinner there joined us a certain astrologer, together with the celebrated advocate, Simeones, and the witty troubadour, Arnold of Cotignac. Shortly after the syndic, Fouque Isnard came to pay us a visit; he was accompanied by my host Gaufridy’s compeer, Jean de Gantes, surnamed *the Brave*, and who had just arrived from Naples, where he had appeased some insurrection, being ever prompt in the service of his sovereign with his tongue as well as his sword. The citizen’s guests inquired of him what news were last abroad? ‘I bring some,’ he replied, ‘that will throw all your Provençal youth into a fever, and empty to the dregs sundry hogsheads and vats of wine among you good citizens of Aix, of Marseilles, and of Villeneuve. Our countess is about to splice her fortunes with those of the noble, valiant, and handsome prince Otho, duke of

Brunswick.' 'God be praised for that!' cried the whole of the guests, old and young, as they welcomed the hope of beholding a heir to their favourite's throne, a blessing denied them during the lives of her three preceding husbands. But whilst these faithful citizens of Provence were busily congratulating each other on this signal specimen of the Lord's care of them, and of their country, the said astronomer, mounting on the table, commanded silence, and said in an emphatic tone of voice:—'At such an hour it were only meet you should bow down before the infallible oracles of my grand science, and prepare to render homage to my increasing fame. Every body knows that I,—having been consulted by the magistrates of this town, previous to the first marriage of our very gracious and right puissant Queen Joan, to learn from me the party she would do best to espouse, I replied with becoming assurance, that she would wed with *Alio*; upon which the stupid crowd, ignorant of the nature of astreal influence, and to whom knowledge is as a sealed book and a fountain shut up, raised a great cry of silly ridicule, protesting there could be nothing in my prophecy, for it was certain there was not a single prince then living who laid claim to the name of *Alio*. O! O! have I turned the tables on ye;—ye *profanum vulgus*, whom my deep and secret art abominates;—do ye stand convicted before your prophet, now that the mystic meaning of my letters bursts from the cloud more brilliant than the morning star. If you will just take the trouble, gentlemen, to borrow the first letter of the name of each of the



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CHATEAU DE VILLENEUVE.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

Engraved by J. C. Smith.



four husbands of Queen Joan,—that is to say, *Andrew* of Hungary, *Louis* of Tarento, *James* of Majorca, and now *Otho* of Brunswick, you will have this *Alio*;—the collective and mysterious husband;—the same whom my divining rod pointed out the way to the nuptial couch of our fair queen.’ The eye of every guest was fixed in astonishment;—there was no longer any question of the prophetic genius of this great master of his art; and each and all rendered homage to the special *savoir* of the astrologer, whose fame, through this incident, was placed upon an immoveable basis.”

The point from which the accompanying picturesque and romantic view of Villeneuve appears to have been taken, is the Bridge of Boats, which affords a communication between this place and the town of Avignon. The most remarkable and interesting features it displays, are the tower and castle, which, connected as they are with the associations of by-gone ages, cannot fail to claim attention, and excite feelings of mingled pride and regret in the mind of the traveller. The castle, more especially, occupying a high commanding site, bade defiance to its boldest adversaries, poured back the tide of battle, and sent forth its plumed, feudal chivalry into the tented field, under its favourite leaders of the far-famed name of Villeneuve. The village, or rather town, is one of considerable extent; it possesses noble streets; and in its more antique portion, a number of interesting objects, among which may be mentioned the imposing appearance of its gothic churches.

Francis I., when preparing to hold an interview with his great rival, Charles, who had repaired to Ville-

franche, took up his residence in the little village of Villeneuve. They arrived at the respective places which they had appointed, within a few days of each other. The preliminary arrangements had been made by the pope, Paul III. with the view of inducing these two powerful monarchs finally to adjust their rankling and long continued differences. It was only at the special intercession of the common father of Christendom that they had been brought to listen to this plan of terminating a political struggle, carried on with all the acrimony of personal rivalry, and which had drawn down the most fearful calamities, no less upon the Italians than on their respective people.

Accordingly, somewhat more propitiated, Charles landing without his guards, was introduced to his rival, whom he had last seen—his prisoner;—and he now dined with him, *tête à tête*, in his tent. Upon the following day, Francis, considering that he was bound to return so great a mark of confidence, went, unattended, on board the imperial galley, where he was met with the utmost apparent cordiality by Charles. They embraced, and vied with each other in expressions of regard and esteem, insomuch, that it was observed, they looked like men determined to bury all recollection of former animosities. The truth is, that the emperor, of a far more profound and subtle character than his enemy, had considered that it was extremely probable he might soon want to have a free passage through the king's dominions, in order to inflict vengeance upon the refractory Netherlands.

It was on returning from this interview, that Francis,

who had an eye for the study of nature, as well as of the arts of which he was so liberal a patron, gratified himself by making observations upon objects of natural history, which he met with on his route. He also made an excursion into Dauphiny, a part of the kingdom which abounds with so many interesting productions to engage the attention of the man of science as well as of the traveller. After visiting some of the most picturesque and romantic scenes, Francis ordered a boat to be constructed, for the purpose of exploring a subterranean lake, which was discovered near a village, called *Notre Dame de la Bauline*, on the road from Grenoble to Lyons. In this he is said to have proceeded a considerable distance upon the waters, under-ground ; and it was only when he found that the stream began to grow more rapid, accompanied by a noise, resembling that of a fierce whirlpool, not far from them, that the king, urged by his guides, was led to desist from farther prosecuting his researches, and was reconducted to the entrance of cavern.

The ten years' truce between the rival potentates was scarcely of two years' duration. Charles continued to evade the cession of the sovereignty of the Milanese, to the duke of Orleans ; and to this cause of rupture was added the assassination, under circumstances the most horrible and revolting, of the two ambassadors of Francis, when journeying to the Venetian republic, by the marquis del Guasto. It is asserted, upon indisputable authority, that the emperor, if he did not actually command, connived at the foul

transaction ; and the extreme indignation of the French king, and his immediate appeal to arms, farther strengthen the charge, from which writers have in vain attempted wholly to clear the emperor's character. The particulars relating to the affair are extremely singular. Cæsar Fregose, a noble Genoese, was appointed by Francis his ambassador to the republic of Venice ; and a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, Antoine Rincon, was sent, in the same official capacity, to the Porte. Rincon being a man remarkable for his extreme corpulency, and unable to bear the fatigue of a long-continued journey upon horseback over the whole of Piedmont and the Milanese, the two ministers agreed to embark together upon the Po. Langei, who then commanded the French forces in Piedmont, having made particular inquiries as to the plot, received information, that Guasto had actually stationed different bands of assassins along the course of the Po, and most of the principal rivers in Lombardy ; and he instantly sent notice to the ambassadors of their extreme danger. But treating the matter as a mere trick to deter them from pursuing the interests of their royal master, and adhering to their original plan, they set out on their expedition.

Langei, having obtained still stronger assurances of their impending fate, sent a special messenger to conjure them to return. But they only consented to send back their credentials and despatches, which the French commander undertook should be delivered safely to them, should they live to reach Venice. With a view of proceeding with greater expedition, the two ambassadors





Engraved by W. H. W.

Engraved by W. H. W.

WILLENOWE.

from the Rhine

Engraved by W. H. W. & Chapman 32, Newgate.

Engraved by W. H. W.

rowed all night, and had soon passed Casal. The next day, on arriving within a small distance from the spot where the Tesino falls into the Po, they congratulated each other, and began to amuse themselves with jesting upon the false alarm which had taken possession of their good friend the commander; but at that very moment, as appeared from the evidence of an attendant who escaped the assassins, they were suddenly attacked by two boats filled with armed men. With sword in hand, after a brave defence against superior numbers, both Rincon and Fregose were cruelly massacred.

It was upon this that Francis founded his complaints to the diet of the empire, as well as to the different European courts, — accusing the emperor of having violated all the laws of nations, in thus causing to be put to death, not only innocent, but privileged and accredited men.

In the varied and beautiful view of the castle of Villedeneuve opposite, presenting the no less striking feature of the rapid and magnificent river, not unaptly termed, from the force of its current, “the arrowy Rhone,” pouring its stream below, we behold, perhaps, one of the most characteristic and national scenes to be met with in the south of France. Here again, too, we perceive a part of the stone bridge called Pont Benéze, which has frequently been destroyed, like many others in wood or stone; and it is from this point, as we have observed, that the castle, with the surrounding scenery, appears under the most romantic aspect.

Another picturesque view of the same spot is

one of the streets of Villeneuve, as it is exhibited in the vignette, in which we see the character of the scene, such as it appears from the banks of the Rhone, with the bridge of boats in the distance. This bridge, indeed, is the only one which, at the present period, is found to be passable; as that of wood, which had been constructed some way farther up the river, has been very considerably injured, if not rendered unsafe, by the violence and rapidity of the stream. In addition to its other attractions, the peculiar style of the edifices, the costume and grouping of the figures, and the whole air and aspect of the place, must always appear interesting in the eye of an English tourist.

The last part of our remark will apply in a more striking manner to the ladies of Villeneuve; the women here having been long celebrated for their beauty, which is of a kind singularly resembling the Madonnas of Raphael, insomuch that one might almost imagine he had sometime resorted hither, and been one among those Italians who assisted in giving not only to the towns, but to their inhabitants, that Italian-like air and colouring, of which we are not unfrequently reminded in the south of France.

In this delicious region, the fair of Beaucaire formerly offered a point of attraction to the travellers of every country. It presented a continued jubilee during many days, and, from its varied character, displayed a living picture of French customs and manners in the fourteenth century. Nobles and castellans, followed by their huntsmen and falconers, left their lordly mansions to mingle in the festivities of the scene. Troubadours

and knights were there abundant, it was not unaptly observed, as the rabbits in a warren. Minstrels, jongleurs, doctors, dancers on the rope, &c., formed part also of the general assembly. Empyrics and emperors, apothecaries and barbers, were ready at hand, to avail themselves of cases real or imaginary; and notaries as well, to put the seal to all manner of contracts and bargains. Then the order of the *belles femmes*, or fair dames, instituted at Marseilles with the laudable view of bringing under discipline the stray daughters of frailty, regulated the female community, and with a sort of papal authority issued their bulls, of which one was to the effect, that the said ladies were only permitted to be present on the express condition of consenting to wear veils twice as long as those worn by the more dignified classes.

Merchandise of the most costly description met the eye, and the richest perfumery and incense, in which princes only could venture to traffic, for the purpose of making presents to each other. On approaching the scene, a crowd had just gathered round a man who had the temerity, without any ailment, to swallow a spoonful of brandy, no ordinary feat at that time of day; and every body said he would die, because the art of distilling it, then made use of only in medicine, had just been discovered by Arnaud de Villeneuve, who for his ingenuity had been driven out of Montpellier as a heretic and a magician.

The evening of each day was given to dances in the meadow of La Madelaine. There were numerous divisions,—such as the dances of Aix, the dances of

Catalonia, the dances of Avignon, and many others, so arranged, that every province was sure to meet with its own familiar figures. There the daughters of Montpellier, with their full, tender eyes, and smiles, and voices so full of love, danced the *treilles* and *lore-chivalet*, the joyous, animated movements of which agitated the beholder, no less than the tresses of their fine raven hair ; there, too, the Marseillais exhibit the *faranduolo*, and there the natives of the Gapençois danced the *bacchu-ber*, which displays twelve kinds of figures, while they repeated the burden of ancient songs.*

In 1174, Beaucaire became the theatre of one of the noblest tournaments, given by a king of England, to celebrate the reconciliation of the count of Toulouse with the king of Arragon ; and Raymond, count of Toulouse, held there his plenary court. The luxury and magnificence exhibited upon such occasions, are almost inconceivable ; the seigneurs of the castles may be said to have held purses of largess and profusion, as well as schools of war and chivalry.

The count d'Agoult having received a hundred thousand gold crowns from the count of Toulouse, divided them between ten thousand knights, who jousted valiantly in the meadow of the *tournois* ; the sire of Simcaire caused the lists of the *pas d'armes* to be ploughed up with twelve pair of white bulls, and then sowed the earth with thirty thousand gold pieces. At a loss how to account for this rare instance of prodigality,

* This singular dance is still practised on occasions of social hilarity at Pont de Serviere.

some declared it was to ennoble the soil, which was to be trodden by the sons of the brave ; others, that it was to shew his contempt for riches, and to cause the *damnable* metal to re-enter the bowels of the earth, from which it ought never to have been dug up. Some again ventured to hope it was from the more amiable motive of indemnifying the peasants, whose fields and harvest had been sacrificed to the expected sports. Still there was no reasonable way of explaining so singular a kind of prodigality ; and yet less so that of William de Martello, accompanied by four hundred knights, who gave command that the whole of the provisions to be served up to his table, for so numerous a company, should be dressed by the odoriferous fire of pure wax-lights.

After the fair, Luquin de Clavaro conducted his guests to the castle of Beaucaire. That lofty pile, seated upon a solid rock, had beheld the most intrepid of its enemies turn pale as they advanced to the assault. They admired those ancient red towers, cased with six depths of wall, and cut out into diamond points. It was into that grand hall, the ladies of the surrounding provinces had once carried their jewels and golden ornaments of every kind, to aid in the ransom of good King John. From the ramparts of the castle are seen, stretching far into the distance, the lovely plains of Languedoc and of Provence,—the Rhone, with its little woody isles,—the banks of the Gardon and the Durance, covered with trees and flowers,—the Pont du Gard, and the triple spans of its superb arches ;—the towers and spires of Avignon, of Nismes, of Arles, and Tarascon ;—the lakes of Valcares and of Berre ;—the Dauphiny

mountains, with a thousand other spots, rendered attractive by poetry, by glory, or by love. In the background of these magnificent landscapes, the sea seems to unite earth and sky by those luminous deepenings, and blue misty horizons, which give repose to the eye. On one side lie the triumphal arch, and the Roman mausoleum, which adorn the exterior of the little town of St. Remi, where tradition tells us that the troubadour Pierre ran distracted, because his parents and those of Antoinette de la Suze were opposed to their children's union. Beyond lies the wood, where another troubadour,—Pierre de Châteauneuf, having been set upon by robbers, who were about to despatch him, be-thought himself of singing them certain verses, which he had addressed to the fair Sanche de Porcelets ; and such was the effect they produced upon the robbers, that they not only spared his life, but restored his money, his steed, and his arms. Near this spot, too, is seen the castle of Romanil, where, during the season of roses, were held the most celebrated of those courts of love, which threw new lustre and attractions round Provence. Not far off appeared the manors of Orgon, of Roquemartine, of Vernègues, and numerous others, immortalized by the amorous lyre of the votaries of the *gai savoir* ; but of which, now, scarcely the ruins of those lofty battlements and towers can be discerned, whence the horn once summoned to the field, or to the feast, the chivalrous and the fair.

Other recollections, also, are mingled with the thoughts of Beaucaire and its vicinity, and tradition has handed down with applause the gentle names of Aucassin and

Nicolette, of whom the strange adventures and faithful loves were long celebrated in the simple songs of the shepherds and mountaineers of these pastoral and secluded districts.

Aucassin, we are told, was the only son of Garins, count of Beaucaire. Aged and infirm, the latter could no longer defend his dominions, but looked with hope to the growing strength and bravery of his young heir—the wonder and delight of all his vassals. Yet, of a sudden, Aucassin, neglecting his fame in arms, seemed to forget his prowess and his conquests; for he had beheld, and languished with passion for, the beautiful Nicolette. Her form presented so perfect a model of female loveliness, that nothing could be perceived wanting by the eye of the most practised sculptor; while her raven tresses, blue eyes, lips made for sweetness and smiles, gave an enchantment to her whole person, it was quite impossible to resist. In her infancy, this exquisite creature had been carried away by Saracens, and sold to a certain lord, who held his fief immediately from the count of Beaucaire. When the aged Garins became aware that his son was thus distractedly fond of Nicolette, he was greatly incensed, and gave command to his chief vassal, that she should be banished to so vast a distance as never to be heard of any more. At this order the vassal was much afflicted, he being in the place of a parent to the unfortunate orphan, and not knowing how to execute such a cruelty, after having redeemed her from the horrors of slavery, and brought her up tenderly in his own house. Yet, not wholly to oppose the will of his master, he

placed her in a secluded tower, which looked upon a wide, sweet wilderness of orange and myrtle flowers : so remote, indeed, were the gardens of this retreat, that she could sing and play away the hours, whether of night or day, at her own free will, and not a fear of being detected in her gentle employ. The burthen of her song was still Aucassin ; “ Of Aucassin, my sweet friend, for whose dear sake they may torment me as they will ; for my heart will never change, and I shall love him—him alone, without ceasing.”

On his side, the thoughts of Aucassin dwelt, with no less constancy, upon his beloved Nicolette ; as a proof of which, when saying grace at his father’s table, he could never get beyond the *Pater-noster*, without reverting to the one enchanting subject which absorbed his whole heart and life. It was at this time, that Bongars, count of Valence, who had been opposed to the sire of Beaucaire during the last ten years, considered he could easily contrive to possess himself of the rich seignory of his ancient rival, since its leader could no longer wield sword or lance, while he heeded not his son, who devoted every hour, whether by day or by night, to one pursuit ; namely, to discover in what hidden casket they had placed his jewel above all price. The old count was unable to stand before the tide of war, so fierce was the onset of Bongars, and his vassals were discouraged at not beholding at their head some *preux chevalier* to shew them the way to battle. In this extreme, the aged Garins, carrying his sword to his son, addressed him, before all the assembled serfs and vassals, in these words : “ My fathers, and I, their son,

did ever meet war valiantly in our days ; it hath now reached thy turn, and it behoves thee to look to it, and see thou hast not degenerated from thy sires." Aucassin replied, as he shook his head: " What, Sir, be victory, and the wealthiest patrimony you can bestow, without Nicolette? But, to the end that no living soul shall have it to say, that your son refused to fight this day from craven heart, I promise you, Sir, to chastise your enemies to the topmost bent of your wishes, provided, only, you will permit me to exchange some few words with, and give one kiss to, the girl I love." Garins then made promise that he should ; and he did well, for already did there reach his ear the loud neighing of the great battle-horses, headed by the terrible Bongars ; and the poor shepherds speedily drove away their flocks towards the nearest courts of the castle, where disorder and confusion were added to fear and dismay, in the hearts of serf, and villager, and castellan.

But Aucassin, presenting himself at the head of the great vassals, by his noble confidence and words, inspired courage into the most weak and timid-hearted ; he fell upon the army of Bongars, routed it, and made their chief a prisoner. He next took him to his father, who, embracing the brave youth three times, said to him, " It is now high time, indeed, to rejoice, and pass all our remaining days in full court, and joust, and festival." Aucassin then told his father that he would first like to have the two words and one kiss for which he had that day fought, as they had agreed upon. But Garins, proud of so great a heir, thought it behoved to

wed him to some noble princess, and refused even to let him see the fair Nicolette, for fear that he should love yet more, after having had two words and a kiss of her he loved.

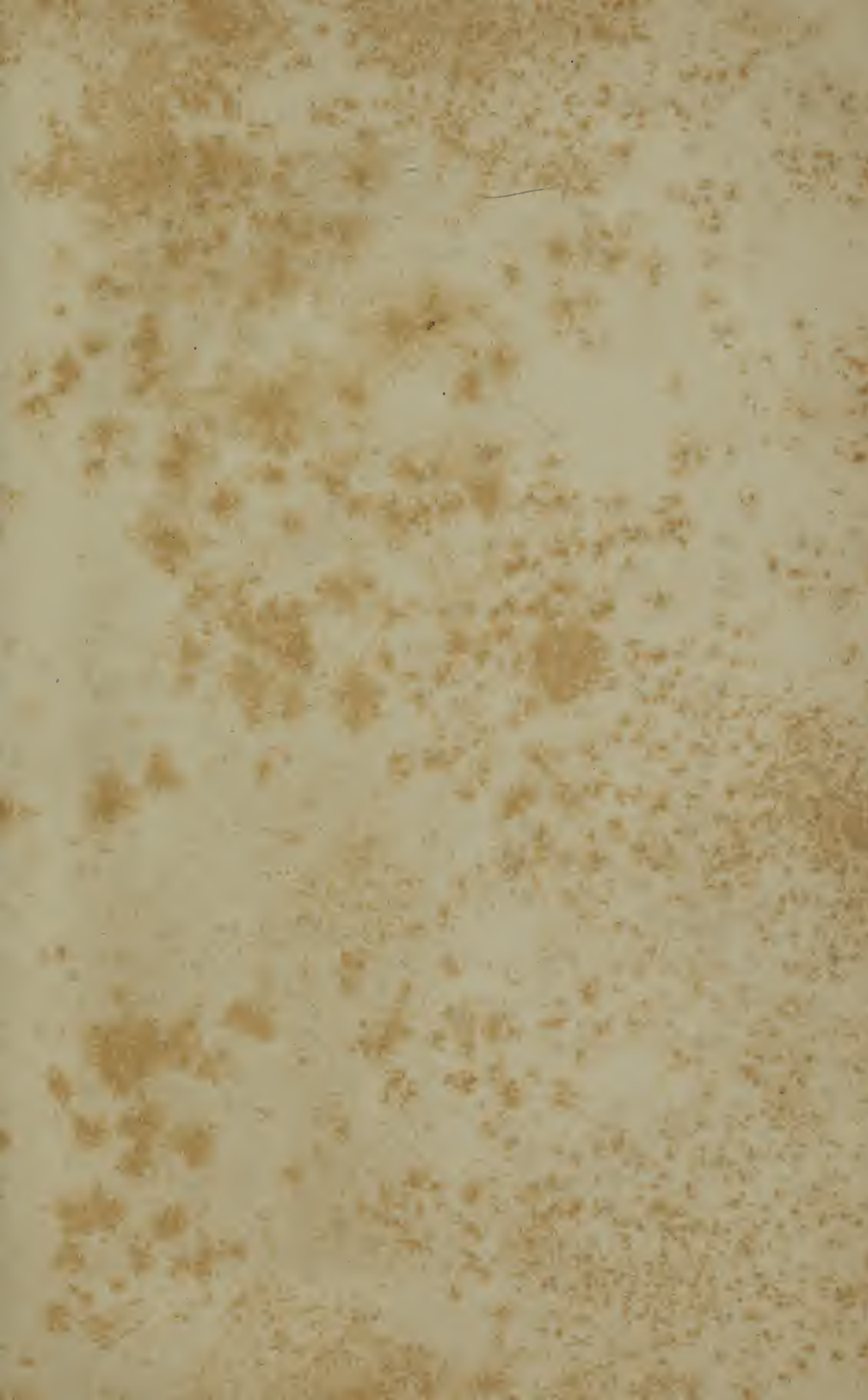
Nicolette, meanwhile, contrived to elude the vigilance of her guardians, and escaped out of the tower window, by slipping down the sheets of her couch, which she tied together for the purpose. Running over the beds of dewy flowers, with her delicate, naked feet, she penetrated even the meadows and woods; and when it was fairly day, she stopped at the side of a fountain, and seeing some shepherds, she said to them; "Good children of the vale and forest-side, go quickly to Aucassin, and say to him, that in this spot there bides a white doe, gentle and sad withal, for which he would give all the gold he hath in the world, and that he must haste to see her, without let or delay, as she hath with her what may avail to cure his sufferings."

The shepherds, accordingly, having come into the castle, sought, but could nowhere meet with, Aucassin; for he had fled, with tears in his eyes, from the festivals held in honour of his victory, and was wandering, full of care and thought, over the country, dreaming of his lost love. Strange was the meeting of the lovers in the forest; they had so many things to say, that neither could speak to the other. And, it being necessary for their safety, they both took to flight; and they did traverse many towns and villages till they reached a sea-port, and there they went on board a ship, no one inquiring—"Whither are you bound?" And they knew it not; for their country was in themselves, and,

while together, they thought they had all the world. But soon they were taken by pirates ; a storm divided the ships in which they were captives ; that which bore Aucassin was wrecked upon the coast of Provence, where he heard that his aged father had just died ; the vassals all swore fealty to him, and he dispensed justice with an equal and a lenient hand.

Nicolette, meantime, had been borne into a country, the king of which recognized in her his long-lost daughter, which certain marks and moles upon her fair body did fully prove. But what to her was a throne without her loved friend ? She fitted out a little vessel, with the sale of her valuable pearls and diamonds ; she dyed her fair face black, or rather tawny, and takes her departure, disguised as a Moorish maid, into a world of adventures. She carries a guitar in her hands, and the name of her Aucassin alone is ever on her lips. Well, a fair wind brings her to the banks of Aigues-Mortes ; and, in a short space, she stands knocking at the gates of the castle of Beaucaire. There, seated upon the steps, was her lover, who had been conversing in a melancholy mood, with his squires and barons,—he had just recounted the sad disaster of their capture and separation ; but had broken off, and was some time silent, wiping away his bitter tears. He had just begun to renew his lamentable story, to which the others could only listen in silence, occasionally breathing forth a few sighs, when Nicolette, touching the strings of her guitar :—“ Would it please you, my noble lords,” saith the wanderer, “ to hear of the adventures of the gentle Aucassin, and poor Nicolette, his dear friend ? ”—and the barons,

answering, "Yes, without doubt, we should;"—she told them so well the strange turns and adventures they had met, that there was not a dry eye among her hearers, while none present dared to raise their looks to the face of their chief, for dread of beholding in it a grief too great to bear. Then Nicolette, seeing that every thing was as she could wish it, made a sudden pause; the company all fixed their eyes on her—seeking to learn the occasion of this hasty breaking off of her tender discourse. She replied, with a smile so exquisitely tender and affectionate, that with one voice, Aucassin and the whole of his friends cried out:—"Ah! it is she! it is she!" Again, they both lost the power of speaking to each other, for it was a joy too big for mortal utterance; and they stood, motionless, as two statues, with their eyes intently bent upon each other. When roused from this trance of wonder and delight, they found themselves clasped in each other's arms,—the next evening beheld them the happiest of united lovers; and lovers they continued many long and sweet continued seasons, till they had gathered all of happiness that earth had to bestow; and with blanched locks and trembling limbs, they sat, in age, upon the same spot where they had been so strangely restored to each other in their glowing prime.





Drawn by J. J. Harding

Engraved by J. T. Williams

CHATEAU DE MONSIEUR

Near Orange.

Printed by Lloyd & Co. London.

ORANGE.

That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires.

COLLINS.

JOURNEYING through the romantic districts of Vaucluse and the Bouches-du-Rhone, and the vicinity of the old Roman towns of Apt, Carpentras, Vaison, and Valreas,—the last of them laid in ruins by the ferocity of religious warfare,—the tourist beholds the singular little town of Orange. Its origin is obscure, and its history does not stand sufficiently prominent to reward traditional research, although its claim to antiquity rests on the too clear evidence of the ravages committed in turn by the Visigoths, the Burgundians, and the Calvinists, from the period of the expulsion of the Romans. That extraordinary people—even more celebrated as colonists than as conquerors—had raised it into a considerable town, and numerous traces of their footsteps are yet imprinted on its soil.

Nowhere, however, does their master-spirit appear more characteristically impressed, than on the triumphal arch, about 500 yards to the north of Orange, which was erected in commemoration of the victory of Marius over the Cimbrians. In its sculptural relics is to be seen, among other *bas-reliefs*, an aged woman, represented in the curious act of putting her finger in her ear.

It is, doubtless, meant to mark the character of the sorceress whom Marius is described as having been in the habit of invariably consulting before he marched to battle, from the moment when she first predicted to him who, among the gladiators entering the arena, as he sat in the amphitheatre, would prove the victors or the vanquished.

Orange, in the earlier days of its prosperity, is said to have possessed its temples and its baths; but there is now little else of its magnificence to be traced than the ruins of a noble aqueduct, which, to judge from its dimensions, conveyed the water, plentiful as a river, into the place.

From such historical accounts as we have been enabled to collect of it, in the feudal epochs, this town seems to have borne a mournful, if not an important, part in the political and religious drama witnessed by Europe during the middle ages, and in which the princes of Orange, the counts of Provence, and the popes, are said to have principally figured.

On another side of the vicinity of Orange, after crossing the Durance, the tourist reaches the little village of Noves, celebrated as the birth-place of Laura, and, farther on, the more important town of Aix, Orgon, St. Remi, of which last place the renowned impostor, Nostradamus, was a native; with Tarascon and Arles, both so distinguished in elder times.

The neighbourhood is, moreover, rendered interesting by the appearance of several old castles, situated on the summits of the rocky heights which command their respective towns, and of which the chateau of Monas, as

it is seen in the plate, and that of Tarascon, are the most remarkable. They are most frequently found with little picturesque villages lying at their base, surrounded with foliage, consisting mostly of walnut-trees and poplars, as represented in the preceding view.

Under the hills, in the distance, flows the Rhone, affording a prospect singularly picturesque and beautiful, when viewed from the site of the lonely and romantically situated castle. Not far distant, also, are seen the restless waters of La Durance, famed in old time, and mentioned by Livy as being the least navigable of Gallic rivers, by reason of the loose rocks and stones borne along with its rapid flow, and the fresh gulfs and embankments it is continually forming.

But it is time we should resume the thread of our narrative respecting the progress and the persecutions of the Protestants, who first promulgated their opinions in the central and southern provinces, from Nismes and Lyons to the gates of Aix and Marseilles, and the region of the Alps.

Notwithstanding all the attempts of the persecutors, Protestantism continued to make rapid strides through the kingdom; and, in 1555, a reformed church was established at Paris. This event was beheld by the clergy with unconcealed rage; and the abuse which they poured out in plentiful torrents upon the new assembly, gives too clear an evidence of the corrupt spirit by which they were instigated. The baseness of the scandal which they urged against the Protestants, could only be equalled by the ignorance and total absence of all Christian charity, which characterised those

who employed it ; and our abhorrence is scarcely more excited by their cruelty, than it is by their gross and disgusting falsehoods.

Persecuted for their faith, and accused at the same time of every species of vice of which man can be guilty, the Protestants were obliged to use the utmost caution in their meetings, and to assemble first at one house and then at another ; but in the month of May, 1557, a congregation of not less than four hundred persons, among whom were several ladies of quality, met at a house in Rue St. Jacques, opposite the college of Plessis, to celebrate the communion ; and either their number or the object of their assembling exciting more than ordinary attention, a large body of the populace proceeded to the house in which they were met, and having surrounded it on all sides, impatiently awaited the termination of the service.

The Protestants, in the mean time, continued their devotions, unsuspecting of the danger into which they had fallen, and the night being far advanced before the communion was ended, they prepared to return home, without any idea of molestation. But scarcely had the foremost to depart shewn themselves at the door, when a loud murmur, and then terrific howlings were heard from the dense crowds in the street. The alarmed Protestants ran instinctively to examine every outlet from the building, but not a corner was left unguarded. Assuming courage from despair, they next resolved to trust to the darkness of the night, and attempt to make their way through the crowd ; but their consternation was redoubled on their discovering that

all the neighbouring houses were lit up, that their pursuers might have the opportunity of securing them without trouble. In this situation, some of the boldest drew their swords, and, rushing into the street, forced their way through the rabble, and others escaped in the confusion with which the attack was attended; but more than half the congregation were made prisoners, and, after having been exposed to the insults of the mob, were thrown into confinement.

This affair threatened the most distressing consequences to the protestant families of Paris, and had it not been that Henry feared at this time to do any thing which might offend the German princes with whom he was in alliance, the greater number of the two hundred captives would most likely have perished by the hand of the executioner. But as it was, only five fell victims to the vindictive spirit of the persecutors; and it was reserved for the year 1558 to see the worst blow inflicted on protestantism in France that it had yet received. The duke of Guise having in that year taken the town of Calais, so long held by the English, the cardinal of Lorraine, his brother, had sufficient influence with the king to persuade him that the most useful, and at the same time, the most devout measure by which that prosperous event could be followed, was the establishment of the Inquisition.

Henry, unfortunately, was too ready to listen to such instigations; and at a meeting of the parliament, an edict was published by which the cardinal of Lorraine, and the cardinals Bourbon and Chatillon, were constituted the three grand inquisitors of the kingdom.

The powers with which these personages were invested, rendered them the supreme dictators of men's consciences; they might imprison or put to death whomsoever they suspected of holding opinions contrary to their own, and the authority which they exercised themselves they were permitted to entrust to delegates. When this event took place, the Protestants were increased to a formidable body, and ranked in their numbers many of the most influential persons of the kingdom. The parliament was strongly suspected of being infected also with the leaven,—a circumstance to be expected, when it is considered that it was the only support of freedom which France then enjoyed, and that, though weak and imperfect in its constitution, it would naturally be favourable to a religion so calculated to aid the cause of liberty as Protestantism. At the same time, the king and queen of Navarre became more decided in their attachment to the cause, and no longer hesitated to appear at the public meetings which were held on the promenade of the Pré aux Clercs. The possession of that place for the holding of their assemblies, had cost the Protestants some perilous struggles, but, succeeding in their object, they met there to the amount of between three and four thousand persons; and Paris beheld with astonishment this numerous assembly performing the rites of their simple worship, and uniting with a deep enthusiasm that surpassed any thing of the kind before witnessed in France, in singing the psalms of Marot, the king and queen of Navarre leading the immense choir.

It was with the greatest apprehension these scenes

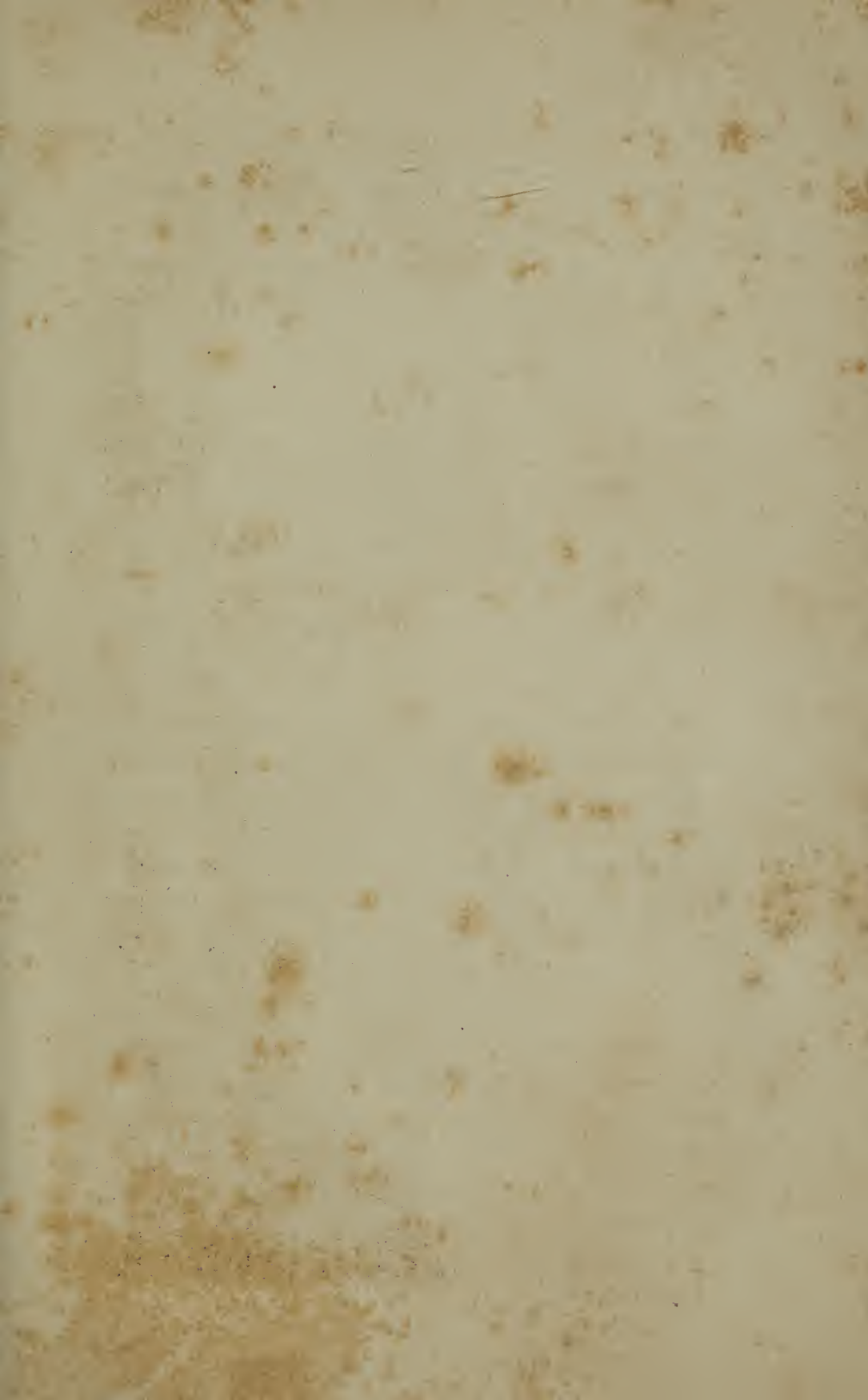
were contemplated by the cardinal of Lorraine and his party. Notwithstanding their trust in the general fidelity of the people, they dreaded the effects which the devotion of the Protestants might produce on the public mind, so easily upset in its most confirmed principles by the sudden appeals of enthusiasm; and this fear was farther increased, when, on calling upon the parliament to consider the means of putting down the spirit of reform by force, they were met with evident coldness and indifference.

On the 15th of June, 1559, the king went to the parliament which was then holding its sittings in the Augustine monastery. He took with him the cardinal of Lorraine, the cardinal de Bourbon, the duke of Guise, and several other noblemen; it being his intention to hold a seat of justice without any announcement having been previously given, and thus take the disaffected in a snare, as the cardinal of Lorraine had advised.

No national assembly ever sat, perhaps, under stranger circumstances than the parliament of Paris on the present occasion. A king purposely going to the supreme council of the nation to discover which of its members he might flatter into condemning themselves, was a novel sight; and, though the assembly exhibited signs of surprise and even of fear at the unexpected visit of the monarch, the affable and cordial manner in which he addressed them did not suffer them, after the first sensation of surprise was past, to entertain any strong feeling of alarm. Such of the members, consequently, as were averse to persecution, as persecution, and independent of doctrinal

considerations, expressed themselves with undisguised warmth on the combined cruelty and impolicy of inflicting condign punishment for difference of religious opinion. Among these were the presidents De Thou, Harlai, and Seguier; but they were far exceeded in warmth and freedom of expression by others, one of whom, Louis Taur, applied the words of Elias when addressing Ahab, to the cardinal of Lorraine, in too evident a manner to be mistaken; while another, alluding to the licentious life led by the king and his courtiers, observed, "Whilst men are dragged to the scaffold, whose only fault it is that they pray for the king, a licence of the most infamous kind allows and encourages every species of vice and blasphemy to increase unmolested."

But while the members who were in favour of protestantism thus addressed the angry sovereign, the rest endeavoured, while they flattered him with adulation, to shew their zeal for the faith, by urging him to pursue the heretics with unrelenting rage; one of them reminding him of the glorious actions of Philip Augustus, who, he remarked, put six hundred of them to death in one day. Henry shewed himself well inclined to follow this advice. The most obnoxious of the councillors were seized before the assembly was dispersed, and the protestants awaited with anxiety the issue of these proceedings; but in less than a month after the sitting of the parliament, the king died of a wound which he received while jousting in the tournament held in honour of his daughter's marriage.





Drawn by J. D. Harding

LYON 3.

Engraved by W. R. Smith.

Printed by T. Agnew & Sons.

LYONS.

Low as we are, we blend our fate
With things so beautifully great ;
And though oppress'd with heaviest grief,
From nature's bliss we draw relief,
Assured that God's most gracious eye
Beholds us in our misery.

WILSON.

Nothing can exceed in beauty and variety of aspect, the scenery through which the tourist passes, in approaching this ancient city,—once the centre of the Roman conquests in the north. Green plains and sunny hills, clothed with the purple vine,—towns, castles, and convents, stretching in the distance,—the village spires glittering through the stately trees ;—villas, hamlets, and farms,—with the picturesque region of Mont d'Or,—its sloping hills, and its antique looking dwellings, mark his progress from the French capital, through the more fertile and luxuriant districts, conducting him towards the land of the south. Far along the horizon he beholds the distant mountains of Switzerland, extending in a dim blue, undulating line. Savoy may be just discerned ; its lofty hills losing themselves in the clouds ; and at times, even the vision of the mightier Mont Blanc, dim and vast, unfolds itself to the astonished view.

The ascent of Mont d'Or presents him with fresh objects ; and splendid prospects open before him from

its summit. On the west stretches the wild and mountain region of Auvergne; far to the south it is bounded by the great chain of mountains, marking the limits of its glowing plains; while to the north, appears the rich valley of the Soane, and the uplands round Autun.

The view of the river is lost in the valley, by its picturesque sweep round the foot of Mont d'Or, the valley itself extending through a distance of fifty miles; and it is not till the tourist beholds it as he descends a precipitous hill, proceeding over several lesser hills and slopes, embellished with splendid villas of white stone, clustered round with gardens and orchard grounds, that he gains the vicinity of Lyons.

A bold turn of the river then brings him upon the deep, rocky channel, on which the city is placed; and hence, through a succession of increasing villas and gardens, he arrives on a level with the Saone. It is only here that he first obtains a view of Lyons, no less distinguished for its manufacturing and commercial spirit in modern days, than for the scenes it has witnessed in other times, from religious and revolutionary persecutions.

The general view of Lyons and its cathedral, with one of its many noble bridges, as represented in the plate, was taken from the quay, which offers a scene of animation and activity, which has no parallel in any other part of France. The quay of St. Clair is perhaps one of the finest in Europe; it is the favourite resort of strangers; and in respect to its bustling commerce, resembles the Chaussée d'Antin, situated at the foot of Montmartre, as well in its being similarly constructed,

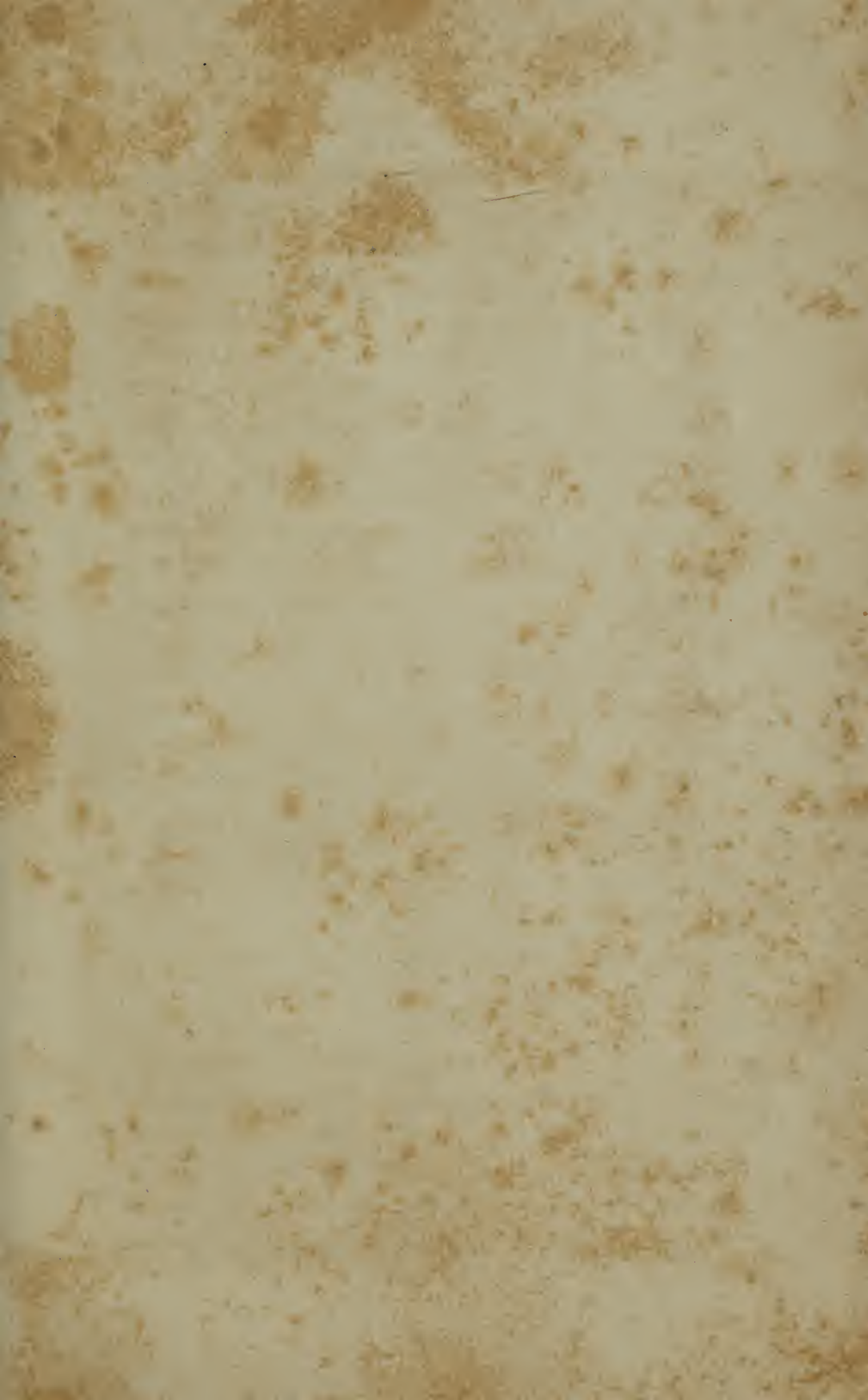
at the foot of the mountain of Croix-Rousse. It is also frequented as a promenade by people of all ranks ; and, in short, has been termed the *Boulevard Italien* of Lyons. Another striking feature of the landscape, is the superb stone bridge over the Soane, recently constructed near the archiepiscopal palace, and called the Pont de Tilsitt.

As regards its ancient character, Lyons was founded forty - two years before the Christian era ; and, as is attested from remains of various kinds, upon the acclivity of the hills. It is recorded, that in the year 145, it was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by a grant from the Emperor Nero. Near the site of the Forum of Trajan, were found masses of melted metal, marbles, and other relics, which seem to confirm the disaster, as it has been touchingly described by Seneca. The bronze tablets, inscribed with the harangue of Claudius before he became emperor, soliciting the senate to bestow on his native city the title of a Roman colony, were found near the same spot. Old Lyons was also distinguished as the birth-place of Germanicus, Caracalla, and Marcus Aurelius.

The immediate entrance into the modern city conveys no adequate idea, in the eye of the stranger, of the superior character of many of its edifices, and of its commercial wealth and influence. The road into it, which has been formed by the passage of a river, resembles a quarry rather than a street ; and the depth of the passage appears greater than it is, by the broad shadow of the rocks which rise high above upon either side. It continues through a street of houses six or seven stories high, and built against the solid rock. After proceeding

some way along this gloomy approach, the river lying deep in the channel below him, the traveller reaches a gate, where he is asked for his passport; and it is thence he beholds with singular advantage the numerous bridges of the place, and the opposite banks of the Saone. Here also the channel of the river expands; and the town, with some of its nobler edifices, breaks upon the view. At length, as he reaches the prison and courts of justice, the continual gloom begins to disappear; and just beyond, he beholds the grand cathedral of St. John, an antique edifice, of which the people are justly proud. Among other curiosities, it is remarkable for possessing a clock of most singular and complicated workmanship. It indicates not only the course of the sun, the moon's phases, years, months, days, hours, minutes, and seconds, but all the saints' days in the calendar. It was constructed early in the 17th century, by Nicholas Lippius of Basle, who also made that at Strasburg. The influence and celebrity of the chapter of Lyons were, at one period, such, that its dignitaries bore the title of counts of Lyons; the king of France ranking as the first count.

The splendid new bridge of Tilsitt, already alluded to, with its elegant and noble arches, stretches across the river, abutting in a fine square, called *La Place du Belle Cour*, one of the finest portions of the city. Crossing Pont St. Vincent, you behold opposite the cathedral, on the low side of the Soane, the church D'Ainey, an object of curiosity, as forming part of the old town. It was built on the ruins of an ancient temple, dedicated by the people to Augustus; there are





Engraved by Thos. Highton.

THE OLD BRIDGE ON THE SOANE, LYONS.

Drawn by J. D. Harding

Printed by Lloyd & Co. Birmingham

numerous inscriptions; and in the front is a lofty tower, in the oldest Gothic order, with ranges of little columns one above the other.

To judge from two granite columns made use of in the church, the temple appears to have been of immense dimensions. But some of the noblest parts of this extraordinary city lie beyond the bridge; and there the great square opens to view, beautifully adorned with trees, and wearing an antique, cloistered aspect.

Here are situated the governor's residence, the post-office, and other official houses. The Place des Taureaux, with the Hotel de Ville, an edifice designed by Mansard, ranks next perhaps in point of importance. The Hotel Dieu, founded above 1200 years ago by Childebert, was considered one of the most admirable, as well as magnificent, hospitals in Europe. It is of enormous extent, and built in the form of a Greek cross. To these we may add, the academy of science, and other public institutions, which evince the liberality and spirit of the inhabitants of Lyons, not less than the banking-houses and the manufactories their wealth and influence. Still its prosperity is not what it once was; and the population, which, in 1760, amounted to 160,000, cannot now be said much to exceed 100,000.

Of the picturesque old bridge of Lyons, with the factories and other edifices, as delineated in the plate, we have little to say; and shall prefer here resuming our historial sketches connected with a city so fertile in its history as Lyons, and so full of strange and moving incidents, both in modern and ancient days.

During the revolution, it withstood a siege of two

months, without fortifications, and a garrison, against an army of 100,000 men. Such were the subsequent horrors it endured, that it was almost depopulated, and reduced to the utmost verge of wretchedness. While in this desolate condition, the Emperor Napoleon, on his return from Egypt, is recorded to have shed tears over its fate, and expressed the greatest solicitude to relieve its woes. He infused spirit into the disheartened population; gave orders for the re-construction of public works, in particular of the *Place du Belle Cour*, and gave permission to the Lyonnais to place his statue in the square. Their sufferings, perhaps, under the revolutionary scourge, were hardly exceeded by those of the early Christians who fell martyrs in its streets, or of the heroic Protestants, whose cradle it was in the worst of times, and who merited the admiration and the sympathies of united Europe.

A brief and faithful narrative of the less known, but interesting and important events which influenced the rise and progress of their opinions, and those of our own countrymen, especially in the times of Cromwell, of whom some curious documents are here given, will be better relished, perhaps, than a mere detail of names and places.

The struggle which shook the whole of Christendom in the sixteenth century, was far from being the first that had been made against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic church. A people had existed from time immemorial in the vallies of Piedmont, whose simple habits and apostolic creed set them in direct opposition to the members of the established hierarchy.

The persecutions and sufferings which they endured were worthy of the great cause they advocated ; and they had already experienced, when Wickliffe appeared in England, the heavy hand of pontifical vengeance. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that the Vaudois, properly so called, were not in circumstances, or of a character to make proselytes ; and it was probably for that reason that they were allowed to escape so long the evils of persecution. But about the year 1160 a person appeared in France, who, uniting to the advantages of fortune those of talent and a deep and fervent piety, commenced an open attack on the superstitions of the church. This new preacher of evangelical truth was the celebrated Peter Waldo, of Lyons ; and he in a short time obtained a numerous body of followers, equally opposed as himself to the corruption of religion by human inventions. In the course of his labours among his little flock, he undertook, with some of his more learned associates, a translation of the Scriptures,—the first time, it is said, a general version had been attempted in a living language. Through these means, his opinions obtained every day a stronger hold of the popular mind ; and the archbishop of Lyons, alarmed at the symptoms of heresy in his diocese, commanded Waldo to cease from preaching. The latter replied that he could not be silent when men's salvation was concerned ; and measures were immediately taken by the prelate for his apprehension.

The affection with which Waldo was regarded by a great portion of the population of Lyons, enabled him to remain safely concealed in the city for three years.

At the end of that period, an order arrived from the pope, that he should be proceeded against with greater vigilance and rigour, and he was in consequence obliged to escape from Lyons, with a large number of his followers. It is generally supposed that he proceeded to Dauphiny, and thence to Picardy, in both which provinces there is reason to believe that he preached as he had done in his native city.

The converts to the new doctrines became in a few years so numerous, that whole districts were severed from the dominion of the church. This was the case with the earldom of Tholouse, of which the sovereign himself early embraced the reformed tenets, and was among the first to feel the vengeance of the Roman court. Under the name of Albigenses, the people inhabiting his domains were denounced by a bull of excommunication, as meriting condign punishment for their heresy ; and the celebrated Dominic, the founder of the preaching-friars, and the author of the Inquisition, of which he was the first to bear the name, was sent into the district about Tholouse, for the purpose of searching out the guilty, and inventing means for their destruction. He had been preceded in this undertaking by Pierre de Castelnau and Raoul, both of them monks of Citeaux, and of the monastery of Fontfinde. But their mission, though backed like his own by the authority of the pope, proved fruitless ; as did also another undertaking by the same monks, with their abbot, Arnould of Citeaux, in 1204. So far, indeed, were they from making any impression on the minds of the Albigenses, that Pierre de Castelnau

fell a sacrifice to the impatience with which some of the more violent among them beheld his machinations.

Armed, in consequence of these circumstances, with inquisitorial power, Dominic began to preach a crusade against Raymond, the earl of Tholouse, and his heretical subjects. Promises of the most flattering kind being held out to all who should join the expedition, immense numbers of Catholics assumed the badge of the cross, and flocked to the papal standard. The command of the army being given to Simon de Montfort, a name of infamous notoriety in the annals of persecution, the war against the Albigenses was commenced with a zeal on the part of the invaders, which far exceeded in fury and ruthlessness that which had inspired the crusaders in Palestine. Instances of cruelty are recorded in the history of this war, which the history of no other conflict, perhaps, affords, but that waged some centuries after with the unfortunate Vaudois of Piedmont.

Till the year 1218 the Albigenses suffered from the barbarity of Simon, whose arms were crowned with success, all those oppressions which were to be looked for from such a conqueror. At that period they were temporally delivered, by his death, from the burdens under which they groaned. But though they had thus lost one of their worst enemies, and soon after both Dominic and Innocent III., equally desirous of their ruin, they enjoyed tranquillity but for a brief period. Gregory IX. followed in the steps of his predecessor, and the Inquisition began its operations with a vigour which well became the youth of such a monster. Of

the numerous followers of Waldo who were driven from their native country by these persecutions, some proceeded to Bohemia, where it is supposed he himself ended his days ; others settled in Austria, and a considerable part of them in Flanders ; but in all these countries they were subjected, more or less, to the oppressive and barbarous acts of bigoted and tyrannical rulers. Burning alive, and other prolonged modes of destruction, were the punishments ordinarily employed against them ; and while they were thus suffering in foreign lands, their brethren of the Piedmontese vallies, and of Narbonne, continued to experience all the miseries to which their neighbourhood to Rome more especially exposed them.

The brutal conduct they had experienced, roused every inhabitant of the vallies to employ his strength, whether more or less, in taking vengeance on the perpetrators of such unheard of barbarities. Happily for them, they were headed by two men of ability equal to their courage and despair, and, with these to lead them on, they performed deeds which make the history of their wars as splendid in its character, if not in the importance of its details, as those of empires. At length, however, the marquis of Pienesse, finding that little advantage was to be permanently gained over a people like the Vaudois by regular warfare, submitted to enter into a treaty of peace, which, through the intervention of the Swiss Protestant Cantons, was signed at Rouen, in the month of August. But, notwithstanding the arrangements thus entered into, means were still taken to oppress them, either by





CHURCH OF ST. NIZIER

Fig. 10.

Engraved by J. B. B. & Co. for the Proprietors of the Illustrated London News.

heavy and illegal exactions, or accusing them of crimes, which repeatedly brought them before the tribunals of justice. The misery of their situation, in the latter respect, was great in the extreme; for, according to Boyer, if they appealed to the court of Turin, they were almost sure to be kept in prison for two or three years before they could obtain a hearing of their process; and, sometimes, they died in captivity without having been tried at all, and after having spent whatever they might possess in vain attempts to obtain justice. Supposing, on the other hand, that they did not resignedly submit themselves to their persecutors, they were then condemned to death or the gallies; while those who made an attempt to defend themselves against the spoilers of their homes, were usually seized by the soldiers garrisoned in the neighbourhood, and carried into the citadels, where it is said, they were made to undergo a thousand ills worse than death. As another instance of the injustice exercised against them, after the conclusion of the peace, they were prevented from having schools for the instruction of their children;—a species of persecution, it may be remembered, similar to that which formed part of the system practised by the Emperor Julian.*

* The churches of Lyons have, in general, few claims upon the attention of the stranger; the cathedral, and that of the Chartreux, with St. Nizier, as it appears delineated in the annexed plate, are, however, among the first entitled to his notice. St. Nizier, in particular, is remarkable for having been compared with, and even rivaling the metropolitan church itself, as well as for its admirable gates, the workmanship of the ingenious Philibert Delorme.

Thus oppressed by their tyrannical masters, the unfortunate Vaudois turned with anxious eyes to the sovereigns from whose natural clemency, or religious principles, they hoped they might derive a favourable consideration of their distress. Oliver Cromwell, then in possession of supreme power in this country, was no sooner made acquainted with their misery, and the sanguinary persecutions they had lately suffered, than he made a solemn appeal to the nation in their favour. A fast was proclaimed in commemoration of their late sufferings, and a collection made for them, which amounted to more than 28,000*l*. But Cromwell served them in a far more efficient manner, by entering into a correspondence with the king of France on the subject of their oppressions. The letter in which he first addressed his majesty on this topic, is dated May 25th, 1655, and is worthy of admiration, for the union of deep, strong feeling, and skilful policy, which it displays in every line. "If," says he, in one part of this excellent epistle, "we are to believe that there is any communion, any bond or charity in religion, so large a number of our innocent brethren, forming part of the body of Christ, cannot suffer the miseries they have lately experienced, without the whole body sharing in the pain. To admonish your majesty as to the causes from which such cruelties commence, or to what evils they tend and threaten, is not necessary in order to awaken the prudence and piety with which you will not fail to take the promptest and most expedient measures to comfort and support these poor, persecuted people. Nor do we write these things as remonstrances to your

majesty, but in order that you may know how much we are distressed at the evils which they suffer ; that we are ready to join in any measure which may serve to relieve them, and to help and sustain, in every part of the world, the cause of the Protestants."

At the same time that he despatched this letter to the king of France, he wrote another to the king of Denmark, and in a style equally honourable to his religion and his feelings. "With what emotion of mind," he says, "you have heard of these things, and how deeply you are affected by their calamities, I can imagine from the grief I myself feel ; for how should it be otherwise but that we, who are joined together by the bond of the same religion, should feel the same emotions at the desolation of our poor brethren? Your great piety is well known among all the oppressed followers of the true faith ; and the assistance you have afforded them in their distresses and difficulties. But we would rather be excelled in any thing than in the charity and affection we owe to our poor brethren, who are afflicted and oppressed on account of their religion, inasmuch as we always prefer the good of the church to our own peace and prosperity. It is from this feeling that we have written to the duke of Savoy, requesting him, in the strongest terms, to exercise a milder temper towards his innocent subjects, and to restore them to their ancient habitations and possessions, and the right of freely exercising their religion. We have written on the same account to the king of France, that he may interfere on their behalf ; and as we write to you, so do we to the other protestant princes and potentates, whose business it is,

we think, to exert themselves with the duke of Savoy, as we have done ; for if this dangerous example which has been given by the duke should prosper, there is little need of reminding your prudence what danger would thereby happen to religion. If, however, he allows himself to be persuaded by our united prayers, we shall obtain an abundant harvest for our labours ; but if, on the other hand, he persists in his resolution, and manifests a determination to root out and destroy those who, having received our religion from the first teachers of the church, have preserved it uncorrupted, or at least, restored it to its original purity, long before any other people ; then we declare that we are ready to hold common council with you and our other brothers and associates in the reformed religion, and endeavour to provide the best means in our power for the deliverance and consolation of so many poor and afflicted christians."

The same day that these letters were sent, Morland set out as commissary to the court of the duke of Savoy. In his way thither he waited on the king of France, and had the satisfaction to obtain a favourable reply to his own address in favour of the Waldenses, and a letter of similar tendency for his master, the Protector. A few days after his arrival at Turin, he was admitted to an audience, and addressed the duke in language befitting the commissioner of Cromwell ; that is, in a strain of apparent humility, but well-grounded resolution. " In behalf of these poor people," he said, after a courteous introduction to the address, " whose cause, truly, even commiseration

tion itself may seem to make the more reasonable, the most serene protector of England is also become an intercessor; and he most earnestly entreateth and beseecheth your royal highness, that you would be pleased to extend your mercy to these your very poor subjects, and most disconsolate outcasts; I mean those who, inhabiting beneath the Alps, and certain vallies under your dominion, are professors of the protestant religion; for he hath been informed (which no man can say was done by the will of your highness) that part of those most miserable people have been cruelly massacred by your forces; part driven out by violence, and forced to leave their native habitations; and so, without house or shelter, poor, and destitute of all relief, do wander up and down with their wives and children, in craggy and uninhabited places, and mountains covered with snow. Now what, or what manner of cruelty have not those soldiers of late dared to act, or hath been omitted by them? O! the fired houses that are yet smoking! the torn limbs, and ground defiled with blood! Virgins being ravished, have afterwards had their wombs ripped up, and in that miserable manner breathed out their last. Some men, an hundred years old, decrepit with age, and bed-ridden, have been burnt in their beds. Some infants have been dashed against the rocks; others had their throats cut, whose brains have, with more than Cyclopean cruelty, been boiled and eaten by the murderers! What need I mention any more? although I could reckon up very many cruelties of the like kind, if I were not astonished at the very thought of them. If

all the tyrants of all times and ages were alive again (which is meant to be spoken without any offence to your highness, seeing we believe none of these things were done through any default of yours) certainly they would be ashamed when they should find, that they had contrived nothing (in comparison of these actings) that might be reputed barbarous and inhuman. In the mean time, the angels are surprised with horror ! Men are amazed ! Heaven itself seems to be astonished with the cries of dying men, and the very earth doth blush, being discoloured with the gore-blood of so many innocent persons ! Do not, O thou Most High God, do not thou take that revenge which is due to so great wickednesses, and horrible villainies ! let thy blood, O Christ, wash away this blood !

“ But it is not my business to make a narrative of these things, in order as they were done, or to insist any longer upon them ; and that which my most serene master desireth of your royal highness, you will better understand by his own letters, which letters I am commanded, with all observance and due respect, to deliver to your royal highness ; to which, if your royal highness shall (as we very much hope) be pleased to vouchsafe a speedy answer, you will thereby very highly oblige my lord protector, who hath laid this thing deeply to heart, and the whole commonwealth of England : you will also, by an act of compassion, most worthy of your royal highness, restore life, safety, spirit, country, and estates, to many thousands of poor afflicted people, who depend upon your pleasure ; and me you will dismiss back to my native country with exceeding joy, and

with a report of your eminent virtues, the most happy proclaimer of your princely clemency, and one for ever most obliged to your royal highness."

At the conclusion of this address, Sir Samuel Morland presented Cromwell's letter to the duke ; and it is not unworthy of observation, that whereas the ambassador, throughout his speech, made it a point courteously to assure the prince, that no one suspected him of having had a share in the massacre : the protector's letter begins with a direct charge against him. "We have received letters," it says, "from several places near your dominions, whereby we are certified, that the subjects of your royal highness, professing the reformed religion, have of late, by your express order and command, been required, under pain of death and confiscation of their estates, within three days after the publication of that order, to depart from, and abandon their houses, dwellings, and possessions, except they would give assurance to relinquish their religion, and become Catholics within twenty days ; and, that when they in all humility addressed themselves to your royal highness, petitioning a revocation of that edict, and that being received to former favour, they might be restored to the liberty granted them by your most serene predecessors : yet part of your army fell upon them, most cruelly massacred many, imprisoned others, expelled the rest into desert places, and mountains covered with snow ; where some hundreds of families are reduced to such extremity, that it is to be feared they will all miserably perish in a short time with hunger, and cold."

After a brief negotiation on the subject, during which, however, both the duke of Savoy and his mother protested that they had treated their rebellious subjects but too mildly ; the former wrote to Cromwell, informing him that he would accede to his wishes, and restore the inhabitants of the vallies to their former homes and privileges. This promise was in appearance kept, by the publication of an edict which re-established peace. But this treaty was broken in the same manner as the former one ; and after suffering a series of the most infamous oppressions, the unfortunate people were once more driven to take arms in defence of their homes and their religion. The conflict, however, which gave signs of being as bloody as that of 1655, was speedily terminated by the interference of the Swiss Cantons ; and in 1664 a treaty was signed, which again assured them of perpetual toleration. But instigated without ceasing by the ministers of Roman ambition and superstition, the reigning duke, Charles Emanuel was only preserved from becoming as great and unjust a persecutor as his predecessors, by the exercise of more reflection than was consistent with the views of his intolerant advisers. In his war with the Genevese, which occurred in 1672, he had ample opportunity for proving the character and disposition of his subjects of the vallies ; and the loyalty with which they fought under his banner convinced him, that none of his people were more worthy of his protection.

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